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TO

THE RIGHT REVEREND RICHARD PLACID BURCHALL, D.D.

ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER,

AND

PRESIDENT-GENERAL OF THE ENGLISH CONGREGATION

OF

SAINT BENEDICT,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT

OF

ESTEEM AND RESPECT,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

CHRIST'S DIVINITY:

PROVED BY

HIS CHARACTER AND CLAIMS,

AND ILLUSTRATED AND ENFORCED BY

HIS PARABLES AND MIRACLES:

IN

SIX LECTURES

BY

ARCHBISHOP VAUGHAN.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

It is becoming very much the fashion at the present day to extol our Blessed Saviour as a perfect and most enlightened Moralist, whilst flatly denying Him to be Divine. The late Mr. John Stuart Mill was one of the foremost and most able exponents of this view; and though he has been taken away, his teaching seems to be quite as popular now as when he was alive to enforce it by his intellectual gifts, and to urge it home by his personal influence.

The following Lectures, in which the substantial accuracy of the New Testament record is taken for granted, are directed against this view: and are intended to prove, and do, in point of fact, prove to a demonstration, that the teaching of Mr. Mill regarding our Blessed Lord logically lands us upon the fundamental dogma of Christ's Divinity; which dogma of Christ's Divinity that same Mr. Mill, in a scornful, not in his usual calm and philosophical temper, contemptuously denies.

Some of the principal Parables and Miracles of our Redeemer are made use of to illustrate and enforce the main contention of the Lecturer; all of them directly pointing to our Saviour as being exactly what He so

emphatically, in so many places of the Gospels, declared Himself to be, namely, the Son of God, equal to the Father, and the Redeemer and the Judge of human kind.

Two or three Lectures and Addresses, which have fallen out of print, and have from time to time been called for, will be found in the Appendix.

LECTURE I.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

I am the Light of the World. (John viii., 12.)

I PROPOSE to deliver a course of lectures during the Sunday evenings in Lent on the Parables and Miracles of our Lord. Such a subject as this will not only be interesting in itself, but it may also be of some use in strengthening our faith in Christ's Divinity, and in the supernatural character of that Church which He established upon earth. I am not aware of any arguments more telling and more cogent than those which can be drawn from our Master's words and deeds, His Parables which were the quintessence of His doctrinal teaching, and His Miracles which illustrate and support that teaching. In days like these, when we find infidelity rampant, and denial growing every day more strong, it is the duty, especially of bishops who have to guard the fold, and of every true man, to oppose this tide, and bring forth the great arguments over again on which so much happiness depends.

The fact of infidelity making so much way in the modern world does not even tend to prove that it has any truth in it. Its rapid and ubiquitous growth can reasonably be accounted for without making such an admission as that. We are living in an age of high pressure. The world is so multifarious in its demands on society, lives at such a pace, is so exacting with all its votaries, that even did they wish to have it they would not find time to prosecute theological studies, and master those great arguments which, so far as Christianity is concerned, are so overwhelming when once grasped, in their power over the logical faculty of the soul. The

vast majority of intelligent, well-educated men have never had the opportunity of really grasping the great position of the Christian world, and of steadily and carefully viewing as a whole that vast congeries of proofs which, taken together, force conviction upon the candid mind. Neither have they, as a rule, inclination, any more than time or aptitude for such studies. They are forced, from the necessities of the case, to trust to others, to take their religion on authority, and to make up their minds at second hand. Their mental food is not drawn from the profound and serious studies of theologians, but from the newspapers and magazines. Here, without effort or trouble, they can pick up such thoughts and views as are running current amongst literary men. They adopt the tone of the periodical press, and their minds and views are in a very great degree formed by smart, clever, ready writers, who, though they may be able to dash off a specious article on any subject, have never in their lives made a serious and conscientious study of the foundations, broad and deep, on which Christianity stands. Thus the blind lead the blind, and the world becomes satisfied with shallow, superficial, and random talking and writing upon subjects of the most momentous kind. This easy way of disposing of a difficult subject is quite in unison with those two great forces in human nature, passion and pride, which are rooted in the heart of every man; and when these things are taken together, man's shrinking from restraint and humiliation, which are at the foundation of Christian holiness, and the superficial way in which thinking is done by the leaders of modern thought, we need not be much surprised if the great arguments of the Christian faith are first forgotten and then denied as if they never existed at all. It is a strange satire on human independence to find intelligent men rejecting with scorn the authority of the Divine Teacher, the leadership of the True Shepherd, and following with the stupid meekness of lambs any false shepherd or new light who has the audacity to declare himself a fitting leader of the human family.

Now, I am anxious to do what I can, during these Sunday evenings, to bring before your attention some of these great arguments which are so little thought of by so many men of keen intelligence. I am anxious to show you that there is a depth in Christian proofs and an overwhelmingness in the character of Christian evidences, when patiently considered, that must force any ordinarily educated person to admit first, the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and then, the supernatural character of His religion. I feel positive that there is not one man or woman here present who, if he or she attends the discussion of this subject during these Sunday evenings, will not at the end of them be obliged to declare that the Lord He is God, He made us and not we ourselves! And I speak thus boldly, not because I have any confidence in my own powers of exposition, but because I am so thoroughly convinced of the strength—the overpowering nature of the cause which I am going to plead.

Now to bring things to an issue, and to handle the matter in hand not as one beating the air, I will extract a passage from, I suppose I must call him, one of the clearest thinkers and most acute logicians of the modern world. John Stuart Mill may be looked upon as the highest and best representative of modern thought. His influence over the English mind, in many most important departments of knowledge, cannot be exaggerated. His books have been in every hand, and his theories are even now ruling, in many ways, the actions of English speaking Governments. These are the men who do the harm. From them the newspaper scribes and the magazine writers draw their thoughts and gather their matter. And thus, by degrees, society becomes permeated by the peculiar views, good or bad, as the case may be, of clear thinkers who have a knack of dressing their thoughts in the most graceful and vigorous language, and of attracting the attention of the public by their limpid clearness and profound simplicity. I do not think I could choose a better or more representative antagonist

with whom to join issue than John Stuart Mill, who though no longer living, still lives in his works, and will do so for many a long day to come. Amongst other works he wrote "Essays on Religion." Being a conscientious and serious thinker, in this work he would no doubt put his best and most matured thought; and we can take his words as expressing the views of thousands at the present day, who, though they may not know it, most likely owe those views of theirs to him, though they may have never seen him, or heard of him, or read his books. In the following remarkable passage Mr. Mill grants us much. He holds up our Lord as perfection as a Teacher and as the highest Moral Leader that the world has ever seen. So far as our Lord's humanity is concerned, Mr. Mill holds it in the highest possible esteem; but he not only denies Christ's Divinity, but says that our Lord "never made the smallest pretensions" to be God, "and would probably," he adds, "have thought such a pretension as blasphemous as it seemed to the men who condemned him." It is here that we join issue with Mr. Mill, and I will undertake to prove to a candid mind that our Lord—the direct opposite of what Mr. Mills affirms—based His claims to recognition on the assumption of His Divinity; and that throughout the Gospel History there is nothing so overwhelming as the evidences given, in almost every chapter, to His Divine prerogatives. Mill's words run thus :—

> The most valuable part of the effect on the character which Christianity has produced, by holding up in a Divine person a standard of excellence and a model for imitation, is available even to the absolute unbeliever, and can never be lost to humanity. For it is Christ rather than God whom Christianity has held up to believers as the pattern of perfection for humanity. It is the God Incarnate more than the God of the Jews or of nature, who being idealised, has taken so great and salutary a hold on the modern mind. And whatever else may be taken away from us by rational criticism, Christ is still left an unique figure not more unlike all His precursors than all His followers, even those who had the direct benefit of His personal teaching. It is of no use to say that Christ as exhibited in the Gospels is not historical, and that we do not know how much of what is admirable has been superadded by the

tradition of His followers. The tradition of followers suffices to insert any number of miracles, and may have inserted all the miracles which He is reputed to have wrought. But who among His disciples or among their proselytes was capable of inventing the sayings ascribed to Jesus or of imagining the life and character recorded in the Gospels? Certainly not the fishermen of Galilee; as certainly not St. Paul, whose character and idiosyncrasies were of a totally different sort; still less the early Christian writers, in whom nothing is more evident than that the good which was in them was all derived, as they always professed that it was derived, from a higher source. What could be added and interpolated by a disciple we see in the mystical parts of the Gospel of St. John * * * * * * But about the life and sayings of Jesus there is a stamp of personal originality combined with profundity of insight, which if we abandon the idle expectation of finding scientific precision where something very different was aimed at, must place the prophet of Nazareth, even in the estimation of those who have no belief in His inspiration, in the very first rank of the men of sublimer genius of whom our species can boast. When this pre-eminent genius is combined with the qualities of probably the greatest moral reformer and martyr to that mission who ever existed upon earth, religion cannot be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man as the ideal representative and guide of humanity, nor, even now, would it be easy even for an unbeliever to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavour so to live that Christ would approve our life. When to this we add that to the conception of the rational sceptic it remains a possibility that Christ actually was what He supposed Himself to be—*not God, for He never made the smallest pretension to that character, and would probably have thought such a pretension as blasphemous as it seemed to the men who condemned Him*—but a man charged with a special express and unique commission from God to lead mankind to truth and virtue—we may well conclude that the influence of religion on the character which will remain after rational criticism has done its utmost against the evidences of religion are well worth preserving, and that what they lack in direct strength as compared with those of a firmer belief is more than compensated by the greater truth and rectitude of the morality they sanction.*

In another place (p. 251) he says, speaking of our Lord's example, "Through the darkest and most corrupt periods Christianity has raised this torch on high—has kept this object of veneration and imitation before the eyes of men." So that Mr. Mill whilst denying the Divinity of Christ makes Him out to be such a man as

* Mill's Essays on Religion, pp. 253—255.

no other has ever been, possessed of gifts so transcendent that in vain should we hope to see or hear of a similar to Him. It would almost seem that the halo of Divinity without his knowing it dazzled Mr. Mill; and if he would not admit the Christ to be Divine, he was forced to admit Him to have been what never man had been before. There is a deep significance in this; for, if Christ in very deed was what Mr. Mill says He was, then we see our way to force Mr. Mill to admit either that he is talking nonsense or that our Master was God.

Taking a merely general survey of our Lord's position when He began to teach, we cannot help being struck with His Divine character and ways. He came into the midst of the Jewish people and Jewish sages and learned men as a veritable portent. He had not anything in common with them. He came to do away with their methods, and to supplant their religion by a religion of His own. He did not bend to their prejudices, or exhibit the slightest misgiving in His discourse. He stood in the midst as a Fountain of Light, as the Light of the World, as One claiming universal jurisdiction and power over the heart and conscience of every creature. His mere position told what He was. The height of His doctrines—sublime as Heaven itself—spoke of the narrowness and contracted character of the teaching He was going to supplant. The depth of His views—penetrating down into the hidden things of God—spoke of an intellect not trammelled by the prejudices of men, but illuminated by a Divine fire, and redolent with the unction of the Holy One. The breadth of His vision—not bound by the miserable circumference of one land—but embracing the whole world, indicated His Divine sovereignty, and pointed to His universal spiritual empire. So imposing and impressive was His presence, especially when laying down the Law of the Kingdom, that men were forced to declare that He did not speak as the Scribes and the Pharisees, but as one having "power." He taught, that is, with Divine authority, and those who heard Him felt it, were conscious of it, and they had, in order to relieve their

feelings, to declare the fact. He did not utter any tentative doctrines. He spoke from the fount of His own truth, and knew what He was saying. He had no doubt, no misgiving. He laid down the Law of the Kingdom, and men had to accept it on His authority ; and they did accept it, for He spoke with an impressiveness quite new to the Jews. No prophet, however venerable, no Scripture writer of the Old or New Law, dared to speak with such peremptoriness and finality. They, all of them, were but mouth-pieces, channels, messengers, He alone was "the Light of the world," and the God of Heaven. *Hæc dicit Dominus* is the expression of the teachers in the Old Covenant—thus saith the Lord. Very different from this is the formula used by our Redeemer. He was no mere herald. He was the everlasting King. Hence He says : *Amen, amen, dico vobis.* Amen, amen, I say unto you ! As if He should say : "I am the great Divine Oracle and Teacher of mankind. What I say is the truth indeed. He who contradicts My word is standing against the God of Heaven, and is prevaricating against supernal light."

And cast your eyes abroad. What is His position now ? Has any mere man, however exalted, however talented, however great in any or every way, approached —even at a very great distance—to Christ in His mastery over the hearts of nations ? What are the greatest of human benefactors, now they are gone, so far as any memory of them is concerned ? Hannibal and Cæsar, and Napoleon, warriors and kings, statesmen and philosophers, philanthropists and sages—their names are scarcely recorded, and their memories have been long since practically forgotten. But with Jesus Christ it is altogether different. Over 1800 years are gone by, and yet He reigns in willing, adoring hearts, at this hour, throughout the world, perhaps more universally, and more powerfully than ever. I embrace all Christian people in this thought. We have doctrinal differences it may be ; but apart from them Christ reigns as the Mighty King with such imperial sway at this moment, that His unique

position, His hold on the hearts of men, the worship that is accorded Him, the love and adoration, the heroism and devotion He inspires—all these things together impress the mind with the secret thought that that Man must indeed be more than man ; that Mr. Mill was wrong, and that the universal voice of the Christian world proclaims that truth which was from the beginning.

There are very few writers of modern days, of any respectability, who do not acknowledge the supreme claims of Christ upon humanity, who do not extol His truthfulness, His simplicity, His self-control, His sublime morality. An able writer, not of our Church, speaks of our Saviour as follows :—

Remarkable as was the character of Jesus, it was distinguished by nothing more than calmness and self-possession. This trait pervades His other excellencies. How calm was His piety! Point me, if you can, to one vehement passionate expression of His religious feelings. Does the Lord's prayer breathe a feverish enthusiasm? The habitual style of Jesus on the subject of religion, if introduced into many churches of His followers at the present day, would be charged with coldness. The calm and the rational character of His piety is particularly seen in the doctrine which He so earnestly inculcates, that disinterested love and self-denying service to our fellow-creatures are the most acceptable worship we can offer to our Creator. His benevolence too, though singularly earnest and deep, was composed and serene. He never lost the possession of Himself in His sympathy with others—was never hurried into the impatient and rash enterprises of an enthusiastic philanthropy—but did good with the tranquility and constancy which mark the providence of God. The depth of His calmness may best be understood by considering the opposition made to His claims. His labours were insidiously watched and industriously thwarted by vindictive foes, who had even conspired to compass, through His death, the ruin of His cause. Now, a feverish enthusiasm, which fancies itself to be entrusted with a great work of God, is singularly liable to impatient indignation under furious and malignant opposition. Obstacles increase its vehemence ; it becomes more eager and hurried in the accomplishment of its purposes, in proportion as they are withstood. Be it therefore remembered, that the malignity of Christ's foes, though never surpassed, and for the time triumphant, never robbed Him of self-possession, roused no passion, and threw no vehemence or precipitation into His exertions. He did not disguise from Himself or His followers the impression made on the multitude by His adversaries ; He distinctly foresaw the violent death towards which He was fast approaching ; yet, confiding in God, and in the silent progress of His truth, He possessed His soul in peace. Not only was He calm, but His calmness rises into

sublimity when we consider the storms which raged around Him, and the vastness of the prospects in which His spirit found repose. I say, then, that serenity and self-possession were peculiarly the attributes of Jesus. I affirm that the singular and sublime Character claimed by Jesus can be traced neither to imposture nor to an ungoverned insane imagination; it can only be accounted for by its truth, its reality.*

It is evident that both Mill and Channing held that Christ was the sublimest moral teacher the world had ever seen, or is likely ever to see; that no man could approach Him in His high character, His pure, truthful, and gentle life. Mr. Mill assures us that our Saviour "never made the smallest pretension" to be Divine. Let us examine this, this evening, in a general and broad way, and afterwards, in the other discourses, we will join issue in such a manner that Mr. Mill will be shown absolutely untrustworthy as a spiritual or theological guide. Open the Scriptures for a moment, at the place from which I have taken my text—"I am the Light of the world." The Evangelist says:—

And early in the morning He came again into the temple, and all the people came to Him, and sitting down He taught them. And the Scribes and Pharisees bring unto Him a woman taken in adultery; and they set her in the midst, and said to Him: Master, this woman was even now taken in adultery. Now Moses in the law commanded us to stone such a one. But what sayest Thou? And this they said tempting Him. But Jesus bowing himself down, wrote with His finger on the ground. When therefore they continued asking Him, He lifted up Himself, and said to them: He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her. And again stooping down, He wrote on the ground. But they hearing this, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest. And Jesus alone remained, and the woman standing in the midst. Then Jesus lifting up Himself, said to her: Where are they that accused thee? Hath no man condemned thee? Who said: No man, Lord. And Jesus said: Neither will I condemn thee! Go, and now sin no more. Again therefore Jesus spoke to them, saying: *I am the light of the world; He that followeth Me, walketh not in darkness, but shall have the light of life.* The Pharisees therefore said to Him: Thou givest testimony of Thyself; Thy testimony is not true. Jesus answered and said to them. Although I give testimony of Myself, My testimony is true. And in your law it is written, that the testimony of two men is true. I am one that giveth testimony of Myself; and the Father that sent Me, giveth testimony of Me. They said, therefore, to Him: Where

* Channing's Works, vol. 4, 18, 18.

Thy Father? Jesus answered: Neither Me do you know, nor My Father; if you did know Me, perhaps you would know My Father also. And He said to them: You are from beneath, I am from above. You are of this world, I am not of this world. Jesus, therefore, said to them: When you shall have lifted up the Son of Man, then shall you know that I am He. And He that sent Me is with Me, and He hath not left Me alone for I do always the things that please Him. When He spoke these things, many believed in Him. Then Jesus said to those Jews who believed in Him: If you continue in My word, you shall be My disciples indeed. And you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. Which of you shall convince Me of sin? If I say the truth to you, why do you not believe Me? If any man keep My word, he shall not see death for ever. Abraham, your father, rejoiced to see My day: he saw it, and was glad. The Jews, therefore, said to Him: Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast Thou seen Abraham? Jesus said to them: Amen, amen, I say unto you, before Abraham was made, I am. They took up stones, therefore, to cast at Him. But Jesus hid Himself, and went out of the temple.*

Now on seriously considering this passage in the life of our Lord we cannot help feeling that there is an undercurrent running through it which tells us that the Chief Actor is some one more than man. See Him sitting in the temple, and "all the people" around Him, and the great Master teaching them the Law of Life and the word of truth. Suddenly the Scribes and Pharisees drag a poor sinful woman into His presence, that they might puzzle Him before the people. "What sayest Thou?" they asked, "tempting Him." Our Lord, in place of replying to them, stooped down and wrote on the ground. They still pressed Him, and so impatient were they that they would not wait till He had lifted Himself up. When, therefore, they continued asking Him, He lifted Himself up and said to them: He that is without sin amongst you, let him first cast a stone at her. This homethrust made Christ's enemies "beginning with the eldest" shrink away, till our Master was left alone with the sinful woman in the temple—the adulterous woman and the merciful Master of the penitent sinner. That one picture tells of His divine merciful compassion. Here He introduced the gentleness and tenderness and mercy of His new covenant

* John VIII., 2, sqq.

with man. "And Jesus alone remained, and the woman standing in the midst. Then Jesus lifting up Himself said to her: Woman, where are they that accused thee? Hath no man condemned thee? who said: No man, Lord. And Jesus said: Neither will I condemn thee. Go, and now sin no more." I do not say that this scene proves that Our Lord is God; but it is in harmony with that idea, and speaks of a new power of compassion and meekness come into the world. But what follows this scene does, very directly, point to the doctrine of His Divinity. Our Master took occasion of this act of condescension to tell the Jews, who were surrounding Him in the temple, who He was. With majestic Divine calmness, He claims a power and position that no mere man could claim, however enlightened, without making himself ridiculous. He said to them not, I am a clever philosopher, I am a great teacher, but, "I am the Light of the world!" Could the greatest men that ever lived or all the greatest, were they capable of being turned into one transcendent man, arrogate to themselves or himself, as the case might be, such a position as that? I am the Light of the world! almost tantamount to a declaration of Divinity. More than this: Our Saviour not only declares Himself to be the Light of the world, but the great Leader of the world who never could or would lead men astray, but would infallibly lead them to life. "I am the Light of the world. He that followeth me, walketh not in darkness, but shall have the light of life." What mere man, without extravagant absurdity, could put forth such a universal claim as that to rule man's conduct, and to lead all following him to "the light of life?" Again, the whole passage which I have quoted is instinct with the evidence of Christ's Divinity. "You are from beneath, I am from above. You are of this world, I am not of this world. If you continue in My word you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. If any man keep My word he shall not see death for ever." What mere man could have talked and taught this and made such

God-like promises? "Abraham, your father, rejoiced that he might see My day: he saw it, and was glad. The Jews, therefore, said to Him: Thou are not yet fifty years old, and hast Thou seen Abraham? Jesus said to them: Amen, amen, I say to you, before Abraham was made, I am. They took up stones"—very likely the stones prepared for killing the poor woman Our Saviour saved, "therefore to cast at Him." Here at length our Lord, in so many words, in spite of what He knew He would have to suffer, declared point blank, in language that all understood, that He was Divine. His enemies witnessed to the fact in the most emphatic manner by offering to stone Him, and cause Him to die the death of a blasphemer. If this teaching of our Saviour is true, then, He must be Divine; if false, He cannot be the great Teacher and Exemplar that Mr. Mill would make Him; for He would be leading the world astray on a most cardinal point of religious belief. If He were doing this knowingly, He would be a knave; if unknowingly, a fool. He cannot be either one or the other—for the sequel proves His right to veneration: therefore He must be Divine. If He declares Himself to be so, and is not, then He is nothing better than an imposter, and Mr. Mill's great moralist and exemplar is shivered to atoms; whereas if He declares Himself Divine, and really is Divine, then Mr. Mill is wrong again, whilst the whole Gospel History possesses a key, without which it would be little better than unintelligible jargon. Now let us proceed a step further and look at one or two of the prophecies of our Master which do not receive as much attention as they deserve, and you will find that all of them point to the one conclusion—that our Saviour is something more than man. Take these words of the "Acts," *

You shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you, and you shall be witnesses unto Me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost parts of the earth.

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* Chap. 1., 8.

Now is not this a wonderful prophecy? Remember, the Christian Church was scarcely in its infancy then. Those whom our Lord addressed were poor, helpless, and despised men. And yet Christ boldly informed them that they would be witnesses to Him not only in the East, but "even to the uttermost parts of the earth." How supremely unlikely that seemed then! Now we who live in this age are compelled to admit that this bold forecasting has come true to the letter. What mere man could thus foretel the future? Take St. Matthew—

And Jesus coming spoke to them, saying: All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world.*

Are these words the expressions of a mere man? To whom were they addressed? To the poor and the helpless. What were these helpless men told to do?—A work which required superhuman power, and a force of character which they did not possess by gift of nature. When these words were uttered, all was buried in the future. We are privileged to look on the event as written in the page of history. What Christ told them to do they did—did to the letter. Is not this a marvellous prophecy? And is the prophet who possessed so much innate power a simple man? Again:—

And passing by the Sea of Galilee, He saw Simon and Andrew his brother, casting nets into the sea, for they were fishermen. And Jesus said to them: Come after Me and I will make you to be fishers of men. And immediately leaving their nets they followed him. †

Here two poor labouring fishermen receive a promise that they should be made "fishers of men;" that they should gather men into the net of their power, just as the fish are captured with the fisherman's net. To make such a promise is easy enough. But here, we see ourselves, it has been absolutely fulfilled. St. Peter by one or two sermons captured thousands of his

* Chap. xxviii., 18-20. † Mark, Chap. i., 16-17.

fellow-countrymen. Our Lord not only made promises but the fishermen believed in Him; they left their nets and followed Him. Is this the operation of a mere man? Again:—

And when He was in Bethania, in the house of Simon the leper and was at meat, there came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of precious spikenard; and breaking the alabastor box she poured it out upon His head. Now there were some that had indignation within themselves, and said: Why was this waste of the ointment made? For this ointment might have been sold for more than three hundred pence, and given to the poor. And they murmured against this. But Jesus said: Let her alone, why do you molest her? She hath wrought a good work upon Me. For the poor you have always with you; and whensoever you will, you may do them good; but Me you have not always. What she had, she hath done; she is come beforehand to anoint My body for the burial. Amen I say to you, wheresoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which she hath done, shall be told for a memorial of her.*

Am I not at this very moment proving the truth of this prophecy? am I not telling this touching history, and leaving in your minds a pleasant memory of the love and tenderness of Christ, and of the deep affection and generous loving thought and care of the woman who prepared Christ for His burial? Is Christ a mere man? And once more, and finally: Take our Lord's prophecy of the destruction of Jerusalem and its wonderful fulfilment:—

And when He drew near seeing the city, He wept over it saying: "If thou also hadst known, and that in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace: but now they are hidden from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee; and thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round about, and straiten thee on every side, and beat thee flat to the ground, and thy children who are in thee; and they shall not leave in thee a stone upon a stone, because thou hast not known the time of thy visitation. For these are the days of visitation, that all things may be fulfilled that are written." †

Now I beg your patient attention to this. It is very startling how infidels themselves are compelled to witness to the truth of this prophecy. Perhaps the most hardened, sarcastic and polished unbeliever of any age,

* Mark, Chap. XIV., 3-9. † Luke, Chap. XIX., 41, sqq.

and the most musical writer, is Gibbon the historian. Allow me to read to you his account of the way in which, miraculously, this prophecy of Christ was made to come true. He says :—

The desire of re-building the temple has, in every age, been the ruling passion of the children of Israel. In this propitious moment the men forgot their avarice, and the women their delicacy; spades and pick-axes of silver were provided by the vanity of the rich, and the rubbish was transported in mantles of silk and purple. Every purse was opened in liberal contributions, every hand claimed a share in the pious labour; and the commands of a great monarch were executed by the enthusiasm of a whole people. Yet, on this occasion, the joint efforts of power and enthusiasm were unsuccessful; and the ground of the Jewish temple, which is now covered by a Mohammedan mosque, still continued to exhibit the same edifying spectacle of ruin and desolation. Perhaps the absence and death of the Emperor, and the new maxims of a Christian reign, might explain the interruption of an arduous work, which was attempted only in the last six months of the life of Julian. But the Christians entertained a natural and pious expectation, that, in this memorable contest, the honour of religion would be vindicated by some signal miracle. An earthquake, a whirlwind, and a fiery eruption which overturned and scattered the new foundations of the temple, are attested, with some variations, by contemporary and respectable evidence. This public event is described by Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, in an epistle to the Emperor Theodosius, which must provoke the severe animadversion of the Jews; by the eloquent Chrysostom, who might appeal to the memory of the elder part of his congregation at Antioch; and by Gregory Nazianzen, who published his account of the Miracle before the expiration of the same year. The last of these writers has boldly declared that this preternatural event was not disputed by the infidels; and his assertion, strange as it may seem, is confirmed by the unexceptionable testimony of Ammianus Marcellinus. This philosophic soldier, who loves the virtues, without adopting the prejudices of his master, has recorded, in his judicious and candid history of his own times, the extraordinary obstacles which interrupted the restoration of the temple of Jerusalem. "Whilst Alypius, assisted by the Governor of the Province, urged with valour and diligence the execution of the work, horrible balls of fire breaking out near the foundations, with frequent and reiterated attacks, rendered the place from time to time inaccessible to the scorched and blasted workmen; and the victorious element continuing in this manner obstinately and resolutely bent, as it were, to drive them to a distance, the undertaking was abandoned. Such authority should satisfy a believing, and must astonish an incredulous mind." *

* Roman Empire (Bohn's edition, vol. II., pp. 536-539.)

Now to sum up: Take our Lord's unique position in history, ancient and modern; take His supreme claim, His works, His prophecies, and the peculiar character of them; take the whole tenor of the Gospel narrative, and say frankly whether Mr. Mill is to be believed in, or the witness of the whole Christian world based upon such arguments as these, with respect to Our Lord's claim regarding His Divinity? I do not undertake to prove Christ's Divinity conclusively in one lecture, though I believe I have already proved it; but I promise, by the time these addresses have come to an end, that such evidence will be forthcoming that the most hardened, if only candid, will exclaim: My Lord and My God! I purpose doing this by means of our Saviour's words and works. "He began to do and to teach!" He began to do—to work His miracles; and to teach—to utter His Divine parables. Both are prophecies also. They foretel the future condition of the spiritual empire. They are in harmony with its doctrines and its spirit; they are to it what the acorn is to the spreading oak; what the mustard seed is to the greatest of all trees. St. Matthew gives us such parables as touch upon the constitution of the future Church: St. Mark follows St. Matthew: St. Luke chooses out such ones as set forth our Lord's high standard of morality, the loveliness of His religion, and its elevating effects on man. St. John gives no parables, strictly speaking, though he does relate how our Lord compares himself to the vine, a door, and the good Shepherd; but that is all. He is mainly engaged in drawing out the character of Christ Himself, and in displaying, by means of our Redeemer's words, His co-equality with the Father and His Divinity. On these we shall touch during the following Sundays. We shall also treat on what Christ did, on His signs and wonders. An able writer, and one with very advanced views, has said:—

> On the whole, miracles play so important a part in the scheme of Christ, that any theory which would represent them as due entirely to the imagination of His followers, or of a later age, destroys the credibility of the documents, not partially but wholly, and leaves Christ a personage as mythical as Hercules.*

* Ecce Homo, p. 4.

Thus we cannot reject our Saviour's miracles without rejecting our Saviour Himself; and what we cannot do, Mr. Mill, and by Mr. Mill, I mean "modern thought," cannot do. Our Lord's miracles have been compared to stars on a brilliant night; some are large, shining, solitary planets; some of greater brilliancy than others; some sparsely scattered; others thrown into clusters; others, again, spread with a lavish hand on the floors of heaven. There are silver masses, like the milky-way; and far beyond the reach of the naked eye worlds upon worlds, only visible through a powerful glass; others again beyond these, out of the reach of human scrutiny. So with our Lord's miracles. Their splendour, their diversity, their number, their brilliancy, now one startling one, now many performed in one hour or one day, now a pause, now, again, a re-commencement of wonder-working—such actions as these, performed all through Christ's public ministry, tend to strengthen our faith in Him, and to teach us who He is and what we ourselves are. Take, at random, out of Sacred Writ, the picture that is given of Christ's wonder-working in general. It speaks for itself and requires neither note nor comment.

St. Luke says: "People pressed on our Lord from all quarters to hear, and to be healed by Him, of their infirmities."* Again: "A very great multitude of people from all Judea and Jerusalem and the sea-coast, both of Tyre and Sidon, who were come to hear Him, and be healed of their diseases, and they that had unclean spirits were cured. And all the multitude sought to touch Him, for virtue went out from Him, and healed them all." †

St. Luke says, once more: "All they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them to Him. But He, laying His hands on every one of them, healed them. And devils went out of many, crying out and saying, Thou art the Son of God." ‡

St. Peter calls Him, the Man "whom God annointed with the Holy Ghost and with power, who went about

* Chap. VI., 16. † Chap. VI., 18. ‡ Chap. VIII., 31-40.

doing good, and healing all who were oppressed by the devil, for God was with Him." *

St. Mark says: "A great multitude followed Him from Galilee and Judea, and from Jerusalem, and from Idumea, and from the Jordan, and they about Tyre and Sidon, in very great multitude, hearing the things which He did, came unto Him. * * * For He healed many, so that they pressed upon Him, as many as had evils, and the unclean spirits, when they saw Him, fell down before Him, and they cried out. Thou art the Son of God." †

St. Matthew: "And Jesus went about all the cities and towns, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, and healing every disease and every infirmity." ‡

St. Matthew, once more: "And there came to Him great multitudes, having with them the blind, the lame, the maimed, and many others, and they cast them down at His feet, and He healed them. So that the multitudes marvelled, seeing the dumb speak, the lame walk, the blind see, and they glorified the God of Israel." §

These extracts give us a general account of our Lord's wondrous works. They, taken together, point in the one direction—to Christ's Divinity. His Parables do the same: in a way they are miraculous also. I purpose bringing both before your attention during these Sunday nights. The impression produced to-night will be intensified each night more and more, until you will be forced to exclaim that the arguments for our Lord's Divinity and for the supernatural character of His religion are so strong that, even from a human point of view, apart from faith, you must embrace them. Dearly beloved people, we do not need to have this proved to us. We hold it with all the power of divine faith already; we cannot, if we would, let it go: yet we feel pleasure in giving comfort to our reason, and in seeing how the tradition of ages is supported and confirmed by the testimonies of human reason and the dictates of common sense.

* Acts x., 38. † Chap. III., 11-12. ‡ Chap. IX., 35. § Chap. XV., 30.

LECTURE II.

THE SOWER AND THE LEPER.

How came this Man by this wisdom and miracles. (Matthew, chap. xiii., 54.)

Last Sunday evening I tried to give a general survey of the ground over which I propose to travel during the coming Sundays of Lent. I said that I should address myself to proving Christ's Divinity, and the supernatural character of His religion. This I aimed at doing in order to meet the infidelity of the day; and as the highest and best type of that infidelity, as the apostle of it amongst English-speaking people, I chose Mr. John Stuart Mill. I felt that if I could slay Goliah, there would be comparatively little difficulty in routing the smaller Philistines. If Mr. Mill is proved untrustworthy, what confidence can be placed in minor men, men of far less depth, breadth, and candour? Now this is very remarkable in Mr. Mill's way of dealing with the Divinity of our Saviour. He was bound to meet the difficulty of this question. If he had once admitted that our Saviour made a claim to being Divine, Mr. Mill would have had either to denounce Him as a blasphemer, or to have admitted Him to be God. So he boldly and squarely asserted that our Lord would Himself have considered it blasphemy had He heard any one ascribing that position to Him; and that our Saviour "never made the slightest pretension" to such a position. Evidently Mr. Mill knew more of logic than he cared to know of the Bible; and during the course of these lectures his ignorance, and his extraordinary audacity of assertion—so unlike his general method—will become more and more manifest till the end.

Now, there is one objection that some may naturally make in their own minds to some portion of my line of argument. They may say: Though our Saviour did such wonderful works, the doing of them does not prove that He was God—for the Apostles did wonderful works too, and the prophets raised people from the dead, and performed most astonishing signs and wonders, as well as prophesied And yet no one says that they were gods. True. But let me ask you a simple question. Did they, did any single one of them, ever make "the slightest pretension" to be Divine? They would, most certainly, have considered it frightful blasphemy for any one to accredit them with Divinity. On the contrary, our Saviour did, categorically, teach that He and the Father were One; that He was equal to the Father; that He, in one word, was the Son of God. This pivot being once firmly set in its place, all the rest follows with great naturalness. In the light of His own claim to Divinity we regard all Christ's prophecies and miracles and powers; and the more we bring them into contact with His claim, so much the more reasonable, and indeed necessary, does that claim seem to be.

Let me continue my arguments: and as boys love to get hold of a burning glass and to concentrate the sun's rays on a leaf or piece of paper and burn it through with concentrated fire; so let me collect together the rays of Gospel truth, and by their united force burn a hole into the heart of modern infidelity, with its shallowness, its presumptuousness, and its coarse vulgarity. I will now proceed, before touching on the Sower and the Leper, to dwell on one or two more Gospel arguments, which go to prove the Divinity of our blessed Saviour. I begin thus:—After our Lord had been denied by Peter, who, hearing the cock crow and remembering our Lord's prophecy regarding his denial, went out and wept bitterly, the soldiery began to torment our blessed Saviour. These are the words of St. Luke:—

"And the men that held Him, mocked Him, and struck Him, and they blindfolded Him, and smote His face. And they asked Him, saying: Prophesy who it is that struck Thee? and, blaspheming, many other things they said against Him." *

Now I beg to call your attention to the position in which our Lord was found the morning after all this foul ill-usage. Any ordinary man would have been thoroughly exhausted and broken by all He had gone through. Had He been playing a part, such treatment as the soldiers offered Him would have brought Him to His senses; and on being brought to trial next day, and on being cross-examined by the officers of the law, He would have been only too glad to be allowed to rest in peace, and to drop all attempt at acting an empty or a blasphemous part. Moreover, with regard to our Lord's case, His claim was brought to clear and distinct issue at His trial. It would seem that in His mercy to us He vouchsafed to allow Himself to be dragged before the solemn sitting of the Court, and so to have matters arranged that for all time we should have His own blessed word recorded, on a most solemn occasion, with regard to His claim to being Divine. The ancients of the people, the chief priests and scribes seemed quite impatient to get Christ into their hands, and to compel Him, in presence of the Council, to declare squarely and categorically what He professed Himself to be. Of course they knew well enough what He had taught the people in this respect; but they wanted, from His own lips, a distinct and formal declaration in presence of the Council, as to the position which He assumed, and the attributes He laid claim to, so that, once for all, a public record should be preserved, declaring. on the authority of Christ Himself, that He based His claims to be "the Light of the World" on the assumption that He was the Son of God. Now, I beg, before I quote the inspired word, to call your attention to the position assumed by Mr. Mill. This great leader of modern thought and teacher of the English-speaking world—in whom so many place such implicit confidence—has published it as an undeniable fact that our Lord

* Chap. xxii., 62-66.

shrank with horror from the idea of being thought Divine, and that He Himself would have held it blasphemy for anyone to have attributed to Him that title. Allow me to quote the words of St. Luke :—

And as soon as it was day, the ancients of the people, and the chief priests and scribes, came together, and they brought Him into their council, saying : If thou be the Christ, tell us. And He said to them : If I shall tell you, you will not believe Me. And if I shall also ask you, you will not answer me, nor let Me go. But hereafter the Son of Man shall be sitting on the right hand of the power of God. Then said they all : Art thou then the Son of God ? Who said : You say, that I am. And they said : What need we any farther testimony ? for we ourselves have heard it from His own mouth.

Now open the "*Catena Aurea*" of St. Thomas of Aquin, in which he constructs a network of commentaries of the Fathers, and see what view they take of this passage of Holy Writ :—

Augustine : Now our Lord is supposed to have suffered these things until morning in the house of the High Priest, to which He was first led. Hence it follows, 'And as soon as it was day, the elders of the people and the chief priests and the scribes came together, and led Him into their council, saying, Art thou the Christ ?' *Bede :* They wished not for truth, but were contriving calumny. Because they expected that Christ would come only as man, of the root of David, they sought this of Him, that if He should say 'I am the Christ' they might falsely accuse Him of claiming to Himself the Kingly Power. *Theophylact :* He knew the secrets of their hearts that they who had not believed His works would much less believe His words. Hence it follows 'And He said unto them : If I tell you ye will not believe, &c.' *Bede :* For He had often declared Himself to be the Christ ; as when He said 'I and my Father are one' and other such things. 'And if I also ask you, ye will not answer Me.' For He had asked them how they said that Christ was the Son of David, whereas David in spirit called Him his Lord. But they wished neither to believe His words nor to answer His questions. However, because they sought to accuse falsely the seed of David, they hear something still farther, as it follows : 'Hereafter shall the Son of Man sit on the right hand of the Power of God.' *Theophylact :* As if He said : There is no time left to you any longer for discourses and teaching, but hereafter shall be the time of judgment when ye shall see Me, the Son of Man, sitting on the right hand of the Power of God. *Cyril :* Whenever sitting and a throne are spoken of God, His Kingly and Supreme Majesty is signified. For we do not imagine any judgment seat to be placed, on which we believe the Lord of all takes His seat ; nor again, that in any wise right hand or left

hand appertain to the Divine nature ; for figure, and place, and sitting, are the properties of bodies. But how shall the Son be seen to be of equal honour and to sit together on the same Throne, if He is not the Son according to nature, having in Himself the natural property of the Father? *Theophylact:* When then they heard this, they ought to have been afraid, but after these words they are the more frantic ; as it follows, 'All said, &c.' *Bede:* They understood that He called Himself the Son of God in these words : 'The Son of Man shall sit on the right hand of the Power of God.'

Now, taking the words of St. Luke and weighing them as illustrated by the words of these Fathers, who, for one moment, can bring himself to assert that our Divine Redeemer shrank with horror, as at the utterance of a blasphemy, from hearing Himself proclaimed Divine? Is not the real fact the very reverse of this? Do not the words I have quoted show us, as clear as noonday, that our Lord and Master was ready, before the assembled Council, to suffer the penalty of blasphemers rather than deny His Divine prerogative? How was it possible for Mr. Mill to teach a contrary doctrine when the arguments against him are of so overwhelming a description? Take one or two more examples of our Saviour's conduct—conduct incompatible with any other view except the traditional view that He is the Son of God ; that He is God Incarnate come on earth to redeem us from our sins. Take the fifth chapter of St. John's Gospel. Here we have an account of the persecution Our Lord had to submit to on account of His healing on the Sabbath day.

Therefore did the Jews persecute Jesus, because He did these things on the Sabbath. But Jesus answered them, My Father worketh until now ; and I work. Hereupon, therefore, the Jews sought the more to kill Him, because He did not only break the Sabbath, but also said that God was His Father, making Himself equal to God. Then Jesus answered : As the Father raiseth up the dead, and giveth life, so the Son also giveth life to whom He will. For neither doth the Father judge any man, but hath given all judgment to the Son, that all men may honour the Son as they honour the Father. Amen, amen, I say unto you, that he that heareth My word, and believeth Him that sent Me, hath life everlasting, and cometh not into judgment, but is passed from death to life. Amen, amen, I say unto you, that the hour cometh, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live.

I ask you, I ask Mr. Mill and his large following of deniers of our Master's Divinity, if it were possible for any sane man, who was a mere man, to speak like this? Either Mr. Mill's high opinion of our Saviour as an honest and calm Teacher of morality must be counted an absurdity, or this Teacher, teaching so emphatically with His "Amen, amen, I say unto you," His own Divinity, must be believed—we must take His word for it that He is God Incarnate, the Second Person of the ever-blessed Trinity. Indeed, He gives us not His word alone. He proves His claim by His startling miracles. As Father Humphrey puts it:—

> He brings forward His miracles as sufficient and cogent reasons why those who beheld them should believe in His Divinity, in His oneness with the Father, and in His Divine mission from the Father. And that there should remain no room for doubt or misgiving with regard to the meaning of His words, that by them He meant to express and claim that which they in their literal and obvious sense signify, the Evangelist records the manner in which those who heard them understood them, and the effect which they had upon them. The Jews sought the more to kill Him, "because He said God was His Father, making Himself equal to God." And again: the Jews took up stones to stone Him, and they said, "We stone Thee for blasphemy, and because that Thou, being a man, makest Thyself God." (St. John, v. 18.) Had there been any misapprehension upon their parts, He would have set them right; but they had rightly apprehended His claim, to be as really God as was the Father, a claim which was either blasphemous or real and true; and, therefore, His claim He reiterated, and He brought in evidence of its reality the testimony of His works * * * What did the miracles of Jesus prove? They proved in His case what they proved in the case of others who worked miracles in support of their claims to Divine mission, and as a testimony to the Divine truth of their teaching. They proved that He was a Prophet of God, an Apostle from God, an Angel or Messenger of God, a Messias of God. They proved that He was sent by God, and that His words were the words of God. They proved His infallibility and His Divine authority as an Ambassador of God, bearing to men a message from God.*

Here, again, we must join issue with Mr. Mill. This clever thinker tells us that although it were acknowledged that all the miracles wrought by Christ were not wrought by Him at all, but were the invention of His followers, still, in spite of that, He would stand forward as the

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* Other Gospels, pp. 126-127.

unique Teacher, by word and deed, of the human race. But if the miracles recorded by the Gospels are inventions of His followers, what becomes of His influence over them? To turn out such rascals as such an iniquitous proceeding would imply, would do very little credit to the Master. And for four of these followers to combine together to deceive the world on a fundamental question of religion, and for the world to fall into the deception with such extraordinary ease as it must have done were any such deception practised, would throw complete discredit on the whole subject-matter of the Gospels, and turn an inspired writing into a patchwork of infamous lies. Neither Mr. Mill, nor any body else, can escape from the firm position which Christ's Divinity holds, if the Gospel narrative is to be taken as a fair and honest account of His words and deeds. You cannot pick and choose, drop this and embrace that; the Gospels form one whole, and must, as such, be accepted or rejected. If our Saviour was, in reality, what the Evangelists say He was—and Mr. Mill says they could not, if they had tried, have invented the character they give Him—if such be the case, why should they suddenly turn liars when they come to speak of His actions? Why so honest at page one and two, and so scandalously dishonest at page three and four! Why elaborately tell the truth regarding our Saviour's moral rectitude, and as elaborately tell lies regarding the wonders which He effected? To act like this would be to act without the guidance of common sense, or human reason. No man could do it. If a man were mad, he might tell the lies, but he would not so exquisitely tell the truth in other places; if he were sane, he would be incapable of playing such an idiotic part. It stands to sense and reason, taking simply Mr. Mill's own admissions, that men who are capable of drawing so admirable a picture of our Saviour—and who did draw so true a portrait—would honestly relate the actions which He performed. To convince an intelligent jury to the contrary. would require more forcible arguments than any as yet adduced by the writer of the Essays on Religion.

Allow me, now, that I have disposed, for the present, of Mr. Mill, to bring before your attention the Parable of the Sower, and the Miracle of the Leper. But, first of all, a few observations must be made upon the parables of our Lord in general. There are thirty-one of these parables scattered through the Gospel history. St. Matthew and St. Mark record such similitudes as touch upon the establishment of the Kingdom of God upon earth; St. Luke offers those which relate more especially to the effect of the new dispensation on the moral and religious character of man; whilst St. John, the Divine, dealing scarcely at all with parables, opens out to view those teachings which affect Christ's relations to the Father and His own adorable Divinity. I have said that the parables of our Saviour are, in a certain sense, miraculous. I mean by this that they were uttered, not merely to convey to His immediate hearers some spiritual or moral truth, but, above and beyond this, to indicate what the characteristics of the Kingdom would be, and to announce those very principles that support the vast system of religious truth which, in the Church, has found a scientific exposition. The parables which our Lord uttered in Palestine, when fully grasped and understood, are found to fit most exquisitely into the teachings of our religion, and to contain the vital principles of dogmatic and moral truth as since developed to their full intelligence and meaning. The parables are the theology, moral, dogmatic, and ascetic of the Christian religion; and the *Summa* of St. Thomas, for instance, is but the voice of Christ, as expressing His mind by similitude, enlarged, developed, and systematised according to the best method of the schools. There is not a parable that does not bear within it the seed of some vast principle, and the initial germ of some great dogmatic verity, which simply requires expansion in order to produce its effect. Moreover, one parable does not contradict another or the spirit of another; they are in fullest harmony; for were they not so, the oneness of doctrine would be destroyed, and we should have contradictions

and jarring discords instead of a body of teaching so harmoniously constructed, and as sympathetic one member with another as are the members of the human frame. As the Christian Church began from a small beginning, and then grew so as to embrace the world ; so the simple teaching of our Saviour, though men at the time knew it not, was to be unfolded and unveiled until it should become the principle of dogmatic theology and the loadstone of the moral order. Looking back over the page of Christian history to the days of Christ's teaching, we cannot help perceiving that He must have foreseen the future, and was talking to the future as much as—or even more than—to the present and to the comparatively few people who listened to His voice. He was laying down the lines of His spiritual Empire, and preparing the ground for its future growth. This we shall see as we proceed. But I pause here to ask one question. Could He have been a mere man whose very similitudes were prophecies and whose simplest teachings were uttered with the sublime purpose of guiding the whole world in a future day along the way of life and the path of liberty ? How, unless, He were more than man, could He have so combined His parables, and, I may add, His miracles as well, as to have made them fit, each and all, into the vast framework of the present Christian Church? Surely, we can see that He had an object in view, and He had it in view because He saw it with Divine eyes, and was steadily and calmy carrying it out in a way that no mere man would dream of, but which we can well imagine being adopted by one possessing the security of a Divine power and conscious of His own omnipotence. It is so all through the New Testament : once admit the Divinity of Christ, and all is intelligible and harmonious ; deny that Divinity with Mr. Mill, and the New Testament becomes a wreck of confusion and a record of impossibilities which could scarcely impose upon the most unsophisticated mind. Now, what is a parable ? Parables, similitudes, and proverbs are species of the same genus. A proverb is a short

pithy saying, in which is wrapped up the wisdom of the wise. "Physician heal thyself" is a proverb, but it also contains within itself the makings of a parable, whilst our Lord Himself calls it a similitude. Some of our Saviour's parables are more elaborated than others; some are so composed as to convey, in careful words, some formal teaching; others, whilst brief in their simplicity, deliver, with unerring aim, some stern home truths, which had their effect upon those to whom they were addressed. He loved to give His lessons from the simple life He found around Him. He seemed to delight in illustrating His teaching from the most homely objects. He loved nature, and all that made its life beautiful. His shorter images are almost always drawn from natural objects that casually and constantly met His eye.

"The whitening cornfield," says Cardinal Wiseman, "suggests the thought of the spiritual harvest ripe for the sickle; the fig-tree putting forth its fruit furnishes a lesson on the coming of God's Kingdom. '*See* the fig-tree, and all the trees, when they *now* shoot forth their fruit.' When discoursing on the Mount, how happily the birds flitting about furnish a beautiful image: '*Behold* the birds of the air'; and the lilies which spring up as travellers inform us, on that very ground, give rise to that still more graceful similitude. 'Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they labour not, neither do they spin. But I say to you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these.' Then every action and operation of the household, and of ordinary life—the grinding at the mill; the leavening of the dough; the good housewife's board; the governing of the house; the cultivation of the vineyard, from its planting to its yielding fruit; the tilling of the field and of the garden; the pastoral life in its smallest details—each furnishes them with most appropriate imagery, and most pleasing illustration. At the same time even the more refined and luxurious life of the higher classes is no less fertile in His hand; the management of the estate; the distribution of confidential duties to servants; the sumptuous feast; the bridal procession; the processes of law; even political events of recent occurrence, serve for Him as groundwork of most expressive and beautiful lessons."

Now there are, as I have remarked, in the Gospels, thirty-one Parables containing the teachings of our Master. Eight of these, all of them in St. Matthew, and most of them in St. Mark, one of them being also in St. Luke, The Sower—bear upon the laws of the

Divine Kingdom in its growth and consummation. The picture presented by the Church as she stands before us to-day was painted in these Parables, uttered by Divine lips, nearly nineteen hundred years ago. The Parable contains the prophecy, the Church of God as it is to-day is its fulfilment. Whilst proving Himself, thus, Divine, our Master comforts us with the assurance that a Church which is so clearly the exposition and realization of His Gospel teaching must be of His creation, and that very same Kingdom or Spiritual Empire which He, all along foresaw, and which He was going to establish upon the earth. Let us then, without further delay, address ourselves to the consideration of the Parable of the Sower, whilst rapidly touching on those other similitudes that naturally group themselves around it First of all we have St. Matthew (Chap. XIII.), St. Mark (Chap. IV.), and St. Luke (Chap. VIII.) giving us, each in his turn, this Parable of the Sower; then comes the Wheat and the Cockle (Matthew XIII.); the Mustard Seed (Matthew XIII. and Mark IV.); the Seed cast into the Ground (Mark IV.); the Leaven (Matthew XIII.); the Hidden Treasure (Matthew XIII.); the Pearl of Great Price (Matthew XIII.); and the Net Cast into the Sea (Matthew XIII.) Look for a moment at this wonderful thirteenth chapter of St. Matthew. First comes the Sower, of which presently, and then the Evangelist continues his narration:—

Another Parable He proposed to them saying: The Kingdom of Heaven is likened to a man that sowed good seed in his field. But while men were asleep, his enemy came and oversowed cockle among the wheat, and went his way. And when the blade was sprung up, and had brought forth fruit, then appeared also the cockle. And the servants of the good man of the house coming said to him: Sir didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? whence then hath it cockle? And he said to them: An enemy hath done this. And the servants said to him: Wilt thou that we go and gather it up? And he said: No; lest perhaps gathering up the cockle, you root up the wheat also together with it. Suffer both to grow until the harvest, and in the time of the harvest I will say to the reapers: Gather up first the cockle, and bind it into bundles to burn; but the wheat gather ye into my barn. Another parable He proposed unto them, saying: The Kingdom of

Heaven is like to a grain of mustard-seed, which a man took and sowed in his field. Which is the least indeed of all seeds; but when it is grown up, it is greater than all herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and dwell in the branches thereof. Then having sent away the multitudes, He came into the house and His disciples came to Him, saying: Expound to us the Parable of the cockle in the field. Who made answer and said to them: He that soweth the good seed is the Son of Man. And the field is the world. And the good seed are the children of the Kingdom. And the cockle are the children of the wicked one. And the enemy that sowed them is the Devil. But the harvest is the end of the world. And the reapers are the Angels. Even as cockle therefore is gathered up, and burnt with fire; so shall it be at the end of the world. The Son of Man shall send his Angels, and they shall gather out of His Kingdom all scandals, and them that work iniquity. And shall cast them into the furnace of fire; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the just shine as the sun, in the Kingdom of their Father. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. The Kindom of Heaven is like unto a treasure hidden in a field; which a man having found, hid it, and for joy thereof goeth, and selleth all that he hath and buyeth that field. Again the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a net cast into the sea, and gathering together of all kinds of fish, which, when it was filled, they drew out, and sitting down by the shore, they chose out the good into vessels, but the bad they cast forth. So shall it be at the end of the world. The Angels shall go out, and shall separate the wicked from among the just. And shall cast them into the furnace of fire, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

Now these Parables of our Saviour had a great effect upon the Jews. They could not understand how He was able to reach to such heights and with simplicity, directness, and authority of language. They, like Mr. Mill, could not bring themselves to face the fact that He was Divine. And yet the more He preached in the Synagogues so much the more did they wonder at the words of Heavenly wisdom which proceeded from His lips. They did not possess elevation of vision or breath of heart enough to grasp His position and solve the mystery of His unaccountable mastery over the high things of God. They, we are told by the Evangelist, were particularly hardened and unbelieving; and, hence, "He wrought not many miracles there because of their unbelief." The amazement our Saviour created amongst those who knew how humbly He had been brought up is expressed by St Matthew in these words:—

And coming into His own country He taught them in their synagogues, so that they wondered and said: How came this Man by this wisdom and miracles? Is not this the carpenter's Son. Is not His mother called Mary, and His brethern James, and Joseph, and Simon, and Jude? And His sisters, are they not all with us? Whence, therefore, hath He all these things? And they were scandalised in His regard.*

These peasants behaved just as one might have expected, and in their own simple and contracted way acknowledged with confusion of mind, that our Saviour's wisdom and miracles belonged to another order altogether from that to which they were accustomed, far removed from that in which He vouchsafed to allow Himself to be born. James and Joseph and Simon and Jude seem to have been once upon a time, as much His equals as His companions; now it was found out that He possessed an innate wisdom and power which lifted Him altogether out of the ordinary sphere of mere fishermen and peasants. "They were scandalised," that is, astonished and upset in their minds "in His regard." But to return to the Parables. It will be seen that the eight already enumerated seem to point in one direction—to the Kingdom of Heaven; that is, to the Spiritual Empire that our Lord was about to establish on the earth. Let us now take the "Sower" and elicit its meaning and its bearing upon the future Kingdom, or Church, that was to follow after Christ had sent down His Spirit to inform the hearts of His chosen heralds of salvation.

The same day Jesus going out of the house, sat by the sea side. And great multitudes were gathered together unto Him, so that He went up into a boat and sat; and all the multitude stood on the shore. And He spoke to them many things in parables, saying: Behold the Sower went forth to sow. And whilst he soweth some fell by the way-side, and the birds of the air came and eat them up. And other some fell upon stony ground, where they had not much earth; and they sprung up immediately, because they had no deepness of earth. And when the sun was up they were scorched; and because they had not root they withered away. And others fell among thorns; and the thorns grew up and choked them. And others fell upon good ground; and they brought forth fruit, some a hundredfold, some sixtyfold, and some thirtyfold. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

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* Matt. XIII., 54-58.

Now this parable may be looked upon as the introduction to those which follow. They were addressed to "a great multitude," so great, indeed, that our Lord was compelled to get into a boat and teach the people as they crowded on the shore.

"The imagery of this Parable of the Sower," says a sympathetic writer, "was derived, as usual, from the objects immediately before His eyes—the sown fields of Gennesareth; the springing corn in them; the hard-trodden path which ran through them, on which no corn could grow; the innumerable birds which fluttered over them ready to feed upon the grain; the weak and withering struggle for life on the stony places; the tangling growth of luxuriant thistles in neglected corners; the deep loam of the general soil, on which already the golden ears stood thick and strong, giving promise of a sixty and hundredfold return as they rippled under the balmy wind." *

It was on such ground as this that the Sower went out to sow his seed. Now I must beg your attention to the main idea contained in this parable. The Sower is the great Master, who came to give light and life to the world. Such a Sower as our Lord described, was quite a new thing to the Jews. Indeed, in parables He spoke to them—that is to the hardened amongst them—so that they might not understand. This Sower did not pick out the good places to sow His seed in, but He seems to have sown it broadcast over the face of the earth. Now all this was quite new and, I suppose, as things were in those days, quite unintelligible, except to those to whom our Lord gave ears to hear with and eyes to see with. No doubt the parable could be applied up to a certain point—as our Lord did, in fact, apply it—to those to whom He addressed it; but, for all that, there is a deeper depth in it than could have appeared to them; for it opens out to view the breadth of our Saviour's vision, His grasp of the world, His universal claim to Sovereignty over all, good and bad alike; and His lavish mercifulness in spreading abroad with both hands, as it were—according to the old-fashioned way of wheat sowing—the saving word of life and the pure teaching of His Heavenly Gospel.

* Farrar, vol. I., p. 323.

The other Parables which follow are but amplifications of the main idea, and the development of a prophecy. For unless our Saviour did foresee in reality that, after He had departed to His Father, there would be on earth a "Kingdom of Heaven," that is an imperial spiritual Empire—how could He have selected similitudes which are prophetic of its character and prophetic also of its economy? We see from the Parable of the Cockle that there would be more than one Sower in the field. Christ foretells the condition of His Church and the character which, according to His design, it should possess. Unlike such men as Mahomet or as Wycliffe and Huss; unlike the Donatists of old days, or the more recent Anabaptists, Puritans, and Mormonites, our Divine Redeemer did not undertake to provide that all the members of His great Empire should be true and loyal men. There would be corruptions and scandals, vices and betrayals, seeking themselves instead of Christ's glory and God's love even amongst those who were to go by the name of the faithful. It is evident that Satan is referred to by the Sower of the cockle amongst the wheat. So here we have a vast picture painted by Christ as He sat in the boat, a picture which represented one thing to those looking on, and to us who can look back historically another—a splendid representation, drawn with a master hand, of the spiritual Kingdom, ever contending with error and ever on her guard against the baseness and selfishness, and bartering of the holiest things, on the part of those whose lives ought to be devotedly dedicated to furthering her interests instead of to betraying them for a miserable mess of pottage. And more than this; these vile traitors are to be left alone to work out their iniquity, or to get the possible chance of conversion, till the time comes for visiting them as they deserve. They are "the children of the Wicked One"—in one word, of the Devil; and when their time comes, unless they repent, they will be cast by the Angels of God "into the furnace of fire; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." What is all this but

our ordinary Catholic Doctrine? What do these two parables teach us except that our Master whilst uttering them foresaw the conditions of this spiritual Kingdom, and taught us, for our guidance, that though there may be scandals and miseries amongst us, we are none the less of His creation, and that His Empire is none the less Divine? Indeed, were we to teach that our Church on earth is composed exclusively of saints, our Church would not be Christ's Church, for it would be out of harmony with those initial teachings which forecast the outlines of the future Kingdom. Had not our Lord uttered those parables, the Donatists could not have been replied to with such overwhelmingly crushing affect. If He had said that the Kingdom of Heaven is like to a man who sowed seed, and all the seed grew to perfection, and no cockle was suffered to live—then the whole constitution of the Church would have been different—the Donatists might have been the Church of Christ, at least, the Church of St. Peter would have been a failure. So with "the Pearl of great price." That represents what we emphatically call "the Faith," and for the love of which our forefathers have willingly suffered and died. "The Faith" is ever of surpassing value. Those who ought to value it do not always do so; but it is no less "a pearl" for all that. Then comes the "Leaven" permeating the whole mass—the Grace of God's Spirit indwelling in His Church; and, finally, the Mustard-seed which, again, is prophetic in its bearings. The seed of Christianity had scarcely been sown when our Master uttered the parable touching on it; and yet to us who see the spreading Kingdom of God, flourishing in the nineteenth century in all lands, the parable is a luminous prophecy, foretelling a state of things that our Lord's followers were quite incapable of grasping with their minds or imaginations; and which we should have found it difficult to believe in, if it did not actually inflict itself upon our attention on every side.

I might, of course, enter more fully into detail, and point out the dogmatic and ethical relations that exist

between these principles, and the spiritual empire which they represent. But time does not permit. My main object is achieved, if I have succeeded in showing you that our Saviour had the future spread out before His eyes; and, in uttering His parables, was laying down a set of fundamental and organic principles in harmony with which the future Spiritual Empire had to be developed. Thus we have the Church brought into its true relationship with its Divine Founder. She is what He depicted her to be in His similitudes, neither better nor worse; neither more nor less perfect; but just as He drew her, and in the very manner He described her to those whom He did not wish to understand Him. He spoke to them, and they understood Him not; whilst we, after eighteen hundred years have passed away, are blessed with the glorious realization of the splendid promises vouchsafed to us by our great Master, and can compare the acorn with the spreading oak, the minute mustard-seed with that umbrageous and majestic tree under whose shade the nations still sit—those most civilized and refined, partaking of its shade and solaced and refreshed by its fruits. Now take all that has been said so far; does not the tendency of the whole narrative of our Lord's declarations regarding Himself, and the whole bearing of His teaching, point to a knowledge in Him quite unlike that of ever so good and perfect a man? Far from His "never having made the smallest pretension" to being Divine, He most emphatically, on a most solemn and trying occasion, on an occasion which was meant as He well knew to put Him to a public declaration; when His life was at stake and death by stoning was the consequence, He, nevertheless, declared Himself to be Divine; and that that declaration was received in the sense in which He uttered it, is proved to demonstration, by the attitude of those who were so anxious to force it from Him. Far from expressing Himself scandalised at being acknowledged as "equal to the Father," He Himself, in so many words, categorically declared Himself to be thus equal, and, therefore, to be God; so that Mr. Mill's teaching

becomes absolutely untenable, and, in point of fact, just the reverse of the truth, as is patently declared in so many different places of the Gospel narrative. The Parables to which reference has been made point in the same direction, and are in perfect harmony with Christ's claims. If we admit His Divine character and mission, all becomes clear and intelligible; if we deny His Divine character and mission, the Gospels become unintelligible. The whole written word—the Old Testament so far forth as it refers to the King to come—and the New in every page, is the record of a Divine Workman doing a Divine Work; and the spiritual and moral attitude of the Church at this hour, and her position as a mighty Kingdom, proclaim to us, what the Jews could not possibly have known, namely, that that Workman did not work in vain, and that His labours issued in results which point Him out as the Son of God. Now turn for a moment from the Parable, which was a prophecy, to a miracle which may be looked upon as a prophecy as well. Let us examine the miracle of the healing of the Leper. Now what was a leper in the days of Jesus Christ? He was one eaten up by a foul and loathsome disease; the most horrible species of infliction and affliction that possibly could be imagined.

But let St. Gregory Nazianzen tell us what he looks like. This Father of the Church preached a sermon for St. Basil the Great, who had established a hospital for lepers in Cæsarea, at the gates of the city.

There are degrees, says he, less than others. Poverty is hard to bear, but poverty is not without hope of relief. Disease is worse than poverty, for it cannot help itself. But the case is still harder when men are objects of horror, fear, and aversion to their fellows; and this is the kind of misery, in its most terrible form, which asks our compassion in the case of the lepers. No one who has not seen them can believe what a sight it is which they present. They are dead and living at once, mutilated of many of their limbs, so disfigured and afflicted as not to be recognised by those who were formerly their friends. They have to force themselves on our recollection by recounting the names of their parents, the places where they have lived, and the like. They have lost property, home, friends, even their own bodies; it is difficult to say whether they are more to be pitied for what they have lost of their

* *Farrar*, Vol I., p. 323.

limbs or for what remains of them. The best and most humane of men are hard and cruel to the lepers. They make us forget that we are ourselves of flesh, and clothed with vileness, and we consider that, instead of relieving them as our kindred, we owe it to our own safety to shun and flee from them. People will perhaps bear to touch a dead body, or even the bodies of wild beasts, already corrupt and stinking, and yet we run from the sight and presence of the lepers, and think it too much to breathe the same air with them. Their own parents lose, in their case, all their natural piety. The father drives away from him the son who has been as the apple of his eye, whom he has brought up with the tenderest care, and for whom he has poured forth prayer after prayer to God. The mother turns away in horror from the fruit of her womb, whom she has borne, not for her home, but to dwell in the deserts, on the wild mountains, and among the beasts. The people at large shout after them and revile them, not because they are wicked or criminal, but because they are afflicted and miserable. Men will admit murderers to their table, they will extend hospitality to the adulterer, but they have no mercy or kindness for these innocent victims of disease. They are driven from the cities, houses, market-places, assemblies ; they are not allowed to drink of the public fountains ; even the rivers are thought to be contaminated if they have tasted their water. But we treat them so cruelly, that our very cruelty brings them back upon us. We provide them with no place to live in, we give them no food, no medicines, no clothes, no coverings for their misery. They wandered about night and day, naked and homeless, showing their malady, reminding us of what they once were, calling upon the mercy of their Creator, helping one another with what remain to them of their limbs, begging in strains which move the heart to compassion, for a morsel of bread, a little meat, or an old worn-out rag to cover their shame or to shelter their sores. It is thought a great instance of mercy, I do not say to relieve them, but not to treat them with cruelty in refusing them. So, notwithstanding all their misery and the shame which prompts them to avoid the eyes of men, they are forced by sheer need to rush importunately into the midst of our sacred assemblies on feast days, or when we are met to do honour to the Christian martyrs, reminding us well enough, if we are ready to take in the lesson of our own frailty and of the worthlessness of all human goods, in order that they may hear the voices of men from whose society they have been banished, that they may see the faces of their fellow-creatures, may derive some consolation from the mere recital of their woes, and obtain some little help from those who are overflowing with wealth and every earthly good. *

Thus a leper was looked upon as one stricken with a veritable plague and was shrunk from as a venomous and deadly animal. His case was regarded as incurable by any power of man's. He was the type of the sinner,

* St. Gregory Naz. Orat. xiv. (Coleridge's translation.

and what the leper's body was—putrid, gangrened, falling to pieces, limb by limb, corrupting from the heart outwards, till the entire man was a scaly disgusting heap of carrion—such was, and is the condition of one possessed by the frightful leprosy of deadly sin. Now our Lord performed the miracle of healing one of these unfortunates "full of leprosy" just after His Sermon on the Mount. The people were in admiration of His doctrine, for He was teaching them, says St. Matthew, as one having power and not as the Scribes and Pharisees.* On His coming down from the Mountain of Beautitudes, "a great multitude followed Him," and He made use of this occasion for performing one of His most startling miracles. That we may not lose a word of the inspired record, allow me to read the three accounts as given respectively by St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke:—

Matt, VII., 2-4: And behold a leper came and adored Him, saying, Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean. And Jesus stretching forth His hand, touched him, saying, I will, be thou made clean. And forthwith his leprosy was cleansed. And Jesus saith to him: See thou tell no man, but go, show thyself to the priests, and offer the gifts which Moses commanded for a testimony unto them.

Mark I., 40-45: And there came a leper to Him, beseeching Him, and kneeling down, said to Him: If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean. And Jesus having compassion on him, stretched forth His hand, and touching him, saith to him: I will, be thou made clean. And when He had spoken, immediately the leprosy departed from him, and he was made clean. And He strictly charged him, and forthwith sent him away. And He saith to him: See thou tell no one, but go, show thyself to the high-priest, and offer for thy cleansing the things that Moses commanded for a testimony to them. But he being gone out, began to publish and blaze abroad the word; so that He could not openly go into the city, but was without in desert places, and they flocked to Him from all sides.

Luke V., 12-16: And it came to pass, when He was in a certain city, behold, a man full of leprosy, who seeing Jesus, and falling on his face, besought Him, saying, Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean. And stretching forth His hand, He touched him, saying: I will, be thou cleansed. And immediately the leprosy departed from him. And He charged him that he should tell no man, but go, show thyself to the priests, and offer for thy cleansing according as Moses commanded

* Chap. VII., 28-29.

for a testimony to them. But the fame of Him went abroad the more, and great multitudes came together to hear, and to be healed by Him of their infirmities. And He retired into the desert and prayed.

Here we see our Lord, by the mere touch of His hand, turning a mass of corruption—"a man full of leprosy"—into health and strength, dissipating the loathsome and fetid matter, and restoring the man to his pristine cleanness of skin and vigour of mind and body. This was one of the most remarkable of our Lord's assertions of His power. The malady was an incurable one, the cure was effected instantaneously by a touch, and the leper, not only after the miracle was wrought, but before, must have had a high idea of the power of our Saviour. "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean," said he without any misgiving. All depended on the "will" of God our Saviour, "If thou wilt thou canst make me clean!" So far for an undoubted miracle performed in a Divine way. Now what is it prophetic of? Turn to the twentieth chapter of St. John's Gospel. Our Lord had arisen and had appeared to His disciples:—

He showed them His hands and His side. The disciples therefore were glad, when they saw the Lord. He said, therefore, to them again: Peace be to you. As the Father hath sent me, I also send you. When He had said this, He breathed on them, and He said to them: Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained.

See the harmony between this solemn commission to forgive sins, and the miracle of the leper. In the one case, the priests of the New Law have power given them to retain or forgive sins; in the other, our Lord sends the leper, who is the most perfect type of the sinner, to the high priest that he might judge whether or no the man had been made whole by the action of our Saviour. Here the miracle confirms, is in harmony with, the great commission to the Apostles, and shows how exquisitely the miracle and the commission fit each other, and how both evidently proceed from one and the same mind. From that day to this millions of pulpits have taken the leper as their text to prove, or, at least, illustrate, the

great Sacrament of Penance, and to show our Lord's tender compassion, and at the same time the position which He desired His priesthood to occupy in the administration of the Sacraments of grace.

To the Catholic Church alone can the miracle of the leper in all its fulness be applied. Every day, at this hour, thousands upon thousands "show themselves to the priests" and receive of that absolution which our Master empowered them to impart after His resurrection. Thus then we have seen fresh proofs brought of our Lord's explicit and emphatic claim to Divinity. We have watched Him teaching His parables which, in germ, contain the great theologies of religion, and we have looked upon Him exerting His great power, and turning instantaneously, a heap of carrion, a crawling sore rather than a man, with his face buried in the sand out of very shame at his own frightful condition—we have seen Him lifting this man up with His little finger, and rendering him perfectly sound, and whole. This startling miracle we have also seen is prophetic of the future position of His followers, and of that Sacrament of Mercy by means of which men by "showing themselves to the priests," receive that pardon which, on a most solemn occasion, our Lord commissioned them to grant to those who had the faith, and were truly sorry for their transgressions. All this points in one direction—to the fact that Christ is Divine, that He came to found a Kingdom, that He was consciously working everything in harmony with a Divine design, and that the Church, as she is expanded now before our view in the region of the concrete, is part and parcel of that idea which filled the mind of our blessed Lord when He was teaching by prophetic parable, and no less prophetic wonder. He is alone in the world in the majesty of His position. His works, and the way He did them, belong to a higher region than that of the ordinary prophet, apostle, or learned sage; and since He declared Himself to be Divine most emphatically, and since all this is in harmony with such a claim, we, through the simple force of evidence, are constrained to

admit, are rejoiced to proclaim, that our Master is God, the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity, Incarnate for man's redemption, and the Founder of a Spiritual Kingdom illustrating His Miracles, and reproducing the teaching of His Parables for the enlightenment and the guidance of mankind.

LECTURE III.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN AND ONE SICK OF THE PALSY.

And all were astonished and they glorified God, and they were filled with fear, saying, we have seen wonderful things to-day. (Luke v., 26.)

Last Sunday night I brought before your attention some strong, indeed, I may say, perfectly unanswerable arguments to prove how false Mr. Mill was when he declared that our Saviour did not at any time during His career "make the slightest pretension" to being Divine. I showed you, most conclusively, that our Master, on most solemn and critical occasions, when so much depended—indeed, humanly speaking, His very life—upon His utterances, boldly and categorically, declared that He was the Son of God, equal to His Father, and the Judge of human kind. Having established this pivot on which all Christianity turns, I proceeded to dwell upon our Savour's teaching as exhibited in His parables, and His works, as shown forth in His miracles—taking, as specimens, the parable of the Sower, and the miracle of the Leper. I then went on to expound before you the prophetic character of these words and works, and to show you that our Lord must have had in His divine mind a full knowledge of the future character of His Spiritual Empire; and a complete picture of its dogmatic, moral, and ethical conditions. Thus, whilst our Redeemer is proved to be God, He, at the same time, is proved to be the author of that vast system of religion which, with Peter at its head, and as His representative, is, evidently, that "Kingdom of Heaven" which was typified in so many simple and sublime similitudes.

Now, before we proceed any further, and dwell upon the Parable of the Good Samaritan, and the Miracle of

one Sick of the Palsy, allow me to place before you another, and a broader argument, than any already used, though not a stronger one, for none could be so strong as our Saviour's own declaration regarding His own Divinity.

Imagine our Lord preaching on the Mountain of Beatitudes. Think of His sublime, and gentle, and loving discourse, on that occasion. Recall the picture painted of Him by Mr. Mill, and by Mr. Channing—beautiful pictures so far as they went. Think, also, of the especial delineation of the Evangelists in His regard, how especial His character is as represented by them, how unlike any other who went before Him, or came after Him; how dissimilar from what might have been expected in One who was to have been a mighty Reformer, the creator of a new religion, and the guide and exemplar of a newly-established Spiritual Empire. Take a few of Christ's own words in His Sermon on the Mount. Do they not exhibit, with wonderful distinctness, the ethical character of His own adorable life? For instance :—

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are the meek: for they shall possess the land. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice: for they shall have their fill. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the clean of heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice's sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for My sake. Be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in Heaven. For so they persecuted the prophets that were before you.

These words are in harmony with the mind and heart of the Speaker as exhibiting themselves on the broad stage of life. No writer of any eminence has been far out in his drawing of what he would call the human, the loving, merciful heroic man, in the case of our Blessed Lord. All seem to harmonise here and be at one. He is unlike all others, merely taking the simple Gospel narrative as our test.

Now, turn to the Prophecies of the Old Law. If our Lord's character were *sui generis*, quite solitary in its splendour and in its main characteristics, how could it be possible for any one beforehand to have guessed at it, or to have drawn it? The Prophets foretold His coming, when He would appear, and how; this was, comparatively, easy. They do much more than this, something far more elaborate; they actually paint His picture, and set it before us—give us a photograph, as it were, so that we may compare that photograph with the Divine original. If the photograph be a good one, the photograph must resemble the original and the original the photograph—you recognise your friend, whom you have not seen, by his likeness to the photograph when you do see him. The picture painted by the Prophets is so exquisitely like our Lord's picture as painted by Himself, by His Apostles, and by students of His Divine life, that we are forced to admit that these pictures, though by different artists, are all representative—unquestionably so—of One and the same Individual. Who is this Individual? It is the Christ, that is the Messias, the Son of God, equal to the Father, one with Him who is the Redeemer, and Judge to come, of humankind.

I do not refer to the words of Abraham and Jacob and Moses, all of whom pointed to the Holy One to come; nor to the date which was in prophecy clearly fixed as the time of His approach; and which was fulfilled to the very letter. I refer here to His picture, painted centuries before His birth. Take Isaias: "The people that walked in darkness hath seen a great light, to them that dwell in the region of the shadow of death, light is arisen. * * * For a *child is born to us*, and a son is given to us, and the government is upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace." Now, pause for one single moment. Is not this excessively startling, that Isaias should declare, in so many words, that "the child who is born to us" is, not a mere prophet or great reformer

and lawgiver, but "God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come?" This is, evidently, sheer nonsense, or most wonderful and pointed prophecy, fortelling the Incarnation in so many words. But to proceed: "His Empire shall be multiplied. * * * He shall sit upon the throne of David and upon his kingdom: to establish it and strengthen it with judgment and with justice from henceforth and for ever."* Again: "Behold I have given Thee to be the light of the Gentiles, that Thou mayest be my Salvation even to the farthest part of the earth. * * Kings shall see, and princes shall rise up, and adore for the Lord's sake, because He is faithful and for the holy One of Israel, who hath chosen Thee."† Now, turn to the picture itself, given in prophecy and representative of our Saviour. "I have given My body to the strikers, and My cheeks to them that plucked them. I have not turned away My face from them that rebuked Me, and spit upon Me."‡ These words might have been spoken by our Lord Himself, instead of having been written years before He was born.

Keith, in his book on "Evidence" gives, in the following words, tesselated from Scripture, the prophetic picture of our Redeemer. Isaiah and David are the principal limners of this beautiful and touching representation which so excellently portrays our Master that a fool would not err were it placed, to puzzle him, amidst a thousand others. "Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into Thy lips. He hath done no violence, neither was there any deceit in His mouth. The Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him, the Spirit of wisdom and understanding, the Spirit of counsel and might, the Spirit of knowledge and the fear of the Lord. The Lord hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary. He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom. A bruised reed He shall not break and the

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* Isaias, chap. IX., 6-7. † Id., chap. XLIX., 6-7. ‡ Isaias, chap. 4-6

smoking flax He will not quench. Behold thy King cometh to thee ; He is just, and having salvation ; lowly, and riding upon an ass. He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street. He was oppressed and afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth. The Lord God hath opened My ear, and I was not rebellious, neither turned away back. The Lord God will help me, therefore shall I not be confounded ; therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed." Then Keith copying from Barrow, says : " How many virtues are thus represented in the prophecies, as characteristic of the Messiah ; and how applicable are they all to Christ alone, and how clearly embodied in His character ! His wisdom and knowledge—His speaking as never man spake—the general meekness of His manner and mildness of His conversation—His perfect candour and unsullied purity—His righteousness—His kindness and compassion—His genuine humility—His peaceable disposition—His unrepining patience—His invincible courage—His more than heroic resolution, and more than human forbearance—His unfaltering trust in God, and complete resignation to His will, are all portrayed in the liveliest, the most affecting, and expressive terms ; and among all who ever breathed the breath of life, they can be applied to Christ alone." *

Surely this is abundantly sufficient to show that the picture of our Lord drawn point for point, trait for trait. down to the most delicate personal expression and peculiarity, could not have been thus limned unless God Himself had been assisting, directing and inspiring those great heralds who proclaimed with such clear trumpet-note the coming of the Everlasting King.

But there is one chapter of inspired writ that I cannot omit. In the whole course of prophetic utterance nothing is so startling as the description given, in such

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* Evidence. p. 27.

minute detail, of our Blessed Suffering Master as in the fifty-third chapter of Isaias. I have but to read it, and you will be able to follow me, step by step, from your knowledge of our Saviour's career, as exhibited in the Gospels: "Who hath believed our report?" exclaims the Seer, "and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? And He shall grow up as a tender plant before him, and as a root out of a thirsty ground: there is no beauty in Him, nor comeliness: and we have seen Him, and there was no sightliness, that we should be desirous of Him: despised, and the most abject of men, a Man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity; and His look was as it were hidden and despised, whereupon we esteemed Him not. Surely He hath borne our infirmities, and carried our sorrows; and we have thought Him as it were a leper, and as one struck by God and afflicted. But He was wounded for our iniquities, He was bruised for our sins: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His bruises we were healed. All we like sheep have gone astray, every one hath turned aside into his own way: and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all. He was offered because it was His own will, and He opened not His mouth. He shall be led as a sheep to the slaughter, and shall be dumb as a lamb before His shearers, and He shall not open His mouth. He was taken away from distress, and from judgment: who shall declare His generation? because He is cut off out of the land of the living: for the wickedness of my people have I struck Him. And He shall give the ungodly for His burial, and the rich for His death: because He hath done no iniquity, neither was there deceit in His mouth. And the Lord was pleased to bruise Him in infirmity: if He shall lay down His life for sin, He shall see a long-lived seed, and the will of the Lord shall be prosperous in His hand. Because His soul hath laboured, He shall see and be filled: by His knowledge shall this my just servant justify many, and He shall bear their iniquities. Therefore will I distribute to Him very many, and He shall divide the spoils of the strong, because He hath

delivered His soul unto death, and was reputed with the wicked; and He hath borne the sins of many, and hath prayed for the transgressors."

It would surely be waste of words and time to insist any further on the remarkable character of this prophecy. He who would declare that these words do not emphatically and unmistakably depict the main character of Christ in His principal work of love and martyrdom and suffering for us, is beyond all reach of any argument that I know how to use in proof of His Divinity, and in proof of His being what the Prophets from the beginning of the Scripture record to the end, proclaim Him continually to be—the Saviour of the world, offered to the Eternal Father as a propitiation for our sins, as God, equal with the Father, and possessed of Divine and incommunicable prerogatives. Strengthened then in mind by these forecastings, by these exquisite pictures of our loving Master, let us now proceed to the consideration of the Parable of the Good Samaritan. Take the tenth chapter of St. Luke :—

And behold a certain lawyer stood up, tempting Him, and saying, Master, what must I do to possess eternal life? But He said to him: What is written in the law? how readest thou? He answering, said: *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind*; *and thy neighbour as thyself.* And He said to him: Thou hast answered right; this do, and thou shalt live. But he willing to justify himself, said to Jesus: And who is my neighbour? And Jesus answering, said: A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among robbers, who also stripped him, and having wounded him, went away, leaving him half dead. And it chanced that a certain priest went down the same way, and seeing him, passed by. In like manner also a levite, when he was near the place and saw him, passed by. But a certain Samaritan being on his journey, came near him: and seeing him was moved with compassion. And going up to him, bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine; and setting him on his own beast, brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And the next day he took out two pence, and gave to the host, and said: Take care of him; and whatsoever thou shalt spend over and above, I, at my return, will repay thee. Which of these three, in thy opinion, was neighbour to him that fell among the robbers? But he said: He that showed mercy to him. And Jesus said to him: Go, and do thou in like manner.

The lawyers amongst the Jews seem to have felt especial pleasure in cross-examining our Saviour. No doubt to their keen and cultivated intelligence it must have been pleasant to elicit the power which was so especial to the Divine Teacher in answering those who desired to test His strength, and to witness the simple method by which, without an effort, He confounded His most astute enemies and asserted His own superior gifts. He made use of them as children,—adapted them to His requirements as instruments by means of which He might illustrate some profound truth, or start some subject of importance on which to lay down the Divine law of the Spiritual Kingdom.

The Parable which was the result of the lawyer's questioning is one of the most beautiful and perfect in its kind of all those related in the Gospels. St. Luke seems to have had the feeling of an artist in his descriptions; and all the Parables related by him have a finish about them which speaks of his perceptive powers and of his sensitive and appreciative feelings. Unlike St. Matthew, he did not write for the Jews; he principally addressed himself to Greek converts to the Faith; and knowing their love of the beautiful, tried to draw them more and more into harmony with Christian thought by describing the loveliness of religion and its effects on the soul of man. Of course he has some Parables in common with St. Matthew, but he also has some very beautiful ones, which belong to him exclusively, for instance, the Good Samaritan, the Prodigal Son, the Unjust Steward, Dives and Lazarus, the Pharisee and the Publican, and one or two more of less importance.

Let us now examine somewhat in detail the parable of the Good Samaritan. It appears that Jericho and Jerusalem were,—and as the mode of travelling remains pretty much the same—still are a day's journey asunder. It was natural that there should be some kind of inn, or half-way house, where travellers might repose and take their refreshment and break the journey. If tradition may be believed, there still remains to this day a khan or

hostelry on the very spot where the Good Samaritan is supposed to have put the levite and the priest to shame. For our Saviour loved to bring home to the minds of His hearers as vividly as possible the lesson He was teaching, by means of referring to places and things which were familiar to them. Now, every one who has had any knowledge of Palestine must have keenly appreciated this similitude in all its bearings, so far as the place and the method were concerned. There was always much traffic between Jerusalem and Jericho. Following the public roads, Jericho is on the way from Samaria to Jerusalem. And very few who had once travelled these roads, especially that from Jerusalem to Jericho, would be likely to forget it—inasmuch as the way was an excessively perilous one on account of the wild thieves and desperate bandits who infested it, and rendered the traveller's thoughts as he went along anything but pleasant ones. Stanley, in his Sinai and Palestine,* gives a graphic description of this road :—" There we see," says he, " the long descent of 3,000 feet, by which the traveller ' went down ' from Jerusalem on its high tableland to Jericho, in the Jordan valley. There the last traces of civilization and habitation, after leaving Bethany, vanish away, and leave him in a wilderness as bare and as solitary as the desert of Arabia. Up from the valley of the Jordan below, or from the caves in the overhanging mountains around him, issue the Bedouin robbers, who from a very early time gave this road a proverbial celebrity for its deeds of blood, and who now make it impossible for the vast hosts of pilgrims to descend to the Jordan without a Turkish guard. Sharp turns of the road, projecting spurs of rock, everywhere facilitate the attack and escape of the plunderers. They seize upon the traveller and strip him, as is still the custom of their decendants in like case ; they beat him severely, and leave him naked and bleeding under a fierce sun reflected from the white glaring mountains, to die, unless some unexpected aid arrives."

* Chap. XIII.

The khan to which I have referred is about eight miles from Jerusalem, and I read that even to this day there is an inn on that same spot which goes, or did go a short time back by the name of the "Khan of the Good Samaritan." Well, our Lord tells us in the parable that a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell amongst robbers. This man evidently was not prepared for an attack. Very likely he chanced it; and hoped, as so many since have done, that he would be fortunate enough to escape, and that the road would happily be free. But he fell amongst a band of these desperadoes, and they soon made short work of him, treating him just as the wild Bedouins would do, had they a chance at the present day. They first stripped him naked, tearing everything he had off his body, and seizing everything he possessed; and having done that, they, through sheer animal fierceness and wanton cruelty, wounded him, and left him lying with half the life out of him by the road side. We can well imagine the scene of the wounded man stripped and bleeding, lying prostrate, as if dead, by the road side, and the robbers running away to the mountain fastnesses to divide their spoil, and to keep out of sight and out of danger of pursuit. Now as this poor fellow was panting for breath, and gradually failing in the burning heat on the side of the public road, three different classes of men went along the way, a priest, a levite, and a Samaritan.

Here, also, the Parable falls in wonderfully with the probability of the case. Priests and levites were not only employed in Jerusalem, where there were twenty four classes of them, but, also, in Jericho. And naturally enough they were often journeying backwards and forwards in the exercise of their duties. Twelve classes of them were always stationed at Jericho; and, thus, in taking their turns to serve the Temple in Jerusalem, and in their various other avocations, they were continually called upon to journey along this perilous road where no doubt, the robbers had not always treated them with very great respect.

It was, then, very natural that a priest should be the first to pass that way and to catch a sight of the frightful picture of nakedness and blood that lay on the road side. The priest "saw him" and on he went; no doubt feeling that the parties who had performed that piece of handiwork, were not very far off, and unless he quietly went his way he might also have to suffer a similar penalty for his hardihood. He did what the average selfish man would do when alone, and when public opinion was unable to reach him. A levite did exactly the same. Directly he got near the place where the dying man lay he "saw him" and "passed by." Then came "a certain Samaritan" who, like the other two, also saw him; but the result of the seeing was very different. In the case of the priest and the levite it simply caused them to rush along all the faster on their journey; the stimulus, no doubt, that was urging them being the uncomfortable sensation that the road was a very dangerous one, and the sooner they got out of it the better for them. Whereas the Samaritan on "seeing him" forgot self in the presence of so much helplessness and so much suffering. He was "moved"—not to push on his camel and get home as fast as he could, but "to compassion;" his heart became full on seeing a fellow-creature abandoned, half dead, stripped, and left by the side of the public thoroughfare.

Now let it be remembered that in the East, in Palestine, men travelling as the Samaritan was doing, on a long journey, were accustomed to take some simple refreshment with them. Oil and wine were the produce of the country. They were not only used as food, but, also, for medicine; and he would have been a careless traveller who should have neglected to provide himself with a flask of each. There is very little doubt that both the priest and the levite had something with them; but they thought only of themselves, and regarded the dying man merely as a warning to hurry along as fast as they could and avoid the possibility of a similar catastrophe. Now being "moved to compassion," what did this Samaritan

do ? He, far from shunning and going away from the forlorn man, went up to him and got off his camel, or ass, and examined the poor fellow's wounds, and "bound them up," evidently, therefore, having with him some material which would serve for such a purpose. And at the same time he took his flask of oil and flask of wine and poured them into the wounds. Then, having prepared the poor creature, as well as he could, for travelling, he lifted him up and gently placed him "on his own beast," and, I suppose, walked on foot himself, and brought him to an inn. Now this is remarkable; not content with doing all this the good Samaritan did more. Though he must have been very weary after so long a journey and the fatiguing work he had done on the way, he did not deliver the wounded man over to the care of the servants of the inn. Our Lord says the Samaritan brought him to an inn and took care of him. He did not deliver the wounded man over "to the host" until "next day;" so that we may reasonably suppose that as long as he could do so the Good Samaritan remained with the wounded man, that is, all the night through, till next morning. Next morning the Samaritan delivered him over to the host, "And next day he took out two pence, and gave to the host, and said: 'Take care of him; and whatsoever thou shalt spend over and above, I, at my return, will repay thee.'"

With regard to the "two pence," Cardinal Wiseman makes this remark:—"The Samaritan," he says, "is said, upon delivering his charge to the host, "to take out two pence," and give them with these words: 'Take care of him, and whatever thou shalt spend over and above, I, at my return, will repay thee.'* This is but a paltry sum, and certainly if one made such an offer as this sounds to us, at the Star and Garter, or even at a small roadside inn, it would be looked at with amazement. But the fault lies in the translation. Unfortunately a *denarius* has got translated *penny*; but

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* v. 35

without going into any learned discussion on its value, it is sufficient for us to say that it was a man's good wages for a day's work at that time. For, the labourers in the vineyard were satisfied with it for the whole day, till they saw that the same was given to those that entered at the eleventh hour. The sum given was therefore enough to keep the patient two days; and when we consider that the Samaritan was only seven miles from Jerusalem to which he was going, and might be returning in course of next day, we shall not be surprised at the amount of the advance." * I may remark that the "Revised Edition" of the New Testament tells us the word "penny" in the Greek denotes a coin worth about eight pence half-penny.

Now let us look at the prophecy contained in this exquisite parable. It contains the same germ of principle and doctrine as is found in all the parables of our Lord. In answering the lawyer and in giving him to understand what neighbourliness means, our Master vouchsafed to teach a lesson that is at the root of all true charity, and which is found in the religion of Christianity alone. The one thing that was wanting to the pagan world was a sense of sin and a consciousness of degradation. They did not know what contrition for sin meant, in the Christian sense of it. Christ it was, who in its fulness, taught us the significance of the words sin, guilt, contrition, self-abasement. It was on account of sin that He came. It was because all men sinned in Adam that a Redeemer was promised, and that a Divine ransom, under the providence of God, became necessary. The whole system of our theology springs, so far as man's condition goes, from the original fact of man's weakness in will and darkness of intellect, proceeding from a turning away of the creature from his last end; and, thus, requiring a Redeemer, a Church, with its Sacrifice and Sacraments; and a whole economy of mercy and of grace to supplement his weakness and lift him into and keep him in a supernatural

* Essays, Vol. I., pp, 153-4.

condition. Deny the fall of man—and the Church, and all that the Church means, becomes unintelligible. Well, in the parable of the Good Samaritan, this great dogmatic fact is clearly indicated, and the commentators on Holy Scripture ever love to point to it as indicating the teaching of our Saviour on this point. The road from Jericho to Jerusalem, "the bloody way," as it is called, is the road of human life. The man who fell amongst robbers, was stripped naked, and left half dead, represents Adam, or man after his fall from grace; the robbers are his own passions and external tempters and seducers—bad angels and bad men—who infest the path of life, and violently attack those who are journeying on it. The priest who passed the poor man by, represents the religion of the world; for no religion, pretending to be a religion and not a mockery, is without a priesthood of some kind. Why did this representative of the world's religion thus conduct himself? To typify the utter helplessness of man—however revered by his fellow-man—to restore man to grace and place him upon the road to salvation. Nor did the levite do any better. He also passed by! He represents the Old Law; and what powers had it to save what was perished, and to atone for sin and to restore man to his position amongst the friends of God? No power, save so far forth as it was drawn from the blood of Jesus, and, by anticipation, received some of the blood-sprinkling of the Sacrifice of the Cross. There is one only at all capable of tending and bringing to health and strength the half dead man by the roadside. Who is that?—the "Good Samaritan"—Jesus Christ Himself. Here, again, our Lord becomes "the Light of the World." He takes the place of all the past religious teachers of the world. The high-priest of the Jews has run his course; one only high-priest and priesthood remain, that instituted by Him who is King and Prophet as well as Priest, and who, through His gracious Passion and Death, has bought fallen humanity with a great price, that He Himself might bind up its wounds and pour into them the oil of His unction, and the wine of a

new and invigorating life. What a touching and consoling picture that of the God Incarnate stooping down and binding up the gaping wound of fallen human nature, strengthening it, carrying it along, placing it in a comfortable resting-place, and promising to come again and pay all the cost!

But, to proceed. The good Samaritan carried the wounded man to the inn, where strict orders were given that he should be well provided for. What signifies this inn or hostelry? It is Holy Mother Church. She it is to whom the careful and compassionate Samaritan confides His precious charge. In her keeping he will remain in safety; and everything will be provided for him at the expense of his benefactor. Though departed for a time, his Saviour will return, and reward, with an everlasting recompense, those who have served Him in the poor, the afflicted, and suffering. The holy oil of chrism will not be wanting to assuage the troubles of the soul and body of man when death takes hold of him; the wine of life—the blood of Jesus—will be given him to restore animation; and all will be done for him that love and care and affectionate ingenuity can suggest. Here, then, in this parable, is contained a picture—painted with a few masterly touches—of the fall of man, his regeneration by a Redeemer, the institution of a Church, and the wide all-embracing mercy and love which, far from limiting itself to one exceptional people, spreads itself abroad over all the earth, like "the covering waters of the sea."

Now I can imagine one objection being made to what I have been saying. It may be thought by some that this is all very ingenious, that it is made to order, made for a purpose, and is merely worked out to fit into a preconceived theory of my own. In reply I simply open the *Catena Aurea* of St. Thomas once again; and retiring myself, I confront you with the Angel of the Schools and the Fathers of the Church. Leaving out passages which would make my quotation too long, these are the words of some of the Fathers as quoted and adopted by

the Prince of Scholastics ; " *Chrysostom* : Here then was man (that is, Adam) lying destitute of the aid of salvation, pierced with the wounds of his sins, whom neither Aaron the high priest passing by could advantage by his sacrifice ; for it follows. ' And by chance there came a certain priest that way, and when he saw him, he passed on the other side. Nor again could his brother Moses, the Levite, assist him by the law, as it follows, ' And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.' *Augustine* : Or by the priest and the levite, two times are represented, namely, of the Law and the Prophets. A Samaritan coming by, far removed by birth, very near in compassion, acted as follows. ' But a certain Samaritan as he journeyed came where he was, &c.' In whom our Lord Jesus Christ would have Himself typified. For Samaritan is interpreted to be keeper, and it is said of Him. ' He shall not slumber nor sleep who keeps Israel; since being raised from the dead He dieth no more.' Lastly, when it was said to Him, ' Thou art a Samaritan, and hast a devil,' He said He had not a devil, for He knew Himself to be the caster out of devils. He did not deny that he was the keeper of the weak. *Ambrose* : Now this Samaritan was also coming down. ' For who is He that ascended up into Heaven, but He who came down from Heaven, even the Son of Man who is in Heaven.' Now when He came He was made very near to us by His taking upon Himself our infirmities, he became a neighbour by bestowing compassion. Hence it follows, ' And when He saw him He was moved with compassion.' *Chrysostom* : ' He poured in wine,' that is, the blood of His Passion, ' and oil,' that is, the anointing of the chrism, that pardon might be granted by His blood, sanctification be conferred by the chrism. Having poured in wine and oil, He placed Him upon His beast. *Augustine* : His ' beast' is our flesh, in which He has condescended to come to us. To be placed on the beast is to believe in the incarnation of Christ. *Chrysostom* : The inn is the Church, which receives travellers, who

are tired with their journey through the world, and oppressed with the load of their sins, where the weary traveller casting down the burden of his sins is relieved, and after being refreshed is restored with wholesome food. *Bede*: And rightly He brought him placed on His beast, since no one, except he be united to Christ's body by Baptism shall enter the Church. *Ambrose*: But as the Samaritan had not time to stay longer on the earth, He must needs return to the place whence He descended, as it follows, 'And on the morrow He took out two pence,' &c. What is that morrow, but perchance the day of our Lord's Resurrection? of which it is said, 'This is the day the Lord hath made.' *Augustine*: The two pence are the two commandments of love, which the Apostles received from the Holy Spirit to preach to others; or the promise of the present life, and that which is to come. The innkeeper was the Apostle. *Ambrose*: Blessed then is that innkeeper who is able to cure the wounds of another; blessed is he to whom Jesus says, 'Whatsoever thou hast spent more, when I come again, I will repay thee!' But when will Thou return, O Lord, save on the Judgment Day? For Thou art ever everywhere, and though standing in the midst of us, art not perceived by us, yet the time will be in which all flesh shall behold Thee coming again. Thou wilt then restore what Thou owest to the blessed, whose debtor Thou art. Would that we were confident debtors, that we could pay what we received."

These quotations from leading Fathers and Doctors of the Church plainly prove that my interpretation of the Parable of the Good Samaritan is not a mere personal fancy, advanced to prove an *a priori* assumption, and to fit in with a mere theory especial to myself. It is, on the contrary, the teaching of the Fathers and of the Church. Thus, I say again, our Lord displays His Divine prerogative by drawing out in this parable those deep and cardinal principles which enter so essentially into the economy of the Church, and point to dogmatic and moral doctrines which have been necessary for the

explanation of her teaching, and for her full development as the Empire of love which Christ came to establish upon earth. Thus Christ and His work are one. The Church of to-day, with her splendid history and unparalleled triumphs, is the Church that He founded; and her successes and achievements, all down the ages, are attributable to her having been built on His lines, and having been kept strictly within the directions given by Him in His teaching, especially in His formal parables, like that of the Good Samaritan. If the mind can only stretch wide enough to take in the breadth of the argument—Christ's foreknowledge of His Church and her exquisite fulfilment of His teaching—it will speedily be drawn to admit His Divine prerogatives and that claim, which He so emphatically made, to be the Son of God and equal to the Father. Now let us take the Miracle of the man Sick of the Palsy. Not to lose a word, I will read you the accounts that are respectively given by the three Evangelists that relate it:—

Matthew IX, 1-9: And He came into His own city. And behold they brought to Him one sick of the palsy, lying on a bed. And Jesus seeing their faith, said to the man sick of the palsy. Be of good heart, son, thy sins are forgiven thee. And behold some of the Scribes said within themselves, He blasphemeth. And Jesus seeing their thoughts, said, Why do you think evil in your hearts? Whether is it easier to say, Thy sins are forgiven thee, or to say, Arise and walk? But that you may know the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (then said He to the man sick of the palsy), Arise, take up thy bed, and go into thy house. And he arose, and went into his house. And the multitudes seeing it feared, and glorified God that gave such power to men.

Mark II, 14: And again He entered into Capharnaum after some days. And it was heard that He was in the house, and many came together, so that there was no room, no, not even at the door, and He spoke to them the word. And they came to Him, bringing one sick of the palsy, who was carried by four. And when they could not offer him unto Him for the multitude, they uncovered the roof where He was, and opening it, they let down the bed wherein the man sick of the palsy lay. And when Jesus had seen their faith, He said to the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins are forgiven thee. And there were some of the Scribes sitting there, and thinking in their hearts, Why doth this Man speak thus? He blasphemeth. Who can forgive sins but God only? Which Jesus presently knowing in His spirit, that they so thought

within themselves, saith to them, Why think you these things in your hearts? Which is it easier to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins are forgiven thee, or to say, Arise, take up thy bed, and walk? But that you may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (He saith to the sick of the palsy), I say to thee, Arise, take up thy bed, and go into thy house. And immediately he arose, and taking up his bed, went his way in the sight of all, so that all wondered, and glorified God, saying, We never saw the like.

Luke v., 17-28. And it came to pass on a certain day, as He sat teaching, that there were also Pharisees and doctors of the law sitting by, that were come out of every town of Galilee, and Judea, and Jerusalem, and the power of the Lord was to heal them. And behold, men brought in a bed a man who had the palsy, and they sought means to bring him in, and to lay him before Him. And when they could not find by what way they might bring him in, because of the multitude, they went up upon the roof, and let him down through the tiles, with his bed, into the midst before Jesus. Whose faith, when He saw, He said, Man, thy sins are forgiven thee. And the Scribes and Pharisees began to think, saying, Who is this who speaketh blasphemies? Who can forgive sins, but God alone? And when Jesus knew their thoughts, answering, He said to them, What is it you think in your hearts? Which is easier to say, Thy sins are forgiven thee, or to say, Arise and walk? But that you may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (He saith to the sick of the palsy), I say to thee, Arise, take up thy bed, and go into thy house. And immediately rising up before them, he took up the bed on which he lay, and he went away to his own house, glorifying God. And all were astonished, and they glorified God. And they were filled with fear, saying, We have seen wonderful things to-day.

It is plain from the accounts given by the Evangelists that the miracle of healing the leper produced a profound impression all through Palestine. Though our Lord had retired to desert places after the performance of this prodigy, the people flocked about Him to hear His word and to watch His extraordinary actions. After a considerable period of absence, our Saviour went to Capharnaum, which is called "His own city," and, in all probability, resided in the house of St. Peter. The houses in the East are built to meet the Eastern climate. It is not difficult to reach the roof of them. Peter's house, on this occasion, was crammed inside, and surrounded outside by large multitudes. The recent startling miracle had had its effect, not merely on the unlearned masses, but on the comparatively learned few.

Our Saviour seems to have been accustomed to teach in this house of St. Peter; and on the occasion we are speaking of, there were assembled to listen to Him an unusual gathering of learned men. "As He sat teaching," says St. Luke, "there were also Pharisees and Doctors of the Law sitting by." And we may imagine for ourselves that they must have been in goodly numbers, since the Evangelist remarks that they had "come out of every town in Galilee and Judea and Jerusalem."

It was whilst our Lord was surrounded and hemmed in by this quite unusual assembly of the people that the miracle of the healing of the paralytical man took place. Unable to stir a foot, the stricken man had to be carried, not out of his bed, but in his humble resting place,—as one ready for the grave—in order to be able to be moved at all. He, on that couch of misery, stiff, and almost cold as he was, no doubt had heard of the great Physician, who had been going about doing good and healing men and women in a most unheard-of manner of their diseases. Sick men, especially when they suffer persecuting pain, have their ears and eyes constantly open to discover some remedy, some kind of solace in their woes. Well, what was more natural than for this man to yearn after a sight of the Wonder-worker, and to feel a hope that he might be the object of a cure? Whether the paralytic originated the move or not is not recorded; but this is certain, that four men, friends of his, or servants, went to his room where he lay helpless, and possibly speechless, and each taking a corner of his pallet, carried him bodily in it through the streets to Peter's house, hoping to present the sick man to our Redeemer in order that he should be cured. But on arriving they found the court-yard occupied by a dense crowd, so that they could not even approach the door. Possibly the people were so closely packed that they could not have made a way for the sick man if they had tried. Anyhow, his four bearers gave up all attempts at making a way through the door. Now

it often happened that there was an outside flight of steps attached to houses in the East; and if such were the case with Peter's house, the bearers of the paralytic would soon come to their conclusion, if they were really in earnest, and, mounting the stairs, they would let the sick man, bed and all, down through the roof into the very presence of Jesus Christ. And this is what these earnest, vigorous men did for their helpless burden. They carried their charge up the stairs, in his bed, stripped the roof of some of its tiles, and with ropes attached to the corners of the pallet, which was of light construction, gently lowered the sick man, lying helpless in his bed, "through the tiles, into the midst, before Jesus." We can picture the scene for ourselves. The open roof, the light suddenly striking down; the crowd from below looking up and wondering what it was all about; the bed gradually descending, and the stricken man finding himself, he hardly knew how, in the presence of, quite close to, the great Pysician he had thought about so much; the Pharisees and doctors all the while looking on and thinking in their hearts that now was the time to witness some strange and unheard of act on the part of the unaccountable man who had risen up in their midst and had done such marvels as to have attracted the minds of rich and poor, learned and unlearned, alike, towards His Person. Our Lord, as the poor man lay gasping before Him, was greatly struck and pleased with the bold and stubborn faith displayed by this unconquer able determination of the sick man and his carriers to get near Him. Many would have given up in despair all hope of making a way to Christ; others would have put it off to another day; these not so; now, and in spite of all obstacles, they were determined to force their way through the roof, if not by the door, into the presence of the great Curer of human woes.

Now, allow me to make a remark here. It is one of some significance. We find that our Lord is continually rewarding those He comes in contact with for their faith. If the temper of faith is wanting He, as it were, scrapes

the dust from His sandals, and goes His way. He does not work miracles to create faith so much as work them to reward it. It was "on account of their unbelief" that He continually declined to exhibit His extraordinary powers; whereas the very moment He discovers a tendency to believe, and a confident hope, He at once seems to melt, and to manifest His Divine power and the intensity of His loving compassion. Our Lord loves the tendency to believe, and the temper of faith; and the reverse He looks upon with evident displeasure. Now all this, I say, is very remarkable. It is the spirit of the Catholic Church, and the spirit of such as possess true Catholic instincts. In the case in point it appears that it was only after our Lord had examined the sick man and his bearers, and had "seen their faith" that He vouchsafed to perform His wondrous miracle. Had these men exhibited a nasty, critical, carping spirit, a rationalistic tendency—if we follow the analogy of the Gospel history—they most assuredly would have had to have carried the sick man home no better than he came. Here, then, is a most important lesson for us, especially necessary in the present age, when men pass their lives dissecting and analysing and doubting, and losing the light of their eyes, instead of cultivating the Christian spirit of receptiveness, and a desire to grasp and possess, instead of to pry and cut up the holiest things of God. I do not mean that we should not be careful; I do not say that we should not test and prove every spirit; but, still, we must admit that the spirit of the Gospel is the spirit of faith, and the safety of peoples, in these days especially, is to cultivate that temper which was so pleasing to Jesus Christ, and which He rewarded, and still does reward, with very choice and extraordinary blessings.

Such was emphatically the case in the present instance. "And Jesus seeing their faith, said to the man sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins are forgiven thee." This declaration of our Lord, surrounded as He was by so many learned men—men who knew the law—fell like a thunderbolt amongst them. Here was Christ again,

making claim to powers, as they taught, which are incommunicable and belong alone to God. It was an easy thing, no doubt, they thought within themselves, to say "Thy sins are forgiven thee:" for who could bring such a declaration to the test? It was an assumption of Divine power exercised in such a way that it would be impossible to detect the fraud, if there were one. They do not seem to have said anything, but to have thought many bitter things in their hearts. "And the Scribes and Pharisees began to think, saying, who is this who speaketh blasphemy? Who can forgive sins but God alone?" "And Jesus seeing their thoughts," says St. Matthew most expressively, "said, Why do you think evil in your hearts." Now let us pause for a moment. Here our Lord gives two tokens of His Divinity, first, He boldly, on a most public occasion, declares a man's sins forgiven, in fact, exerts a Divine prerogative by forgiving the sins of the paralytic; for the Jews held that such power as this was especial to the Almighty, and, so, our Lord could not have chosen a more direct method of impressing upon them His claim to be the Son of God: and secondly, the Jews believed, as we hold too, that God alone can penetrate into the secret chamber and shrine of a man's being, and read his most secret thoughts. This our Lord proved to the Jews that He could do. He did not guess or suspect, but "He saw," as if with eyes, their thoughts. No doubt this act of His, coming so personally home to the Doctors and Scribes, must have staggered them not a little, and to a certain extent no doubt prepared them for what followed. Our Lord, as if in reply to their secret questionings, said to them, "Why think you these things in your hearts? Which is easier to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins are forgiven thee, or to say, Arise, take up thy bed and walk? But that you may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (He saith to the sick of the palsy), I say to thee, arise, take up thy bed and go into thy house. And immediately he arose, and taking up his bed, went his way in

the sight of all, so that all wondered, and glorified God, saying, We never saw the like." Here our Master makes use of a startling Miracle to prove His Divine prerogative to the learned Jews who surrounded Him. As if He should say to them: 'You call Me a blasphemer because I say that I have power to forgive sins; you are fully persuaded that I cannot; that I merely pretend to do so, being safe, on account of your not being able to find Me out. Certainly it is easy to say, 'Your sins are forgiven' without being found out; but it is not so easy to say, 'You are healed, and absolutely, and on the spot relieved from your infirmity' without being found out; for this declaration, if it produces not its instantaneous effect, as instantaneously proclaims one to be an impostor.' Or as Trench puts it very well. "In our Lord's argument it must be carefully noted that He does not ask, 'Which is easiest—to forgive sins, or to raise a sick man by a word?' for that of forgiving could not be affirmed to be easier than this of healing; but, 'Which is easiest—to claim this power or to claim that; *to say*, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or *to say*, Arise and walk?' And he then proceeds: 'That is easiest, and I will now prove my right to say it, by saying with effect and with an outward consequence setting its seal to my truth, the harder word, Rise up and walk.' By doing that which is submitted to the eyes of men, I will attest my right and power to do that which, in its very nature, lies out of the region of visible proofs. By these visible tides of God's grace I will give you to know in what way the great undercurrents of His love are setting, and make clear that those and these are alike obedient to My word. From this which I will now do openly and before you all, you may conclude that it is no 'robbery' * upon my part to claim also the power of forgiving men their sins." †

Thus, then, our Master took occasion of the great assemblage at Peter's house to prove His Divinity by declaring His power as Son of Man to forgive sins, and

* Phil. II., 6.

† Notes on the Miracles, p. 223.

by supporting that declaration by an instantaneous and astounding miracle. The prostrate paralytic, who had been let down by the roof, instantly leaping from his bed, taking it up, and carrying it himself through the amazed crowd, glorifying God, to his house which, very probably, was some considerable distance from the residence of St. Peter.

But what prophetic teaching is contained in this Miracle? A most important one. One of the main ends of our Lord's Incarnation was that our sins might be forgiven. He foresaw, before its institution, the effects and utility of the Sacrament of Penance. He knew how hard it would be to convince men of the power which would be conveyed to the priesthood. And, besides that, He was making a great innovation. The Jews, like some who are not Jews, believed that this power was incommunicable. To prepare the way for the great Sacrament of Penance, Christ had to prove that He could forgive sins, and that power could be communicated to others by a Divine legation. "The Jews considered," says Coleridge, "that the power of forgiveness of sins was not only essentially and exclusively inherent in God Himself, but that it could not be communicated by God to man as He chose. This was false, and although this communication had never before been made, yet it was not only possible that it might be made, but also actually true that it had now been made. Our Lord was Himself God, but He was also Man, and in His Human Nature as the Son of Man, He exercised this power on earth as He exercised it as God in Heaven. This was one of the great boons which Earth had gained by the Incarnation. The forgiveness of all sins was to be abundantly purchased by the Passion, and the fruits of His Passion in this respect were not to be stored up in His own Sacred Humanity alone, but were to spring from it for ever for the benefit of the whole human race, and to be administered according to the ordinance and decree of God by His Church after Him. He was to communicate this power of His Sacred Humanity in the most solemn way to His

Apostles, and the Church in them, after His Passion and Resurrection were accomplished. No doubt this was to be something new, of which these Scribes and Pharisees had never heard, and for this very reason, perhaps, it was that He took this first occasion of claiming the possession of this power at a time when so many of the teachers of the Synagogue were present, and of proving it by one of His most signal miracles, in a manner which could not be gain-said."

Now listen to the Fathers, who confirm all I have been saying regarding our Lord's Divine way of preparing the world for the Sacrament of Penance—a Sacrament so consoling to those who comprehend it and so horribly repugnant to those who have not had patience to study it and understand it. "*Ambrose*: From His very works, therefore, the Son of God receives testimony. For it is both more powerful evidence when men confess unwillingly, and a more fatal error when they who deny are left to the consequence of their own assertions. Hence it follows, 'Who can forgive sins, but God only?' Great is the madness of an unbelieving people, who though they have confessed that it is of God alone to forgive sins, believe not God when He forgives sins. *Bede*: For they say true, that no one can forgive sins but God, who yet forgives through those to whom He gives the power of forgiving. And, therefore, Christ is proved to be truly God, for He is able to forgive sins as God. *Ambrose*: Nor is there any delay, health is present; there is but one moment both of words and healing. Hence it follows, 'And immediately he rose.' From this fact it is evident that the Son of Man has power on earth to forgive sins; He said this both for Himself and us." Now I beg your attention to what follows. St. Ambrose continues. "For He as God made man as the Lord of the Law forgives sins; we also have been chosen to receive from Him the same marvellous grace. For it was said to the Disciples, 'Whose sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them.' But how does He not Himself forgive sins, who has

given others the power of doing so? But the kings and princes of the earth when they acquit homicides, release them from their present punishment, but cannot expiate their crimes."

Now briefly to sum up. Christ categorically and solemnly declares Himself to be Divine; He works stupendous miracles in support of this declaration; as Divine He is pictured by the Prophets, and the picture they paint corresponds to a nicety with the portrait He gives us of Himself and the likeness so touchingly and lovingly handed down to us by the Gospel writers. His Divinity evidently underlies all this. Then, the correspondence of the actual living Spiritual Empire with His Parables and Miracles, and with the main lessons they contain is another argument converging with a thousand more in the same direction. The "good Samaritan" still lives and loves and labours amongst us; and many a paralytic, stricken with a frightful palsy, in soul if not in body, is brought to Jesus, or to those He commissioned to take His place in forgiving sins, and receives that forgiveness which sends him home to his house glorifying God If all these things taken together, and vivified by Christ's own solemn declaration, do not indicate that He is God, what earthly evidence will suffice to do so?

LECTURE IV.

THE LOST SHEEP AND THE MULTIPLICATION OF LOAVES.

We have believed and have known that thou art Christ the Son of God.
(John vi., 70.)

Since we began our considerations respecting the Divinity of our Saviour and the supernatural character of His Church, we have gradually been seeing clearer and more clear that the entire Christian argument turns on the Divine claim, and that the whole historical display or unfolding of the work of Christ down the ages till to-day, points with a steady hand to Him who was its Founder, and to an omnipotent Master who is not only able to foresee the future, but—what no other ever laid claim to—even to control it, and bend it to His will. The very picture of Him as painted by the great Masters of the Old Law, and the picture painted by Himself and by the Evangelists—these, each being like each, and like no other, give us an assurance of His being Divine; and when to this is added the fact that His Parables were in a certain sense miracles, and His Miracles parables—His teaching was doing, and His doing was teaching—when we find, on careful scrutiny, that these words and works of His were prophetic of the future Spiritual Empire, and expressed the laws and principles of its economy and polity—when, in one word, Christ's claim to be equal with the Father is backed up and corroborated by such unique and absolutely unheard of wonders on so vast a scale—when Divine things are done by One who claims to be Divine then, assuredly, we feel logically bound to admit the force of the argument and to acknowledge our Redeemer as the God of Heaven and the Saviour of our souls.

So important do I consider this great argument to be that I shall keep close to it all through these lectures : for, once it is firmly established in our minds that Christ is God, then it is comparatively an easy thing to argue from that admission in proof of the supernatural character of the Kingdom which He founded. Indeed, the latter—taking history as it presents itself to our view —necessarily follows from an admission of the former.

Now look, for one moment, on Christ's position in the world—I mean, looking on it from the view of a man of the world—and you will, after seeing what He achieved, be forced to add one more grain to the balance in favour of His Divinity, and to exclaim that He could be no liar who had been permitted to perform such a series of unheard of prodigies. He was born of a poor helpless woman, and in a stable, and was placed in a manger made for cattle. His life was passed assisting Joseph in his trade as a village carpenter, doing small jobs for the fishermen or peasants. His life was unknown to the small world about Him. He is not recorded to have made any extraordinary impression. He was simply looked upon as the carpenter's son.

And, indeed, so little did He allow Himself to be regarded as different from the other children of His own age and position in life, that, when He did begin to display His Divine power, they were scandalised, and could not understand how such a miraculous change had been brought about. He attended no school, and had no reputation for any kind of learning. From a small secluded village, inhabited by unsophisticated country people, and from the carpenter's shed or shop, this humble mechanic goes forth into the world with the most astounding theories and the most prodigious claims. He did not start on this extraordinary mission till He had become a full-grown man, till thirty years of age, and the whole of His work and public activity is compressed within three short years. He seemed to have gone forth as it were from His own centre, urged by something within Him, having a Divine destiny to

accomplish. He did not require the assistance of outward show. The broad phylacteries of the Pharisees, and the sour asceticism of the Essenes had no attraction for Him.

Nor did He go forth other than as an ordinary man, vested in ordinary garments, and teaching wherever He found hearers, in the Synagogue, in the Temple, on the sea, on mountains, on grassy hill sides, and by the borders of placid lakes. He was poor, without friends amongst the great, a frequenter of the houses of publicans and sinners, and He loved to mix with the people and gather them about Him when He could. His Parables and His Miracles, His sublime simplicity of diction, and the Divine depth of His principles, His meekness, His flashing quickness, like lightning, His patience, fortitude, sweetness, and loveableness, His Divine sympathetic kindness and readiness to comfort and heal the sick and distressed—all this, and a great deal more, rendered Him an object of the most extreme interest and curiosity to all who had seen Him once or had even heard of Him. Out of those He came across He selected twelve of the most unlikely ever to make much way in the world, even as ordinary village tradesmen. He meantime unfolded His "plan" of universal spiritual sovereignty. He was to be the King and centre of this Empire. All mankind were to adore Him and love Him, and ever keep His image close upon their hearts. His law was to be the law of royal love. Obedience was to be the cement of His Government; and, after He had gone, a poor fisherman was to be the rock, adamantine in its strength, which was to support in everlasting firmness the power of His Kingdom. The rest of these country labourers and mechanics were to go through the world, and subject it not by force, but by holding up His image to admiration and adoration, and by insisting on obedience to the new spiritual authority which He had established on the earth. Thus the whole world's religious position was to be thoroughly revolutionized; and the hearts, the interior spirits of men—not their mere bodily movements—were to be mastered and subjected, through the power of love,

to a new Master, and to quite an unheard of system of perfection. Surely, even to begin seriously to imagine success possible in such an enterprise on the part of a man however able, would be considered an absurdity. It would be looked upon as the wildest of wild theories, and hard men of business, and even imaginative and sanguine poets, would suspect something wrong in the brain of one who should propose to undertake anything half so unpractical.

Suppose what could not have been the case, for sake of argument. Suppose I say that the scheme or "plan" of Christ had failed. Had it been so He would long ago have been forgotten or would only be remembered to be despised. His memory would have been relegated to oblivion with the saying that He aimed at an impossibility, and had been the slave of an extravagantly absurd religious monomania. In one word, no one would think of saying; "If He had had a second chance of carrying out His 'plan' He might have succeeded;" but they would say, "God alone could bring about such a wholesale mighty revolution and an upsetting not merely of nations, but of the hearts and souls, the views and ways, the cherished prejudices and inborn cravings of nations, of all that is hardest to touch and most difficult to get at and move even in the case of one solitary individual, not to speak of all the tribes and nations of which Christendom is now composed." "He failed" they would say, "because He deserved to fail, and because He could not possibly, without a stupendous miracle, have succeeded." But He *has* succeeded. And had He done so without working miracles, His success would then be the most stupendous of all miracles.

Dante, in his "Paradiso," gives a dialogue between himself and St. Peter, in which this view of the case is beautifully stated. Dante and Beatrice are in Heaven. Seeing the glorious vision of St. Peter she exclaims:—

> O, everlasting light
> Of him, within whose mighty grasp our Lord
> Did leave the keys!

Then St. Peter asks Dante why he believes in the Old and New Law.

> Wherefore holdest thou that each,
> The elder proposition and the new,
> Which so persuade thee, are the voice of Heaven?
> "The works that follow'd evidence their truth,"
> I answered: "Nature did not make for these
> The iron hot, or on her anvil mould them"
> "Who voucheth to thee of the works themselves,"
> Was the reply, "that they in very deed
> Are that they purport? None hath sworn to thee."
> "That all the world," said I "should have been turn'd
> To Christian, and no miracle been wrought,
> Would in itself be such a miracle.
> The rest were not an hundreth part so great."

"The victory of Christianity," says Liddon, "is the greatest standing miracle which Christ has wrought. Its significance is enhanced if the miracles of the New Testament are rejected, and if the Apostles are held to have received no illumination from on high. Let those in our day who believe seriously that the work of Christ may be accounted for on natural and human grounds, say who among themselves will endeavour to rival it. Who of our contemporaries will dare to predict that eighteen hundred years hence his ideas, his maxims, his institutions, however noble and philanthropic they may be, will still survive in their completeness and in their vigour. Who can dream that his own name and history will be the rallying-point of a world-wide interest and enthusiasm in some distant age? Who can suppose that beyond the political, the social, the intellectual revolutions which lie in the future of humanity, he will himself still survive in the memory of men not as a trivial fact in archæology, but as a moral power, as the object of a devoted and passionate affection? What man, indeed, that still retains I will not say the faith of a Christian, but the modesty of a man of sense, must not feel that there is a literally infinite

interval between himself and that Majestic One who, in the words of Jean Paul Richter, "being the Holiest among the mighty, and the Mightiest among the holy, has lifted with His pierced Hand empires off their hinges, has turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages." *

And yet this is He who, Mr. Mill declares, neither claimed Divinity nor was Divine.

Which is the greater trial to reason—to believe that He who did such works was God, or that a mere man was able to effect them? Even the cobweb-spinning German philosophers, whose teachings are so nebulous and undefined, are compelled to bow down before our Saviour as one wholly unlike any other that has appeared to teach the world. Kant describes Him as the ideal of perfection. Hegel discovered Him to be the synthesis of the human and Divine. Spinosa says, He is the truest symbol of heavenly wisdom. Strauss says, "He is the highest object we can possibly imagine with respect to religion, the Being without whose presence in the mind perfect piety is impossible." Voltaire was overawed by the beauty and splendour of His life. Rousseau declares that "If the life and death of Socrates are those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God." "The Christ of the Gospels," says Renan, "is the most beautiful Incarnation of God in the most beautiful of forms." † "What Jesus did, what He taught, and what He suffered during those three brief years," says Miall, "became instantly a spring of spiritual life to the world. Dreamy, distorted, grotesque views of God and His purposes, of man and his destiny, give place to clearer, nobler, more consistent, more exalted views. Conscience recovers its sensitiveness, and exerts its all-conquering power. Society feels its heart throb with new life There has evidently been infused into it an element of nervous vitality, to which it has long been a stranger. The spiritual in man's nature, obedient

* Liddon, p. 140. † Encyclopædia Brittanica, vol. xiii., p. 669.

to some invisible law, struggles with the material, and proves its title to supremacy and its competence to maintain it. Life gains upon death. Sensibility, power, enjoyment, in respect to Divine things, to truth, to righteousness, to communion with the Highest, widen their domain, and the limits within which healthy action goes on are rapidly enlarged. There is resistance—but to no purpose. A religious life has been evoked, and cannot be stifled by coarse and violent methods. Nor scoffs, nor threats, nor sword, nor fire, nor philosophy, can put out that which, but a few years before, it seemed impossible to kindle. Rome smiles incredulously at first, then feels in its own veins the tingle of spiritual vitality, strives to expel the strange invasion, and is itself subdued. Much, perhaps, of what meets the eye is symptomatic only; but beneath it, and perceptible to unprejudiced observation, there is a substantial reality, a faith that can remove mountains, a full assurance of hope, the hope of immortality, a constraining and victorious love." *

It matters not on what side we examine the question of our Lord's Divinity, we can find but one solution which at all stands the test of examination. Of course, such problems as these are incapable of mathematical demonstration; they belong to another order in the department of reasoning, and are incapable from the nature of the case, of being dealt with according to the laws of geometry or mathematics. There are dark spots, that is to say, clouds and difficulties surrounding every large question; and no doubt, to some minds, there are difficulties surrounding this. But after admitting the difficulties to their fullest extent—and here the difficulties are fewer than under any other view of the case—we find that the arguments and evidences are so multiplex, and so powerfully converging, and in such numbers—in their different degrees of urgency—and in such various forms and shapes testifying to one another, whilst witnessing

* Miall's Bases of Belief, p. 52 (London, 1853.)

each and all to the one great fact—that we feel, at last, through sheer force of superior numbers confronting us, compelled to capitulate, and to submit our want of faith to the obedience of reason.

Now having seen what our Lord undertook to do, and actually did, let me beg of you to follow me whilst I tell you the position He claimed for Himself. Though the personification of humility and self-repression His mission constrained Him to claim a Divine position in the world. "He speaks of Himself as the Light of a darkened world, as the Way by which man may ascend to Heaven, as the Truth which can really satisfy the cravings of the soul, as the life which must be imparted to all who would live in very deed, to all who would really live for ever. Life is resident in Him in virtue of an indefined and eternal communication of it from the Father. He is the Bread of life. He is the Living Bread that came down from Heaven; believers in Him will feed on Him, and will have eternal life. He points to a living water of the Spirit, which He can give, and which will quench the thirst of souls that drink it. All who came before Him He characterizes as having been, by comparison with Himself, the thieves and robbers of mankind. He is Himself the One Good Shepherd of the souls of men; He knows, and is known, of His true sheep. Not only is He the Shepherd, He is the very door of the sheep fold; to enter through Him is to be safe. He is the Vine, the Life-tree of regenerated humanity. All that is truly fruitful and lovely in the human family must branch forth from Him; all spiritual life must wither and die, if it be severed from Him. He stands consciously between earth and Heaven. He claims to be the One Means of a real approach to the invisible God; no soul of man can come to the Father but through Him; He promises that all prayer offered in His name shall be answered: "If ye ask anything in My name I will do it." He contrasts Himself with a group of His countrymen as follows: "Ye are from beneath, I am from above; ye are of this world, I am not of this world."

He anticipates His death and foretells its consequences: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Myself." He claims to be the Lord of the realm of death; He will Himself wake the sleeping dead; all that are in the grave shall hear His voice; nay, He will raise Himself from the dead. He proclaims: "I am the Resurrection and the Life." He encourages men to trust in Him as they trust in God; to make Him an object of faith just as they believe in God; to honour Him as they honour the Father. To love Him is a necessary mark of the children of God; "If God were your Father ye would have loved Me." It is not possible, He rules, to love God, and yet to hate Himself. "He that hateth Me, hateth My Father also." The proof of a true love to Him lies in doing His bidding; "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." *

These words, which faithfully represent the claims made by our Lord, as recorded in Scripture, are, when taken together, conclusive, by themselves, of Our Lord's Divinity; but when combined with what we may call—humanly speaking—His helplessness, and with His astonishing success in the realization of His "Plan," when added to His prophetic parables and doctrinal miracles—when these rays are drawn together, and steadily directed on denial, denial burns away, and rational conviction takes its place with regard to the Divinity of our gracious Savour. He not only professed to be our Master and King, our Physician and Shepherd, but He really was, and still is really, all these things in their highest sense and meaning.

And this leads me to the unfolding of the parable of the Lost Sheep, and to the consideration of the character of Him who vouchsafes to call Himself the Good Shepherd. Now, both in Scripture, and in classical Greek, the word Shepherd is used metaphorically for king. The oldest kings in the world were shepherd-kings. Jacob himself was not only a priest, but a shepherd-king,

* Liddon, Bampton Lectures, p. 171-2.

and the chiefs of the twelve tribes went by the name of shepherds. Moses and David were called shepherds. "Then he remembered the days of old, Moses, and his people, saying, where is he that brought them up out of the sea with the shepherd of his flock. Where is he that put his Holy Spirit within him?"* And of David: "And: I will set up one Shepherd over them, he shall feed them, even my servant David; he shall feed them, and shall be their shepherd."† "And David my servant shall be king over them, and they all shall have one shepherd."‡

Thus it is clear that the word "Shepherd," from remotest antiquity, signified a sovereign ruler, keeper, protector and guide of men. And nothing could signify more forcibly and happily the power, absolute and despotic, of the Ruler, and the subjection and helplessness, so far as resistance is concerned, of the ruled. Christ as Shepherd is not only supreme King and Master, but Sustainer, Teacher, Guide, Physician and Friend—the all in all to the flock which was and is so completely in His Hands. And when we come to consider what kind of responsibility was attached to the shepherd's office in the East in the time of Christ, we shall all the better comprehend His relations to His sheep—His position as regards the human family which He came down from heaven to save. Danger and hardships were the shepherd's lot in eastern lands in the time of Christ. His food was of the coarsest and the poorest, and oftentimes he had to suffer hunger. The fruit of the sycamore and other husks with, at times, perhaps, a feast of locusts and of honey from the tree or the rock, formed the staple of his diet. Lions, wolves, panthers, and bears were at times to be encountered; and not unfrequently he had to risk his life in defence of his flock of sheep. A staff and a sling were his only weapons. His clothing, a sheepskin mantle, and a wallet holding for the day his simple diet. Evidently no man

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* Isaias LXIII. 4. † Ezek. xxxiv., 23. ‡ Id. xxxxii., 24.

could be dedicated to any work more than the eastern shepherds were dedicated to their sheep. They lived with them and for them, and became acquainted with them and with their habits one by one. The shepherd in eastern lands, does not, and did not, as some more brutal shepherds do, beat the sheep and hound them along with dogs; on the contrary, his habit is to lead them gently along to their happy pasture lands. Early in the morning he sets forth, calling the flock with his voice to follow him. By experience the sheep know that he is leading them to sweet grass on the hill side, or into some luxurious shady valley. There he sits him down and watches them all the day as they nibble their succulent food till the sun shows signs of setting. Then he leads them back to safety—to the fold—and counts them one by one as they pass under his rod and hand into their secure and comfortable resting place. He leaves them not even during the darkness. He keeps the night watches, and lives night and day with the thought of their safety uppermost in his mind. Tenderness and watchfulness are his principal characteristics, and forgetfulness of self in the discharge of a monotonous duty, is forcibly illustrated in his life.

We can now understand why it is so exquisitely appropriate for our Lord to liken Himself to the shepherd and the human family to a flock of sheep in the shepherd's fold. Meekness and gentleness and tenderness and love are here expressed by this one simple epithet as in no other. Let us look into the Parable of the Lost Sheep that we may grasp as fully as we may the full significance of our Saviour's teaching Take it as narrated first by St. Matthew, and then, as by St. Luke. St. Matthew reads thus;—

See that you despise not one of these little ones; for I say to you that their angels in heaven always see the face of my Father who is in heaven. For the Son of Man is come to save that which was lost. What think you? If a man had an hundred sheep, and one of them should go astray: doth he not leave the ninety-nine in the mountains, and goeth to seek that which is gone astray? And if it so be that he find it; Amen I say to you, he rejoiceth more for that, than for

the ninety-nine that went not astray. Even so it is not the will of your Father, who is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.

This is from St. Luke :—

Now the publicans and sinners drew near unto him to hear him. And the Pharisees and Scribes murmured, saying : This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them. And he spoke to them this parable, saying :—What man of you that had an hundred sheep : and if he shall lose one of them, doth he not leave the ninety-nine in the desert, and go after that which was lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, lay it upon his shoulders, rejoicing : And coming home, call together his friends and neighbours, saying to them : Rejoice with me, because I have found my sheep that was lost? I say to you, that even so there shall be joy in heaven upon one sinner that doth penance, more than upon ninety-nine just who need not penance.

Here our Blessed Saviour exhibits to the Jews the principle of the new religion which He came on earth to establish. The Jewish religion taught its votaries to keep clear of sinners and men and women of bad repute as being unclean themselves, and as communicating their uncleanness to others round about them. They looked upon such beings as moral lepers who could not be cured, and had best be avoided altogether. Their horror at the idea of coming into familiar relationship with Publicans was equally intense. The Jews looked upon this class of men with hatred, scorn and loathing.

"These Publicans," says a student of their character "were everywhere hateful for their rudeness, their frauds, their vexations, and oppressions. * * But there was that which made keener yet the scorn and more intense the hatred with which the Jewish Publicans were regarded by their own countrymen. They were nothing less than renegades and traitors, who for filthy lucre's sake had sided with the enemy, and now collected for a profane heathen treasury that tribute which was the abiding token of the subjection of God's people to a Gentile yoke. This scorn and hate found utterance in a thousand ways. No alms might be received from their money chest. It was not lawful even to change money there. Their testimony was not received in courts of justice ; they were as the heathen, and in some sort worse

than the heathen." Now these are just the very men that our Lord, in His Divine mercy and humility, not merely conversed with and associated with, but sat down to table with, and eat and drank and made Himself as familiar with as with other notorious sinners and outcasts of society. We, living in these days, can scarcely realise the amazement that such a course as this produced upon the ordinary Jewish mind. Christ took just the very opposite line to that of the Scribes and the Pharisees, for He had come to do a work, and that work was in a very especial manner to touch the hearts of sinners however hard or black, and to teach them to love Him, and in loving Him to save their souls. He came to introduce the royal law of perfect charity, and even in His method of doing this He seems to be Divine. He came to save the lost, and to save them by converting them to Himself. "The Son of Man came to save that which was lost." See how beautiful is the sight of the Publicans and sinners "drawing near unto Him to hear Him." As if there was something within Him to which their hearts secretly responded. Our Lord was glad to see them come to Him, and look at Him, and listen to Him. He "received them." He did not drive them back, He even sat down to table—"He eat with them." He treated them with all gentleness and tenderness and love. And when the Pharisees and Scribes saw this, they were horror-stricken and murmured, saying, "this man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." This murmuring of theirs gave occasion to the Parable of the Lost Sheep.

A shepherd has a flock of one hundred sheep in the desert. One of the sheep has strayed from the fold. The shepherd, on discovering this, becomes at once afflicted in mind, and has all his thoughts concentrated on a determination to seek after and find the one that is lost. I may remark here that the word "desert" does not necessarily mean a place full of nothing but sand. The wilderness, or deserts, of the East are not wanting in rich, fertile, and grassy land. As a traveller, who has

seen them with his own eye, says, "Stern and monotonous as may be called the general feature of a desert, let not the reader suppose it is all barren. There are indeed some accursed patches, where scores of miles lie before you, like a tawny Atlantic, one yellow wave rising before another. But far from unfrequently there are regions of wild fertility, where the earth shoots forth a jungle of aromatic shrubs, and most delicious are the sensations conveyed to the parched European, as the camel treads down the underwood with his broad foot, and scatters to the winds the exhalations of a thousand herbs. There are other districts, where the hard and compact gravel would do honour to a lady's shrubbery; in these regions you meet with dwarf trees, and long ridges of low bare rock of fantastic configuration, at whose base you find the yellow partridge and the black-eyed gazelle." So that our shepherd, leaving his ninety-nine sheep in the desert, may, for all that, have left them in healthy and plentiful pastorage. Well, how does the shepherd, as described by our Saviour, set about recovering the sheep that has caused him so much uneasiness? Does he send his dogs to hunt it out and drive it back? and does he, on seeing it hurry by him, strike it with his staff, or jerk stones at it with his sling to hasten it home, and to teach it not to do the like again? Not at all. Thus to act would be man's way. God's is very different, when He vouchsafes to come on earth to save us from our sins. First of all, Christ's shepherd goes in quest of the lost sheep, and does not tire in his quest, for he goes on seeking "until he finds it." He does not rest day or night till he has recovered his lost one of the flock. And when he has at last found it, what does he do? Does he drive it home? or slowly lead it? or hire a boy to carry it? No; he puts it gently and lovingly "on his own shoulders," whilst his heart is full of song and joy, and carries it in triumph to the fold again. He then calls together "his friends and neighbours and says to them: Rejoice with me because I have found the sheep that was lost."

Such is the Divine way in which our spotless Lord told the Scribes and Pharisees how He had come to reform the world and draw it to Himself by the heavenly force of perfect love. Now does not this touching parable contain a very revolution in its teaching respecting the way sinners and offcasts were to be treated in the Kingdom to be set on foot by the Son of Man? Was not a flood of new light poured upon the world by Christ's most merciful and tender method of attracting sinners to Himself? Is not the doctrine and the method of treatment of sinners here laid down the very same as that exhibited ever since in the Spiritual Empire that our Lord established? The method and the doctrine, old to us, were startlingly new to the Jews of our Saviour's day; for He came for sinners especially, and to save those who were lost. Look for a moment a little more closely at our Lord's teaching on this point. In the parable of the Lost sheep our Master speaks in a similitude. St. John, in the tenth chapter of the Gospel, gives our Lord's own description of Himself as the Good Shepherd:—

Jesus therefore said to them again: Amen, amen, I say to you, I am the door of the sheep. All others, as many as have come, are thieves and robbers: and the sheep heard them not. I am the door. By Me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved: and he shall go in, and go out, and shall find pastures. The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy. I am come that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly. I am the Good Shepherd. The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep. But the hireling, and he that is not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and flieth: and the wolf catcheth, and scattereth the sheep: And the hireling flieth, because he is a hireling: and he hath no care for the sheep. I am the Good Shepherd; and I know mine, and mine know Me. As the Father knoweth Me, and I know the Father: and I lay down My life for My sheep. And other sheep I have, that are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice, and there shall be one fold and One Shepherd. Therefore doth the Father love Me; because I lay down My life, that I may take it up again. No man taketh it away from Me: but I lay it down of Myself, and I have power to take it up again. This commandment have I received of My Father. A dissension rose again among the Jews for these words. And many of them said: He hath a devil, and is mad: why hear you him?

All the thanks our Lord received for His loving and tender words was to be called mad and possessed by the Devil by many of the Jews who heard Him. Well, taking the parable and this discourse of our Lord together, we can form for ourselves an accurate picture of the new force of love and compassion that He was introducing into the world. He exhibited this principle in His own Life, Passion, and Death. He desired that it should govern the intercourse of His followers with sinners to the end of time.

Look around the Spiritual Empire at this hour; trace the history of its bishops and priests back to the time of St. Peter, and you will find the principle of the "Good Shepherd" insisted on in all the schools and pulpits of the world; and illustrated most profusely by the generosity, self-sacrifice, the intense devotedness and tenderness of priests to those fallen ones who have no other friends on earth to say a kind and gentle word to them, and to carry them on their shoulders to penitence and to peace. Is not this parable a prophecy as well as the initiation of a new and Divine method of exercising the law of love? Does it not point to our Lord's Divine compassion, and, thus, to His Divinity? He, a Divine lover of poor lost sheep, since He was compassionate, left behind Him others to be merciful and loving in His place; men, not angels, so, that, being sinners themselves, they might exhibit all the more compassion towards those who had wandered from the way.

To quote Cardinal Newman's words:—"It is almost the definition of a priest that he has sins of his own to atone for. 'Every high priest,' says the Apostle, 'taken from among men, is appointed for men, in the things that appertain unto God, that he may offer gifts and sacrifices for sins; who can condole with those who are in ignorance and error, because he also himself is compassed with infirmity. And therefore he ought, as for the people, so also for himself, to offer for sins.' 'Most strange is this in itself, my brethren,' continues Cardinal Newman, 'but not strange, when you consider it is the

appointment of an all-merciful God; not strange in Him, because the Apostle gives the reason of it in the passage I have quoted. The priests of the New Law are men, that they may 'condole with those who are in ignorance and error, because they too are compassed with infirmity.' Had angels been your priests, my brethren, they could not have condoled with you, sympathised with you, have had compassion on you, tenderly felt for you, and made allowances for you, as we can; they could not have been your patterns and guides, and have led you on from your old selves into a new life, as they can who come from the midst of you, who have been led on themselves as you are to be led, who know well your difficulties, who have had experience, at least, of your temptations, who know the strength of the flesh and the wiles of the Devil, even though they have baffled them; who are already disposed to take your part, and be indulgent towards you, and can advise you most practically, and warn you most seasonably and prudently. Therefore did He send you men to be the ministers of reconciliation and intercession; as He Himself, though He could not sin, yet, by becoming Man, took on Him, as far as possible to God, man's burden of infirmity and trial in His own Person. He could not be a sinner, but He could be a man, and He took to Himself a man's heart, that we might entrust our hearts to Him, and 'was tempted in all things, like as we are, yet without sin.'"*

Now that we may clearly see that our Master had a Spiritual Empire in view, and that the tenderness and devotedness of the shepherd's office was to be perpetuated, we have but to read the twenty-first chapter of St. John's Gospel. Here we shall at once perceive a perfect harmony of tone with the Parable of the Lost Sheep and the discourse on the "Good Shepherd." Our Lord especially commands Peter, and, in Peter, all others, his assistants, according to their measure, to feed the lambs and the sheep of the heavenly fold.

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* Discourses to mixed congregations, No. 3.

When therefore they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter: Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me more than these? He saith to him: yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee. He saith to him: Feed My lambs. He saith to him again: Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me? He saith to him: Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee. He saith to him: Feed My lambs. He said to him the third time: Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me? Peter was grieved, because He had said to him the third time: Lovest thou Me? And he said to him: Lord, Thou knowest all things: Thou knowest that I love Thee. He said to him: Feed My sheep.

I need not beg of you to recall to mind the history of "Peter," that is, of Peter and his successors down to Pope Leo XIII. happily reigning, in order to remind you that the teaching of our Lord on the Shepherd is a prophecy as well as a new method of treating fallen men. It was easy enough to say "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep." Such words might pass the lips, and yet exert no influence after all. Here they are creative: and the Church exhibits at this moment over a thousand Bishops and tens of thousands of priests fulfilling, every day of their lives, age after age, the prophecy contained in the Parable of the Lost Sheep, and in the command of our Lord and Master to the Prince of the Apostles. I ask you candidly to tell me whether any man, or any number of men, could speak such words as our Lord spoke, and bring about such a realization of them as we are witnessing at this hour? Christ declared Himself Divine; this exhibition of His power proves Him to be so; for had He not been God, and had He declared Himself to be God not being God, God, who hates blasphemy and lies, would not have communicated to Him such transcendent powers in order to delude the world.

Let us, having dwelt on the manner in which priests should deal with sinners as exhibited in the Parable of the Lost Sheep, turn to the consideration of how they are to be nourished and fed from the Divine Hand. Let us, I say, consider the Miracle of the multiplication of Bread. Our Blessed Lord having healed on the Sabbath Day a man who had been

languishing for thirty-eight years, took occasion to address those who surrounded Him in some of His most solemn utterances, and to impress upon them the fact of His being the Son of God, whose very voice has power in it to call the dead to life, and who will deal out just judgment when the hour comes to all mankind.

Amen, amen, I say unto you, that he who heareth My word, and believeth him that sent Me, hath life everlasting; and cometh not into judgment, but is passed from death to life. Amen, amen, I say unto you, that the hour cometh, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live. For as the Father hath life in Himself, so He hath given to the Son also to have life in Himself. And He hath given Him power to do judgment, because He is the Son of Man. Wonder not at this; for the hour cometh, wherein all that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God. And they that have done good things, shall come forth unto the resurrection of life; but they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of judgment.

Having thus proclaimed Himself the Judge of the living and the dead, our Master, as St. John relates *—went over the Sea of Galilee, which is that of Tiberias.

And a great multitude followed Him, because they saw the Miracles which He did on them that were diseased. Jesus therefore went up into a mountain, and there He sat with His disciples. Now the pasch, the festival day of the Jews, was near at hand. When Jesus therefore had lifted up His eyes, and seen that a very great multitude cometh to Him, He said to Philip: Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat? And this He said to try him: for He Himself knew what He would do. Philip answered Him: Two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that everyone may take a little. One of His disciples, Andrew, the brother of Simon Peter, saith to Him: There is a boy here that hath five barley loaves, and two fishes; but what are these amongst so many? Then Jesus said: Make the men sit down. Now there was much grass in the place. The men therefore sat down, in number about five thousand. And Jesus took the loaves; and when He had given thanks, He distributed to them that were sat down. In like manner also of the fishes, as much as they would. And when they were filled, He said to His disciples: Gather up the fragments that remain, lest they be lost. They gathered up, therefore, and filled twelve baskets with the fragments of the five barley loaves, which remained over and above to them that had eaten. Now those men, when they had seen what a Miracle Jesus had done, said: This is of a truth the Prophet that is to come into the world. Jesus, therefore, when He

* Chap. VII.

knew that they would come to take Him by force, and make Him King fled again into the mountain Himself alone.

Such is St. John's account of this stupendous miracle performed in the presence of five thousand men from all parts of Palestine. The other three Evangelists relate it also, and it is one of the few miracles of our Master that are recorded by all four of the Evangelists. It appears that our Lord and His disciples got into a boat, and, after a six miles' course, touched the land at the other side of the lake, and, disembarking, walked up the hill-side to pray and rest, after so much fatigue, in a solitary place. But our Master was not long left in solitude. Even before the boat had touched the pebbly shore, a great multitude had hurried round the lake's side, and had assembled with earnest anxiousness to see and hear our Lord again. With His usual compassionateness, our loving Master gave up all thought of repose, and descending from His resting-place, He preached to them of the Kingdom of Heaven and healed their sick. The evening was beginning to close in. Twilight is very short in the East. Forgetful of everything except the vision of the Wonder-worker, five thousand men, with their women and their children, found themselves in the wilderness with nothing to eat or drink. And Philip said to our Lord "two hundred pennyworth of bread is not sufficient for them, that everyone may take a little," two hundred pence being valued at about seven pounds sterling. All that could be found amongst them was a boy having five loaves of barley-bread and two small fishes from the lake.

Whilst the Disciples were pointing out to our Saviour the smallness of the provision, and how impossible it was to feed so large a multitude with so scanty a supply, our Lord, as if over-ruling in his mind all their talk, said, "'Make the men sit down.' Now there was much grass in the place. The men, therefore, sat down, in number about five thousand." Dean Stanley, speaking of this place where the five thousand sat at the feet of Jesus, says: "Bethsaida is the eastern city of that name,

which, from the importance of the new city of Julias, built there by Philip the Tetrarch, would give its name to the surrounding desert tract. The 'desert' place was either one of the green table lands visible from the hills on the western side, or more probable part of the rich plain at the mouth of the Jordan. In the parts of this plain not cultivated by the hand of men would be found the 'much green grass,' still fresh in the spring of the year when this event occured, before it faded away in the summer sun—the tall grass, which, broken down by the feet of the thousands there gathered together, would make as it were 'couches' for them to recline upon."*

The sight of this great multitude reclining on the green sward, and our Saviour surrounded by His disciples, looking down upon them, must have been very picturesque. We are told that they were divided into companies of fifty and a hundred; and they must have presented the appearance—on account of their gay Oriental costumes of yellow, and blue, and scarlet—of bright and brilliant flower beds set in the emerald green of the spring-tide grass. When the people had settled themselves down comfortably on the sward, our Master took the loaves into His hands, raised His eyes to Heaven, gave thanks, blessed the bread, broke it, and gave it to His disciples to distribute to the hungry multitude. So, also, with the fishes. With these self-same five loaves of barley bread, and two small fishes, our Lord satisfied the appetites of five thousand grown-up men, besides women and children; and after all was over twelve baskets full of remnants were collected by the astonished disciples, to clench, as it were, the stupendous Miracle that had just been performed. The publicity and splendour of this Miracle are unsurpassed by anything of the kind in Gospel history. It is not the sort of Miracle that an after-thought would have invented. It is part of a Divine "plan," and ushers in a higher and still more noble teaching. As if to draw attention, with unusual

* "Sinai and Palestine, p. 374."

emphasis, to this sort of Miracle, our Lord is related to have performed a similar wonder by two of the Evangelists * in favour of a crowd of four thousand others on another occasion. At His first feast our Master changed water into wine, in this last one, closing His ministerial career, He multiplies the staple food of human life. In both of these Miracles He points with a steady hand to one of the most blessed mercies granted by Him to His Spiritual Empire.

And, first of all, He prepares the way for belief in the great miracle of the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. We are told by St Augustine that the fountain of power whence proceeded the miracle of the multiplication of bread was the Omnipotence of our Lord, that the fountains or springs which sent forth loaf after loaf, and which worked the wonder, were in the Hands of the Lord. *Omnipotentia Domini quasi fons panis erat. Fontes panis erant in manibus Domini.*

How this wonder was worked is hidden from human analysis: that it was worked we know. How the grass grows and multiplies, and how one grain of corn can reproduce many others, we cannot, nor can any one explain, any more than we can explain how matter and spirit can form one man—yet, so it is, and the limitation of our faculties has nothing to do with truth or falsehood in the matter. Our Lord was preparing the way for belief in a "hard word," and was educating mankind to receive the greatest of all the Mysteries of the Kingdom. Cardinal Wiseman has made a very interesting observation on this great miracle of the multiplication of the loaves. He says: "This miracle meets one of the most popular objections against the Catholic doctrine concerning the Sacrament [of the Blessed Eucharist] that many partake of the same food at the same time—*nec sumptus consumitur.* For it is not said that our Lord created new bread, nor dilated what was there, so to speak. From beginning to end of the banquet, they were the

* Matthew, xv. 32; Mark vii. 6.

same five loaves and two fishes, which were eaten by this hungry crowd, and the fragments left would have made up the same loaves and fishes again. Any other theory alters the character of the miracle. It would not be that our Lord fed 5000 people *with five loaves*, but that having *but* five loaves, he created, say 4995 more, to give each person one. In that case, there being five loaves at the beginning had nothing to do with the miracle; this consists in the creating of the others. Then, according to the Gospel narrative, more than five thousand persons were actually eating the same food, and each one had enough, and it was not consumed. How was this? The Catholic answer is plain and simple; in the same manner as it happens every day in the Blessed Eucharist. One miracle is a counterpart of the other." *

Now surely this Miracle of the loaves is both a prophecy, and the kernel in which it contained a dogma. It is prophetic of the doctrine of the Real Presence; and, at the same time, it holds in itself the seed of that article of faith which defines what is really held to be present under the form of bread and wine after the consecration of the elements in Holy Mass. Nor could a simple man have made this doctrine popular.

To bring out this thought more vividly, suppose for a moment that a Church was to be established surrounded by mysterious dispensations and inexplicable wonders. Suppose amongst them there was one of stupendous originality. Suppose its founder wished to make believe that after his death, on the performance of certain mystic rites, bread and wine would be changed into his body and blood, and that those who eat that bread and drank that wine would be in reality eating him and drinking him; and that that food would transform them into images of him —how would he set about the difficult task of preparing the minds of his followers to accept and hold—say, for eighteen hundred years—so unparalleled a doctrine and so startling a novelty? You will reply. He could not

* Essays, Vol. I., p. 229.

prepare their minds to receive so strange a teaching, and he could never succeed in launching it upon the world. Men would reject it with scorn. This I fully admit; no mere man could possibly induce his fellow men to trust him so implicitly as that.

But suppose Almighty God were merciful enough to decree that such should be the case in regard of His Incarnate Son. How would that Son best fit the minds of men to accept the doctrine, and how would He best perpetuate it, and keep it firm in the hearts of millions throughout the world in every age? I am not touching now on the truth, or otherwise, of Transubstantiation, but I am asking how could men's minds be best prepared and softened for receiving it, supposing our Omnipotent King vouchsafed to decree that His children should be fed with such heavenly food during their period of probation? I say, and I say it without fear of contradiction, He could not have conceived a more exquisite method of preparation than by the miracle of turning water into wine, and by the multiplication of loaves and fishes. If He proved Himself capable of performing those miracles—miracles pointing in the direction of that of the Real Presence, it may, without much strain of mind, be admitted that He might also perform even still more startling works. In fact, when once it is conceded that Christ had power to exercise such supreme dominion over matter and substance as is clear He did exercise during His public ministry, there is little comparative difficulty in conceding to Him, even supposing He were not what He really is, power to exercise other still more unusual and extraordinary ministrations. And when our main position is admitted, namely, that He is God, because He absolutely declares Himself to be God, and witnesses to the justice of His claim by a series of miracles—so many that no book could hold the record of them—when His stupendous actions are joined to His claim, then we at once accord to Him "all power," and nothing that is not in itself a contradiction in terms is out of the reach of His omnipotence.

Now, if you will open the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, you will find that this miracle of the multiplication of loaves was straightway followed up by our Master's emphatic insistance on the doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist. It is but necessary to read His words, apart from all note and comment, to convince any candid mind that the miracle was but a preparation for the reception of a dogma which, on account of its marvellousness, has, in spite of all He has done to make it easy of acceptance, been not only a stumbling-block to the Jews, but a stumbling-block to many calling themselves Christians also.

And Jesus said to them: I am the Bread of Life: he that cometh to Me shall not hunger; and he that believeth in Me shall never thirst. I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever: and the bread that I will give is My flesh, for the life of the world. The Jews therefore strove among themselves, saying: How can this man give us his flesh to eat? Then Jesus said to them: Amen, amen, I say unto you: Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you He that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, hath everlasting life: and I will raise him up in the last day. For My flesh is meat indeed: and My blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My flesh, and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me, and I in him. As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me. This is the bread that came down from heaven. Not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead. He that eateth this bread, shall live for ever. These things He said, teaching in the synagogue, in Capharnaum. Many therefore of His disciples, hearing it, said: This saying is hard, and who can hear it? After this many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Him. Then Jesus said to the twelve: Will you also go away? And Simon Peter answered Him: Lord, to whom shall we go! Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we have believed and have known, that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God.

Who is so blind as not to see in this wonderful address of our Lord, which compelled Peter to exclaim with all the ardour of his loving impetuous nature—"We have believed and have known, that Thou art the Christ the Son of God!"—is in perfect tune with the miracle of the loaves, and carries the thoughtful mind to the higher altitude of the great mystery of the real Presence in the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar? Are not these two

things, the miracle of the loaves and the sublime doctrine following on it, evident preparations for the great fact of the Lord's Supper when "Jesus took bread and blessed and broke, and gave it to His disciples and said: Take ye and eat! This is My Body. And taking the Chalice, He gave thanks, and gave to them, saying; Drink ye all of this: for this is My Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many, for the remission of sins;" or to use the stronger words recorded by St. Luke: "This is My Body, which shall be delivered for you; this is My Blood, which shall be shed for you!" Now what is the commentary of the most learned and critical of all the Apostles on these teachings of our Saviour? He says; "The Cup of blessing, which we bless, is it not the Communion of the Blood of Christ; and the Bread which we break, is it not the Communion of the Body of Christ? As often as you shall eat this Bread, and drink the chalice, you shall show the death of the Lord, until He come." And, finally, and still more explicitly, He says:—

I have received of the Lord that which I also deliver unto you: that the Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread, and giving thanks, broke, and said: Take ye and eat: This is My Body, which shall be delivered for you; do this for the commemoration of Me. In like manner also the Chalice, after He had supped, saying: This Chalice is the New Testament in My Blood: this do ye as often as you shall drink it for the commemoration of Me. For as often as ye shall eat this Bread, and drink the Chalice you shall show the death of the Lord until He comes. Therefore, whosoever shall eat the Bread or drink the Chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the Body and the Blood of the Lord. But let a man prove himself, and so let him eat of that Bread, and drink of the Chalice. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself (or as the Protestant version has it, his own damnation) not discerning the Body of the Lord.

Now I ask any candid man whether or no our Master, in performing the Miracle of the Loaves—taking into view His teaching immediately afterwards—was not, without any question, preparing the minds of men for the "hard saying" which, though illustrated just before by a stupendous miracle, was so distasteful to many of those

who had believed in Him, that they "went back and walked no more with Him;" so distasteful and grating to their feelings, that they actually abandoned Jesus Christ, and betook themselves to their ordinary round of worldly duties? Now take the history of the Church from St. Paul's day to our own. From the witness of St. Paul to that of Justin Martyr and St. Cyril of Jerusalem, down to the nineteenth century in which we live, we possess an overwhelming "cloud of witnesses" to testify to the central doctrine of Catholic Christianity—the real Presence of our Saviour on the Altar, and the fact of His Flesh being meat indeed, and His Blood, drink indeed. Think for a moment of the transcendently marvellous character of Christ's teaching on this point. How could any one have believed—who had not been witness to the fact—that what He said would be done; that His teaching to the Jews at the Supper would be made popular throughout Christendom; and that the words uttered by the Master to His recalcitrant disciples would expand into a doctrine which has been, and is at this moment, the consolation and delight, the reward and the solace of millions upon millions who have walked, and still do walk, upon the earth. "Do this in commemoration of Me!" And it has been done on tens of thousands of altars, and in the hearts of tens of millions of rational creatures up to the present day; and will continue to be done so long as the grape produces wine, and the corn produces bread—that is, till the consummation of all things, and the Judge of the Kingdom comes to lift up those who have loved Him, and believed in Him, to heavenly places.

To conclude: Our adorable Master, though, according to the testimony of Mr. Mill and Mr. Channing and Mr. Miall, the most humble and meek of men, claims and insists on occupying a position in the human heart, and a sovereignty over the human conscience, that belong to God alone. He introduces a new Law of Compassion into the world; and that law afterwards governs the world—the Parable of the Lost

Sheep is turned into a world-wide exercise of mercy and forgiveness on the part of His representatives on earth. He, in the presence of over 5000 men, multiplies bread, performs an astonishing public miracle, and teaches the multitude that His "Flesh is meat indeed, and His Blood is drink indeed." And now, at this moment, the Mass is said, the Sacrifice is offered, His Blood is drunk, and His Body is eaten, by priests and people throughout the world. The sun rises and sets in his glory, but whether setting or rising, or in mid heaven, the perpetual miracle is going on all over the world of the Elevation of the Host, of Its adoration, and of the eating of the Flesh and the drinking of the Blood of the Saviour, in order that, men, eating of that Bread, may live for ever. If, after all this, anyone insists, that Christ, who declares Himself to be Divine, is only a man, such a one possesses a larger share of credulity than is consistent with a critical and cautious spirit, and is capable of swallowing down a greater wonder than any hitherto offered for our acceptance in either the Old Testament, or the New one. We can comprehend what has been said on the supposition that Christ is God : on any other supposition, our faculties become simply paralysed.

LECTURE V.

THE PRODIGAL SON AND THE POSSESSED CHILD.

This is My Beloved Son: hear ye Him. (Mark x., 6.)

We have, during the past four Sundays, been dwelling principally on such reasonings as tend towards proving the Divinity of our Blessed Saviour. His own adorable Life, His plan, His miracles, His parables,—His high claims, His categorical declarations of His equality with the Father, His mysterious and sinless career—all these things, and many more, we have passed in review, and, I believe, have come to the conclusion that our Lord is God, equal to the Father, One in essence with Him, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, and the Incarnate Redeemer and Judge of the human race.

Now, let us for a moment look at this question from another point of view, Let us for argument's sake pin our faith on Mr. Mill and declare our Lord to be first in the rank of moralists, and unsurpassed in the high teaching of His life, but, still, nothing more than man; nothing different, except in degree, from any good and enlightened philosopher amongst ourselves; an able, pure, and spotless man, a great enlightener, and possessed of a heart full of tenderness and many-sided sympathy—but, still, for all that, only a man. Now, what did this most enlightened man and inimitable moralist teach the world regarding Himself? In the first place, He boldly and persistently proclaimed, even when a death of the most painful kind threatened Him, that He was God, equal to the Almighty Creator of Heaven and earth, and One with Him, and possessing a strict right to equal honour with Him. A strange doctrine for a great moralist who

was but a man to persist in ; and one which, at once, on our supposition, is the annihilation of all claim on His part to any hearing or respect

What more did this fellow-creature of ours arrogate to Himself? Allow me to read to you His very words, for He lays claim to the power of coming again, after His death, upon the world in regal majesty, in order to judge all His fellow-creatures, and to separate the good from the bad, lifting up the former into everlasting life, and relegating the latter into everlasting punishment by fire.

And when the Son of Man shall come in His majesty, and all the angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the seat of His Majesty : And all nations shall be gathered together before Him, and He shall separate them one from another, as the shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats : And He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on His left. Then shall the King say to them that shall be on His right hand : Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat : I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink : I was a stranger, and you took Me in : naked, and you covered Me : sick, and you visited Me : I was in prison, and you came to Me. Then shall the just answer Him, saying : Lord, when did we see Thee hungry, and fed Thee? thirsty, and gave Thee drink? And when did we see Thee a stranger, and took Thee in? or naked, and covered Thee? Or when did we see Thee sick or in prison, and came to Thee? And the King answering, shall say to them : Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me. Then He shall say to them also that shall be on His left hand : Depart from Me, you cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was hungry, and you gave Me not to eat : I was thirsty, and you gave Me not to drink ; I was a stranger and you took Me not in : naked, and you covered Me not : sick and in prison, and you did not visit Me. Then they also shall answer Him, saying : Lord, when did we see Thee hungry, or thirsty, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister to Thee? Then He shall answer them, saying : Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it not to one of these least, neither did you do it to Me. And these shall go into everlasting punishment ; but the just, into life everlasting.

I appeal to the common sense of those who are listening to me, and ask them whether they could tolerate such claims as are contained in this passage being put forward by a fellow-man, however able or enlightened he might be? Has any man, outside a lunatic asylum,

ever been recorded to have made such claims as these? Again: this mere man of Mr. Mill's not only claims as a right to rule in the heavens, and to chastise all the wicked who have ever been born with an eternity of punishment, and to reward all the just of every age with everlasting pleasure; but He, also, claims, with an absolute unconditional command, the internal heart-love of every human creature; whilst He bases His promises of happiness and reward in a future life upon the scrupulous fulfilment of this condition. He claims, as a right, equal honour with Almighty God, the Everlasting Father; and boldly proclaims that all things tenderest and dearest in the world, the love of father and mother, of husband and wife, of son and daughter, must give way to His exclusive claim on the supreme love and worship of every human being from the highest king to the lowest peasant in every age, and without one solitary exception. "He that loveth father and mother more than Me is not worthy of Me."

For a mere man, such as Mr. Mill describes our Lord to be, so meek, so truthful, and so little given to exaggeration, to urge an unconditional claim to the paramount love and worship of all the hearts of all mankind in every age, looks as big an insanity as to claim a power and a right to judge the living and the dead and to deal out to the whole human race on the one hand everlasting punishments of fire, and eternal rewards of never-dying bliss on the other. Speaking of our Saviour's claim to possess and rule the whole being of man, Liddon says:—"It is impossible to ignore this imperious claim on the part of Jesus to rule the whole soul of man. Other masters may demand a man's active energies, or his time or his purse, or his thought, or some large share in his affections, but here is a claim on the whole man, on his very inmost self on the sanctities of his deepest life. Here is a claim which sets aside and ignores the dearest ties of family and kindred, if perchance they interfere with it. Does any one who is merely man dare to advance such a claim as this? If so, is it possible that, believing him to be only a fellow creature, we can listen to the claim with

respect, with patience, without earnest indignation? Do not our souls belong only and wholly to Him who made them? Can we not hide ourselves out of the sight and reach of every fellow-creature, in the hidden recesses of the spirit which we carry within? Can we not escape, if we will, from all eyes save One, from all wills save One, from all voices save One, from all beings save Him who gave us life? How, then, can we listen to the demand which is advanced by Jesus of Nazareth? Is it tolerable if he is only man?*

It is useless to proceed further with this argument. The entire life, teaching, and works of our Lord, and His claims, as spread up and down the Gospels, make it absolutely impossible for Him to have been anything less than that which He insisted on that He was, and in proof of which He worked so many miracles, and showed forth so many signs. His claim to upset the Jewish notion of the Sabbath; His claim to forgive sins, and to transmit power to others to forgive them; His institution of the Sacrament of the Eucharist, in which His flesh was to be eaten and His blood to be drunk, and which was to be the food and sustenance of mankind till He should come in power and majesty to judge the living and the dead—these claims alone, without naming any others, prove Him, if He were not mad or vicious, to be Divine. To put in a mere man's mouth the claims, sovereign and supreme, so emphatically insisted on by Jesus Christ, would be a contemptible and sickening absurdity, not to speak of the blasphemous character of such a display of intolerable egotism and conceit. Indeed, the more we fix our minds on the thought of a mere man claiming what our Lord, with so much meekness, and, yet, with such majestic authority, claimed, so much the more do the claims appear to be exclusively fit to be made by a Divinity; and so much the more glaringly incongruous, so much the more grotesque, extravagant, and mad do they seem, as

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* Liddon's Lectures, p. 176.

arrogated to himself by a mortal man and simple fellow-creature, however worthy he might be in other respects.

Now let us proceed one step further. It is a very easy thing to make a claim, madmen are continually doing it; the difficulty, as well as the test, is to make the claim good. Perhaps the most difficult thing to acquire is the love and trust of many fellow-creatures after death has arrested our personal influence. Our Saviour claimed, as we have seen—and, in the event, proved His claim—to the supreme love and worship of all mankind. Those nearest to Him were the first to have their hearts warmed within them by the new fire, and to cling to Him as the one stay of their souls. The one especial theologian, the Beloved Disciple, who, if any one, ought to have known what Jesus was—who rested his head upon Christ's bosom at the table—is the one before all others to witness to Christ's Divinity. He is on that very account called "St. John the Divine." Putting our Lord's parables on one side, St. John dedicates himself mainly to prove the Godhead of our Saviour, and to show that "the Disciple whom Jesus loved" knew how, in very deed, to love Jesus. The other Apostles, who had had direct and familiar intercourse with their Master, give, in their own way, in their writings, their strong witness to the same effect.

If Christ is not God, then their writings are turned into confused and jangling absurdities; if He be Divine, then all becomes light and clear. Time does not permit me to quote passages in support of Christ's Divinity from St. James and St. Peter, or from St. John the Divine. Nor is it necessary here to do more than refer to the Pauline Epistles which take—as do all the others—for granted the fact that our Lord is God. These men believed in it, and taught it throughout the world. St. Peter made it known in Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, and Italy; St. Andrew, his brother, preached it in Scythia, Epirus, and Greece; St. Philip in Phrygia, St. Bartholomew in Armenia and Arabia; the two St. Jameses in Palestine; St. Thomas pushed his way into Central Asia, and some say preached the Divinity of Jesus Christ in

India; St. Matthew and St. Matthias carried the torch of Christian hope into Asiatic Ethiopia; St. Simon of Cana, preached in Mesopotamia and Persia; St. Jude in Arabia, Mesopotamia, and Idumæa; St. John taught Christ and Him crucified, and risen again, in Asia Minor, and some relate that he even carried his activity amongst the Parthians.

With such men as these setting on fire the hearts of nations spread throughout the world, the doctrines of the Crucified made astonishingly rapid progress. Our Master, within two and three hundred years of His crucifixion between thieves, had His Divine claims recognised in the passionate unselfish love of tens of thousands of all ages and both sexes, who, for His sake, and in witness to His resurrection, were quite ready to lay down their lives, and undergo the most exquisite agonies of martyrdom. The "plan" which He conceived for the salvation of mankind, though He had left it in other hands to carry out, gradually developed into the vast Empire of the Christian Church. The Spirit of Truth was to abide with it for ever. The gates of Hell were to be powerless against it. It was to be a Spiritual Kingdom of which He was the Head, having a visible viceregent upon earth. In unity, and order, and obedience, this great world-embracing system was to prepare men, one by one, for heaven; and to convey to them those gifts and graces which He had provided for them by His Passion and Death, by His great ransom—having bought them with a "great price," no less a one than His blood-shedding in the garden, and cruel death upon the bitter tree. The success of His "plan" shows that Christ was no mere adventurer claiming great prerogatives, and incapable, when brought to the test, of exercising any except those within the range of the action of an ordinary man. He has achieved a Divine victory, and has proved His title to our worship by the astounding results proceeding from His promises and declarations.

Take Leo the thirteenth, sitting on his *Cathedra* in the Vatican, close upon the sacred bodies of St. Peter

and St. Paul; from that centre describe a circle so as to embrace all who submit to his authority at this hour, and you have a circle which represents the circumference of the earth on which we live; for, were we to make the sweep less comprehensive, there would be some, most assuredly, who would be left outside who would claim to be enclosed within. Within that world circle is contained an exquisitely organised Spiritual Empire or kingdom, energising from the centre head, and obedient to him as the Apostles were to our Master, who has left His Vicar upon earth to represent His Divine authority. And as the organisation and the relation of parts is unique in the world, so is the firm unity of Doctrine, of Sacraments, of Sacrifice, of obedience, and of love, something unlike anything that man has ever set on foot. For over eighteen hundred years this vast Empire has been consolidating itself and expanding through the world, and taking possession of the hearts of men. It is a world-fact, living and energising, and occupying a larger place in the thoughts of men than any other civil or religious organisation. The Pope and the Church, at this hour, are the most penetrating power in the midst of human society: and no political step of any importance is taken by any of the rulers of the civil order without reference, direct or indirect, in one way or another, to the effect it is likely to produce upon the millions of Catholics spread throughout Christendom. Christianity has been, as a leaven, permeating through human society, and from the mouth of Christ proceeded those principles which not only rule the destinies of this Spiritual kingdom, but are inextricably interwoven with common law and with civil Governments throughout the world. The most infidel executives in Europe are even now, in spite of themselves, compelled to bend to Christian principle in many important matters; and in spite of themselves, whilst professing infidelity, they are thinking, in many ways, according to a tradition which is too grasping and too subtle for them to be independent of, or to get rid of altogether.

The fact of a village carpenter having, after His ignominious death, created Christendom, is as great a wonder as the fact of God having created the world. No man who is cautious, and who is capable of grasping the giant, or, rather, Divine revolution that our Lord effected on the broad stage of human life in the civil order as well as the moral and religious, can help being borne along to the conclusion that Mr. Mill's man could not have brought about such a result; for no man has ever done anything analogous to, or even faintly resembling—even at a distance—the work that was set on foot and carried out by Him who was born in a stable and died upon a cross. So far in general.

Now let us come to particulars, and take one or two types representing the incomparable hold that Christ gained over the human heart and conscience; gained not merely when men and women were fascinated by the personal charm that lived about Him, but after He had gone, on those who had never seen Him, but who, in faith, believed in Him, loved Him with a passionate affection, and died in witness to His Resurrection and Divinity. When we consider the millions, all down the ages, who have sacrificed all that the heart of man holds tenderest and sweetest for His Name's sake, when we mark the splendour of their character, the purity and the heroism of their lives: when we know that the highest and noblest natures were just those very ones which He knew best how to gather to Himself; when we become impressed with the fact that such as these, the chosen ones of earth, loved Him, served Him, worshipped Him, and died for His Name's sake, declaring Him to be God—how, I say, can we bring ourselves to imagine that He, after all, was merely a fellow creature who had become so sad a monomaniac as to go about the world declaring Himself to be equal with the Almighty Father, the Light of the World, the Forgiver of sins, and the future Judge of the human race? Such a supposition grates upon our logical faculty and jars upon our sense of fitness; and we are compelled to admit that, if there be difficulties in believing Christ

to be God, there are insuperable difficulties—absolutely immovable bars—standing in the way of believing Him merely to have been an excessively religious man, and a perfect, upright, truthful moralist.

Let us for a moment, then, look at a type or two, showing the effect that His love and His image produced upon those who had never seen Him. Take the early Church and its adherents as it stood bravely up in defence of the new philosophy. The Roman world and the Roman officials were not merely amazed, but staggered, by their audacity and by that new, unheard-of, germ of heroism which had sprung from the Cross of the Crucified. Cardinal Newman says,—"It is indeed difficult to enter into the feelings of irritation, and fear, of contempt and amazement, which were excited, whether in the town populace or in the magistrates, in the presence of conduct so novel, so unvarying, so absolutely beyond their comprehension. The very young and the very old, the child, the youth, in the heyday of his passions, the sober man of middle age, maidens, and mothers of families, boors, and slaves, as well as philosophers and nobles, solitary confessors, and companies of men and women—all these were seen equally to defy the powers of darkness to do their worst. In this strange encounter it became a point of honour with the Roman to break the determination of his victim, and it was the triumph of faith when his most savage expedients for that purpose were found to be in vain. The martyrs shrank from suffering like other men, but such natural shrinking was incommensurable with apostacy. No intensity of torture had any means of affecting what was a mental conviction; and the sovereign thought in which they had lived was their adequate support and consolation in their death. To them the prospect of wounds and loss of limbs was not more terrible than it is to the combatant of this world. They faced the implements of torture as the soldier takes his place before the enemy's battery. They cheered and ran forward to meet his attack, and as it were dared him, if

he would, to destroy the numbers who were ready to close up the foremost rank, as their comrades who had filled it fell. And when Rome at last found she had to deal with a host of Scævolas, then the proudest of earthly sovereignties, arrayed in the completeness of her material resources, humbled herself before a power which was founded on a mere sense of the unseen." *

Now there are endless types of this heroism; St. Ignatius before Trajan, St. Polycarp before the Proconsul, the young Germanicus, and Blandina and Sanctus and Epipodius and Symphorian and Leonidas and Potamicena of Alexandria, and Apollonia, and Pope Sixtus with Laurence his deacon, and thousands more, all of whom loved Christ better than they loved their lives, and proved by their violent deaths how passionate was the love that He had inspired into their hearts.

Take, in detail, one example as a fair specimen of what Christ, though He had not been seen to be loved, was enabled to effect in the heart of a pagan and sinful woman. Afra was the daughter of a lady of Cyprus and her mother had dedicated the child, from her infancy, to the worship of Venus, which means to the service of the most abandoned form of moral degradation. During the persecutions the Bishop of the place, not knowing of her wickedness, together with his deacon, took refuge in Afra's mother's house. He converted Afra and her three attendants; and all four of them set themselves to lead a penitential life. At length Afra was arrested by the pagan spies. Gaius, the judge, knew the history of Afra's former life, what she had been, and what she now had become, and he said to her, "Sacrifice to the gods; it is better to live than to die in torments." She replied, "I was a great sinner before I knew God, but I will not add new crimes, nor do what you command me." Gaius said, "Go to the temple and sacrifice." Afra said, "My temple is Jesus Christ, whom I have always before my eyes. Every day I confess my sins; and because I am

* Grammar of Assent, p. 471-2.

unworthy to offer Him any sacrifice, I desire to sacrifice myself in His name, that this body in which I have sinned may be purified and sacrificed to Him by torments." "I hear," replied the judge, "that you are a prostitute. Sacrifice, therefore, as you are a stranger to the God of the Christians, and cannot be accepted by Him." She said, "My Lord Jesus Christ said that He came down from heaven to save sinners. His Gospels testify that an abandoned woman washed His feet with her tears and obtained pardon, and that He never rejected such woman, nor the publicans, but suffered them to eat with Him." The judge replied, "Christ will not have you. A prostitute can never be called a Christian." She replied, "I know that God has not rejected me from before His face, because He has permitted me to come to the glorious confession of His holy Name, by which I hope to receive the pardon of all my sins." The judge said, "These are tales; sacrifice to the gods, and they will save you." She replied, "My Saviour is Christ, who, hanging on the Cross, promised paradise to the penitent thief." "Sacrifice," exclaimed the judge, "or I will have you stripped and flogged in the presence of your lovers." She said, "I am only ashamed at the remembrance of my sins." The judge cried out at her, "Sacrifice to the gods. If you will not, you shall die." She replied, "That is my desire, if only I am not unworthy to find rest by this confession." He persisted, "Sacrifice, or you shall be tormented and burnt alive." Afra replied, "Let the body which hath sinned undergo torments; but I will not taint my soul by sacrificing to demons." The judge now passed sentence, "We condemn Afra, a prostitute, who declares herself a Christian, to be burnt alive, because she will not sacrifice to the gods." She was instantly seized by the executioners, carried to an island, and then stripped and bound with thongs to a stake. Whilst they were doing this she said, as her eyes were turned to heaven and streaming with tears, "O Lord Jesus Christ, Almighty God, who camest to call not the just, but sinners to repentance, and has promised in Thy mercy that at

whatsoever hour the sinner is converted, Thou will not remember his sins; accept in this hour the penance of my sufferings, and by this temporal fire which consumes my body, deliver me from the eternal fire which torments both body and soul." As her tormentors were heaping branches and leaves round her and setting them on fire, she exclaimed, "I return Thee thanks, O Lord Jesus Christ, for the honour Thou hast done me in receiving me a holocaust for thy Name's sake; Thou who hast vouchsafed to offer Thyself upon the altar of the cross a sacrifice for the sins of the whole world, the just for the unjust, and for sinners. I offer myself a victim for Thee, O my God, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost world without end." Having uttered these words she became suffocated by the smoke and gave forth her heroic soul to God.

The Roman Catacombs are full of the ashes of countless martyrs who, like Afra, gave their witness to the Divinity of Christ. The inscriptions testify to their number. For instance, "Marcella and five hundred and fifty martyrs of Christ." "Burying-place of two hundred and fifty-nine martyrs of Christ." It is computed by the learned, says Deharbe, that during the first month of the first persecution from 15,000 to 17,000 Christians sealed their witness with their blood, and that eleven millions of martyrs, during all these trying times, spilt their blood in testimony to the Resurrection. In Rome alone 2,500,000 heroes delivered their bodies to the destroyer and earned the palm of martyrdom. Afra is but a type of ten thousand others, while she especially indicates the force of Christianity, her former life representing the corruption and animalisms of the pagan world, her latter life testifying to the exalting and purifying character of the principles of Jesus Christ. Is not all this enough and more than enough to convince the mind that Christ was more than man?

Allow me to draw you attention to the opinion, or, rather profound conviction, expressed by a man of genius who had studied the forces of human nature.

Napoleon the First, Emperor of the French, when in his banishment on the rock of St. Helena, was fond of comparing himself with other great conquerors and rulers of past ages. Whilst once conversing on such subjects with his attendants we are told that he turned round sharply on Count Montholon with the question, "Can you tell me who Jesus Christ was?" The Emperor elicited no reply, and he then continued, "Well, then, I will tell you: Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and I myself have founded great empires; but upon what did these creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for Him. * * * I think I understand something of human nature; and I tell you all these were men, and I am a man; none else is like Him; Jesus Christ was more than man. * * * * I have inspired multitudes with such an enthusiastic devotion that they would have died for me * * * * but to do this it was necessary that I should be *visibly* present with the electric influence of my looks, of my words, of my voice. When I saw men and spoke to them, I lighted up the flame of self-devotion in their hearts. * * * * Christ alone has succeeded in so raising the mind of man towards the Unseen, that it becomes insensible to the barriers of time and space. Across a chasm of eighteen hundred years Jesus Christ makes a demand which is beyond all others difficult to satisfy. He asks for that which a philosopher may often seek in vain at the hands of his friends, or a father of his children, or a bride of her spouse, or a man of his brother. He asks for the human heart; He will have it entirely to Himself He demands it unconditionally: and forthwith His demand is granted. Wonderful! In defiance of time and space, the soul of man, with all its powers and faculties, becomes an annexation to the empire of Christ. All who sincerely believe in Him experience that remarkable supernatural love towards Him. This phenomenon is unaccountable; it is altogether beyond the scope of man's creative powers. Time, the

great destroyer, is powerless to extinguish this sacred flame: time can neither exhaust its strength nor put a limit to its range. This it is which strikes me most; I have often thought of it. This it is which proves to me quite convincingly the Divinity of Jesus Christ."

Whether Napoleon ever made a speech couched in these words is somewhat problematic; indeed, I believe it to be very unlikely that he did so. But this is my point, namely, that they do convey an honest expression of Napoleon's strong views upon this subject. My authority for saying this is Count Montholon himself, who declared such to be the case in a communication of his to Chevalier de Beauterne, to whom the world is indebted for the publication of this remarkable utterance. Whether the form is Napoleon's, I care comparatively little; the matter is his without a doubt; and he, a keen, deep-thinking, practical man of the world, and an extraordinary genius, at once detects the Divine in Jesus Christ, and declares Him, without equivocation, to be God. Now, whilst we admit that our Blessed Saviour must have been Divine, because He declared this to be so Himself, and performed countless miracles to prove it; whilst we see, clearly, that the Fountain of Life within Him was Godly, we can proceed one step further, and can detect, in His heavenly method, an attractiveness and a fascination for the human heart which, of itself, is capable of eliciting a passionate affection. I refer to the Compassionateness and Patience of Jesus Christ Weak and fallen humanity felt its wound; it saw the priest and levite passing by, but the Good Samaritan stopped, and in His treatment of the forlorn and wounded man displayed, for all time to come, the Compassionateness of our tender Master, and His ardent craving to comfort those who are in grief or pain, and to bestow upon them every consolation, though it should be earned by His tears, and bought at the price of His own life's blood.

The Parable of the lost sheep is another merciful similitude, pointing, as our Lord's whole life did, to that

most remarkable and Divine attribute of His infinite Compassionateness.

But of all our Master's Parables and Proverbs the crowning one is that related in St Luke's fifteenth chapter, just after that of the Lost Sheep, and which goes popularly by the name of "The Prodigal Son." In this Parable the new law of Patience and Compassionateness is illustrated in a most exquisite manner. This is one of our Lord's most elaborate similitudes; and its perfect finish and fittingness, and the tenderness of it, and the loving-kindness displayed in it, have rendered it, perhaps, of all others, the most popular. So rich is it in golden principles of Christian teaching that it has been called a Gospel within the Gospel—*Evangelium in Evangelio.*

Allow me to read to you the very words of our Redeemer before I proceed to comment on them. "And He said: A certain man had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father—'Father, give me the portion of substance that falleth to me.' And he divided unto them his substance. And not many days after the younger son gathering all together, went abroad into a far country, and there wasted his substance living riotously. And after he had spent all, there came a mighty famine in that country, and he began to be in want. And he went and cleaved to one of the citizens of that country. And he sent him into his farm to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him. And returning to himself, he said, 'How many hired servants in my father's house abound with bread, and I here perish with hunger? I will arise, and will go to my father and say to him: father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee; I am not worthy to be called thy son, make me as one of thy hired servants.' And rising up he came to his father. And when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and running to him fell upon his neck and kissed him. And the son said to him: 'Father, I have sinned against

heaven and before thee, I am not now worthy to be called thy son.' And the father said to his servants: 'Bring forth quickly the first robe, and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat and make merry because this my son was dead, and has come to life again, was lost, and is found.' And they began to be merry. Now his elder son was in the field, and when he came and drew nigh to the house he heard music and dancing, and he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said to him: 'Thy brother is come, and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe.' And he was angry, and would not go in. His father, therefore, coming out, began to entreat him. And he answering, said to his father; 'behold for so many years do I serve thee, and I have never transgressed thy commandment, and yet thou hast never given me a kid to make merry with my friends; but as soon as this thy son is come, who hath devoured his substance with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf.' But he said to him: 'Son, thou art always with me, and all I have is thine. But it was fit that we should make merry and be glad, for this thy brother was dead, and is come to life again; he was lost and is found.'"*

This Parable is variously interpreted by different Fathers of the Church. Some teach that the two sons represent the Jews and Gentiles, the elder the Jews, the younger the Gentiles, who, by the preaching of the Gospel, returned to their Father's house, whilst the Jews, dull of heart and mind, did not receive of the same gracious promises. Others tell us that two classes of sinners are illustrated by the two sons, proud men and penitent men. Others teach that both interpretations may be considered fitting, one not excluding the other, so that the Parable may be read both ways without one interpretation interfering with the other.

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* Luke, Chap. xv., 1-32.

My point is a simple one, and this Parable illustrates it in a most vivid and perfect manner. I say that the great note or mark of Christianity is its Compassionateness and Patience, and the main contrast between our Blessed Lord and the Scribes, Pharisees and Doctors of the Law amongst the Jews, was in this very thing—in His Divine Patience and Compassionateness for sorrow and for sickness and for sinners, even for those who exhibited a hard, bitter, grinding, resentful spirit. The Pharisees and Scribes represented the degraded form of the Judaism of that day; Christ, the new law of Compassionate Love and Patient self-denying charity. Jesus did not come for the just, but for sinners. The Physician was sent to those who were ill, not to those in good health. He eat and drank and conversed with extortioners and outcasts and public criminals, and with prostitutes of the town, with those with whom others did not dare to be seen; and He, by His Divine Compassionateness and Patient Gentleness, melted their hearts, purified them, and prepared them for seats of joy with Him in heavenly places. He did not fear contamination. There was no danger of His being led away. The sun of heaven shines not only on the waving cornfields and the grassy slopes, but pierces into horror-stricken caves, and into dark receptacles of corruption and decay, and strikes on everything, clean and filthy alike, with his rays, and still remains all pure and spotless in his glorious shining. So our Master could touch and be touched by the sores and corruptions of humanity without His being, for one moment, anywhere stained or spotted, or having His lustre dimmed the least; whilst His very presence had a healing power in it to cure the foulness of the leper, to give sight to the born-blind, and to raise to life and strength the corpse that was breaking up and putrifying in the tomb.

In this parable, I say, the Divine Compassionateness and Patience of our Redeemer is splendidly illustrated. As Christ was typified by the Good Samaritan and the Good Shepherd, so here, the father of the Prodigal represents our Lord Himself. It appears that this father

had two sons. Like many others, since Christ's day, they gave their father plenty of trouble. The elder seems to have lived a common-place sort of life, and to have possessed very little generosity of disposition. He was a selfish lad, and indulged in that contracted, matter-of-fact way of viewing things—starting from himself always as the centre—which is the mark of a nasty, low, and ignoble spirit. He appears to have done his duty in a mechanical sort of way, and to have had very little genuine, filial love for his father. No doubt he had given his father plenty of reason to know all this, and yet that father treated his boy with great tenderness, and did not allow his stubborn and forbidding character to stand in the way of his paternal love and care.

Evidently, the one thing this father lived for was for his children. All he had he considered theirs, rather than his own. Without a word he divided, on being requested to do so by one of them, his proper portion of substance to each of his sons; and his one anxiety was that they should be happy and contented. He was brimful of love towards them to overflowing, and in his thought of them he altogether forgot himself. How different were the dispositions of the sons themselves! Both pierced their father's heart by their self-seeking and want of filial tenderness. The younger must needs seek greater freedom. Regardless of his father's feelings, he demands his portion of substance. And as if his father had no claim whatever upon him, after a few days, he leaves house and home without saying good-bye to anyone, goes abroad into a far country, spends every farthing of his patrimony in riotous living and debauchery, is brought to bankruptcy and beggary, and is compelled to pin himself on to one of the citizens of that country to save himself from collapsing through absolute starvation. This citizen, like a hard man of business, gives the young spendthrift a job—that of tending and feeding the pigs on his farm. No provision of any kind was made for him. He had to shift for himself, as well as he could, and he was glad to fill his empty belly with the dry pods or skins which he

stole from the pig-troughs of his master. The cravings of hunger, the shiverings from cold amongst his rags, the forlorn condition he was reduced to, this absolute desperation had its salutary effect. He "returned to himself," he began to feel what a heartless fool he had been. He saw, in his mind's eye, his father's house filled with plenty and beaming with comforts even for the servants; he saw, in imagination, the venerable and benign figure of one who had always loved him, as he knew well, beyond all his deserts; and making one desperate resolution, urged by the extremity of his position, he exclaimed, "How many hired servants in my father's house abound with bread, and I here perish with hunger. I will arise, and will go to my father, and say to him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee; I am not worthy to be called thy son, make me as one of thy hired servants!'"

See how tenderly the father must have treated him in old days, when he was at home; for had he not so treated him, how could the Prodigal have placed such implicit confidence in his father's forgiving spirit? how could he have dared to get up at once, and in all his rags and miseries face his father's home? Now, this father, ever since the Prodigal had left him in that heartless way, had cherished the thought of him in his memory. He felt his absence keenly, his empty chair, his familiar voice, his generous affectionateness of childhood, and many other loving qualities, that, evidently, he must, after all his thoughtlessness and wildness, have possessed. How did the father know he was coming back? Perhaps he knew his boy's disposition so well that he felt sure it was only a matter of time for him to welcome his return again. He was continually on the watch for him. Though emaciated with starvation, and clothed in rags, and broken in spirit, and scarcely able to walk through weakness, his father recognised him at once, even "when he was yet a great way off." Now, what occurred on the father seeing him at a long distance off in this pitiful condition? "He was moved with compassion," says our Saviour.

Here then is the motive power, the new Divine Force that our Lord and Master brought into the world as one of the main features of Christianity. So overcome with tenderness and compassion was this father, knowing what his boy must have gone through in that "far off country" that he began to run to meet him, old as he was, though the son was still "a great way off," and did not slacken his pace till he fell on the Prodigal's neck, and kissed him silently, with the passionate emotion of a mother who had found her long-lost only son. And whilst the father was breathlessly resting his head upon the young man's breast, his child said to him, bursting, as we may well imagine, into tears, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, I am not worthy to be called thy son."

The father, hardly listening to him for very joy, with his whole mind fixed upon his sudden happiness, did not answer him, but turned to the servants, and said, "Bring forth quickly the first robe," for he could not endure to see his child in those filthy rags, "and put it on him;" and seeing his dried and bony hands and his torn and naked feet, he added, "and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet:" and seeing his hungry look and pinched appearance, "and bring hither the fatted calf, kill it, and let us eat and make merry, because this my son was dead and is come to life again, was lost and is found!"

Ponder now for one moment on this wonderful, this touchingly consoling picture. How the whole heart of the father was charged to overflowing with one thought —"This my son was dead and is come to life again, was lost, and is found!" That was his one over-mastering idea, his one absorbing thought; and he could not rest until he had set the whole household in motion with the same feeling that he felt himself, and had ordered a great feast with music and dancing and the bringing out in triumph and the killing of the fatted calf. This gives us a true picture of the new element Christ brought into the world with Christianity, His Divine Patience and

Compassionateness. This, taken with his Divinity, is the secret of His power and His hold upon the hearts of men, and of nations, which are composed of men. What son could be so utterly depraved as not to be melted and won by the love of such a father?

But now comes, what I have always felt to be the most sublime picture of the exercise of patience and compassionateness to be found in Holy Writ. I do not think it has been dwelt upon as it deserves to be, at least, I have not seen it especially referred to as the most striking note of the patience and compassion of the father's heart. The elder son, a surly fellow, as I said, who had, evidently, little imagination, and much touchiness—who had plodded away during his brother's absence, in the obscure round of household duties—and had lived a kind of negative life of filial obedience — whilst the father was rejoicing with the younger son amidst the sound of music and dancing—came wearedly home from the hard labour of the field. He heard, as he approached, the sounds of merry-making, the joyful laugh, the tinkling music, the happy echoes of innocent revelry. Cross with himself and with the whole world round about him, he called one of the servants, and asked what all this noise meant. And the servant said: "Thy brother is come, and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe." But this did not satisfy the elder son. It seems to have made him all the more angry and morose. And, in spite of all entreaties, he refused, point blank, to join the party. Now, it is the conduct of the father towards this surly son, so ill-conditioned and repulsive in his bearing, that strikes me as being the very acme and perfection of patience and compassionateness. What does the father do when the elder son refuses to join the party, and thus, publicly, before all the servants and friends who were there, censures the conduct of the father, and casts a slur on the whole proceeding which so filled his heart with joy? I can imagine a father receiving the prodigal penitent son, but with this one, with his forbidding

unbrotherly unfilial ways, I can hardly imagine a father exercising much patience or forbearance. But what did this father do? Did he upbraid this spoiler of and snarler at the merry-making? No. He left his place amongst the guests, and went outside and "began to entreat him," to implore him to come in and join the party. Full of jealousy the son bitterly exclaimed, "Behold, for so many years do I serve thee, and have never transgressed thy commandment, and yet thou hast never given me a kid to make merry with my friends; but as soon as this thy son is come, who hath devoured his substance with harlots, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf."

Now would not the father naturally be disgusted with this speech? Had he not divided even to this son his substance as well as to the other*, and had he not kept him all this while, in addition, under his own roof? and was it not too trying that this ill-conditioned fellow should grumble and growl on such an occasion as this? Under these circumstances what did the father really do? He did what alone the Preacher of the "Sermon on the Mount" would be capable of doing. He did not even look reproachfully on his elder son; he did not even gently rebuke him. His heart was so swimming with love for him that he showed no sign of perceiving his unbrotherly and cross-grained behaviour. He simply told him one thing which was telling him everything—not in a tone of authority—which he well might have assumed—but almost as if he had been himself in the wrong, apologetically, reminding him that after all he, the elder son, had been blessed with the greater blessing. He said to him, "Son, thou art always with with Me," Surely, that was more—being always close upon the Father's heart and under His loving eye—than being received for one short evening with joy and gladness on account of the extraordinary event of the lost son being found, the dead son being brought to life. "Son, thou art always with me," and not only so, but

* Chap. xv., 12.

all these years that thou has been with me we have made common cause. I have not only given to thee thy share of the common property; but I have so dealt with thee that all that is left to me is as much thine as mine—"Son, thou art always with me, and all I have is thine!"

Now I ask you, is not this wonderful! does it not make tears gather to the eyes to witness the unconquerable tenderness, patience and Divine compassionateness of Jesus Christ? Considering all he, the father had to suffer from both sons—both very unlike their father—and taking the whole circumstances of the case into consideration—is there not something Divine in the mysterious patience and love of Jesus Christ as manifested to us in this similitude? I do not say it proves His Divinity; but that His word corroborated by His deed, and brought to bear upon His Divine compassionateness and patience as manifested in the Parable of the prodigal son, creates in the mind a heavenly harmony, and leaves an impression, perfectly explicit and indelible, to the effect, that the power of word and deed and the Divine patience and compassionateness are, all of them, attributes of the One same Individual—are manifestations not of the energy and illumination of a mere man, but of a series of harmonious and God-like qualities, which, when taken together, point to oneness with the Father and identity of essence with the same.

Taken by itself, the Parable of the Prodigal does not prove Christ's Divinity; taken with His claims, and His Miracles in support of them, it weighs the balance down, and kicks the beam, whilst we exclaim with St. Thomas, the Apostle: "My Lord and my God!" or with Peter, once the prevaricator, but who afterwards was chosen out to confirm his brethren; "Thou art Christ the Son of the Living God!"

Now turn to the Miracle which I am to dwell upon this evening. To bring my thoughts out most effectually allow me to place before your mind's eye one of the most splendid masterpieces of oil painting that has ever been

achieved by the hand and genius of man. It was the last picture that the artist painted ; indeed, he was suddenly attacked by fever before he had had time to finish it fully, and died whilst the paint was still wet, leaving it for the admiration of future generations and for the despair, so far as colour goes, of all future artists. It was painted to to the order of Cardinal de Medici, the artist's name was Raphael, and the picture, still exhibited in the Vatican, is called the "Transfiguration." No doubt most of my hearers, if they have not seen the original, have seen prints and paintings representing it. The picture is divided into two distinct parts, and yet the artist has contrived to give a unity to them which shows him to have been a theologian as well as a great painter, as will appear in its proper place. Above, our Lord is represented as rising in the air over Mount Tabor, surrounded by dazzling light, and Himself shining with a supernatural fire, making His garments white, as with burnished silver mixed with drifted snow. On Christ's right hand, floating in the air, and illuminated by the beaming effulgence is Elias, and, on the other, Moses, holding the Tables of the Law. Below the transfigured Christ, but on the summit of the mountain, are Peter, James and John, overwhelmed and prostrate on the earth, shading their faces with their hands, on account of the excess of bewildering, dazzling sunlight that burns and flashes so close upon them. As this vision stood at its highest, all at once a voice Divine spoke from out the cloud above the head of Christ, saying, "This is my most beloved Son ; hear ye Him !"

This splendid vision of Christ's Transfiguration, and this Heavenly testimony to His Divinity form the upper portion of the picture. Below, at the foot of the high mountain, a very different scene presents itself. Human misery and sorrow, human pride and contention are there faithfully depicted. There is represented a child with staring eyes and wild and open mouth, and fierce and frantic gesture, his right arm is lifted up straight above

his head, and the other convulsively pointing straight into the earth, whilst the whole frame seems convulsed, as the tension on all the muscles of his body bespeaks one suffering from diabolical possession, mixed with violent epileptic fits. His father, with his eyes staring out of their sockets, and with a look of unutterable woe and death-like weariness, is trying ineffectually to hold the youth steady; whilst the crowd round about are talking altogether and excitedly gesticulating, some pointing to the unfortunate child, and others, as if to indicate where strength and health alone can come from, pointing up to the transfigured Lord floating in His sea of heavenly glory. This pointing from earth to heaven, from the epileptic child, and his broken-hearted father, to the splendid vision of the Transfigured One, forms that bond of union between the two portions of the picture to which I referred just now, and without which the parts would possess no note whatever in common. As it is, the design is strictly theological and scriptural. The voice that exclaimed "This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him," gives the key to the power of Jesus over the most malignant cases of diabolical possession. He came to crush the serpent's head; He came to prove His mastery over sin and hell; and all through His Divine career He is continually rebuking Satan, driving him forth, and displaying His supreme dominion over the king of wicked spirits, and over all the emissaries of the evil one. Sometimes men possessed by devils lived like savages and wild beasts amidst caves and rocks, and tombs and sepulchres. Our Master met two such unfortunate demoniacs in the country of the Gerasens, and they were so fierce, that the people dared not pass by that way for fear of them. On becoming conscious of our Lord's presence the devils in the men cried out: "What have we to do with Thee, Jesus Son of God? art Thou come hither to torment us before the time?" and our Lord, by His Divine power, drove them out of the men.

So it happened, on another occasion, in the synagogue

itself.* A man with an unclean spirit cried out: "What have we to do with Thee, Jesus of Nazareth? are Thou come to destroy us? I know who Thou art, the Holy One of God!" Our Lord commanded the spirit to depart from the man. "And the unclean spirit tearing him and crying out with a loud voice, went out of him."

Now let me read you the words of St. Mark, who describes the Miracle of healing the child possessed by the dumb spirit. After the Transfiguration, which I have just described, our Master came down from the mountain to join those disciples whom He had not taken with Him to witness the glorious sight.

"And coming to His disciples," says St. Mark, "He saw a great multitude about them, and the Scribes disputing with them. And presently all the people seeing Jesus were astonished and struck with with fear; and running to Him, they saluted Him. And He asked them: What do you question about among you? And one of the multitude answering, said: "Master, I have brought my son to Thee, having a dumb spirit. Who, wherever he taketh him, dasheth him, and he foameth, and gnasheth with the teeth, and pineth away; and I spoke to Thy disciples to cast him out, and they could not. Who answering them said: O incredulous generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you? Bring him unto Me. And they brought him. And when He had seen him, immediately the spirit troubled him; and being thrown down upon the ground, he rolled about foaming. And He asked his father: How long time is it since this hath happened unto him? But he said: From his infancy: And often times hath he cast him into the fire, and into the waters to destroy him. But if Thou canst do any thing, help us, having compassion on us. And Jesus saith to him: If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. And immediately the father of the boy, crying out, with tears, said: I do believe, Lord; help my unbelief. And when Jesus saw the multitude running together, He threatened the unclean spirit, saying to him: Deaf and dumb spirit, I command thee, go out of him, and enter not any more into him. And crying out, and greatly tearing him, he went out of him, and he became as dead, so that many said: He is dead. But Jesus taking him by the hand, lifted him up; and he arose. And when He was come into the house, His disciples secretly asked Him: Why could we not cast him out? And He said to them: This kind can go out by nothing, but by prayer and fasting. And departing from thence, they passed through Galilee; and He would not that any man should know it.

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* Mark i., 23.

Coming straight down from the glory of the heavenly vision, our Lord, it would seem, still bore about His countenance some gleam of extra brightness, and the people seeing Him coming down towards them "were astonished and struck with fear." There was a great multitude at the foot of the mountain waiting for the return of the Master. During His absence some of His disciples had been requested to relieve the poor possessed lad who, struggling and foming, and dashing himself about, and almost destroying himself, had nearly broken his father's heart; often times the boy had nearly been burnt alive, or killed outright, by the violent shocks he suffered from on being thrown and tossed about by a power stronger than his own, which now plunged him into the fire, now hurried him into the water, till the poor lad lost all consciousness of self, and fainted and pined away as if he were about to give up the ghost. Implored by the father of the poor boy to help him, the Disciples used all their efforts to drive out the malignant spirit. But still the boy foamed at the mouth, gnashed his teeth, rolled on the ground, and seemed as if some foul beast of prey, strong as a tiger, nimble as a panther, had taken possession of his being and was making it its own.

The Scribes and Jews looking on and seeing how egregiously the Disciples had failed to work a miracle, began to sneer at them and argue with them, and browbeat them for impostors and pretenders to powers which they did not in reality possess. It was during these altercations that our Saviour appeared amongst the multitude. As He approached the people ran to meet Him. They knew where the real power was to be found. Our Lord asked them what they were disputing about. And one of the multitude answering, said, 'Master, I have brought my son to Thee, having a dumb spirit.' Then the father, in most touching and graphic terms, explained with what violence the fierce spirit had been treating the poor lad "who whenever he taketh him, dasheth him and he foameth and gnasheth with the teeth, and pineth away." Having upbraided their want of faith, our Lord

said, in His own calm majestic manner, "Bring him unto Me." Now a meeting was to take place between Him who had just been transfigured in glory and had been declared to be the beloved Son of God, and one of those foul fiends whose occupation it is to destroy the work which that Son of God came on earth to accomplish. The devil within, that satanic panther which possessed the lad, felt the presence of its Lord and Master. "They brought him," says the Evangelist, "and immediately the spirit troubled him, and being thrown down upon the ground, he rolled about foaming." Our Lord, on seeing this painful sight, turned to the boy's father and said: "How long time is it since this hath happened unto him?' The father replied—"From his infancy. And oftentimes hath he cast him into the fire and into the waters to destroy him. But if Thou canst do anything, help us, having compassion on us." The father appealed on his own behalf as well as his son's, and based his claim to help on that Divine attribute—the Compassionateness of Christ. The father's confidence evidently had been shaken by the failure of the Disciples, after having attempted to work his son's cure. "If Thou canst do anything." as if he should say, "Your Disciples disappointed me, perhaps you have no more power than they."

Our Lord then gave the great Christian receipt for obtaining favours and for being blessed with supernatural graces; the one condition without which He declined to work His miracles or bestow any especial mercies on the people. "And Jesus said to him: If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." The father, hearing this, and half wild with anxious desire to have his son relieved from his frightful malady, burst into tears, fearing lest his faith were not strong enough to produce so great a cure, and exclaimed, "I do believe Lord; help my unbelief!" How earnest was this man! How keenly desirous to do the will of God; how beautifully he rests his confidence and faith in Christ by the very words he uses when he says, "Help my unbelief!"

Seeing the father's faith, our Master, drawing Himself up and displaying in His tone and manner a certain judicial majesty, uttered, with authority which could not be disregarded, these words: "Deaf and dumb spirit, I command thee to go out of him, and enter not any more into him. And crying out and greatly tearing him he went out of him, and the child became as dead, so that many said: He is dead. But Jesus, taking him by the hand, lifted him up, and cured the boy and restored him to his father." When the Disciples afterwards asked our Saviour how it was they failed to cure the boy He replied: "This kind can go out by nothing but by prayer and fasting."

Now what do we learn from this miracle? First, our Lord's Transfiguration which immediately preceded it, and the Voice from the cloud, point to the great dogmatic fact of Christ's Divinity. To quote the words of one of the Fathers: "He brings Moses and Elias before them, that is, before Peter, James, and John, who witnessed the Transfiguration, first, indeed, because the multitudes said that Christ was Elias, and one of the Prophets, He shews Himself to the Apostles with them, that they might see the difference between the Lord and His servants. And again because the Jews accused Christ of transgressing the law, and thought Him a blasphemer, as if He arrogated to Himself the glory of the Father, He brought before them those who shone conspicuous both ways; for Moses gave the law, and Elias was zealous for the glory of God; for which reason neither would have stood near Him, if He had been opposed to God and His law * * Furthermore He signified by this that the doctrine of the Prophets was the schoolmaster to the doctrine of Christ He also signified the function of the Old and New Testament, and that the Apostles shall be joined in the resurrection with the Prophets, and both together shall go forth to meet their common king." Again: St. Chrysostom, referring to the Voice in the cloud, says: "The voice proceeded from a cloud in which God is wont to appear, that they might believe that the Voice was

sent forth from God. But in that He says, "This is My Beloved Son," He declares that the will of the Father and the Son is one, and that, save in that He is the Son, He is in all things One with Him who begot Him."

Now as Raphael makes one picture of the two events of the Transfiguration above Mount Tabor and of the possessed boy below, so may we see a oneness in both events, that is, the power of God our Saviour in the first instance, manifesting itself in His glorification, and, in the second, in His supreme jurisdiction not only over diseases of the body, but over the fiends of darkness and the powers of hell. As the Voice from the cloud proclaimed Christ Divine, so the voices of the devils, or devils using the organs of human beings, proclaimed Him to be Divine as well. Heaven, earth, and hell, God the Almighty Father, the Apostles and Evangelists, and the very fiends themselves, are of one mind on this point, that Christ is God, the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity, Incarnate for man's redemption, and the Judge of all mankind. I need not point to the liturgy of the Church in her exorcisms to show you what bearing this miracle and those of the same class have upon her doctrine and her discipline. Her teaching with regard to Satan and evil spirits, her methods of dealing with them by fasting and prayer, her constant care to protect her children against their wiles. her blessings, her crosses, her sprinklings, her exorcisms, all these things are in keeping with, and and are continuations and developments of the Gospel teachings with regard to possessions, obsessions, and the various other forms in which evil spirits torment the bodies and souls of men.

There is not a Parable or Miracle recorded in the New Testament which does not illustrate or confirm, which is not the root or the germ of some dogmatic or moral verity, as expounded and expanded by the theologians of the schools according to the various requirements of Holy Church.

If Christ and if the Evangelists are truthful witnesses, the Catholic Church must be Christ's Church; for the

Catholic Church, alone of all Churches, is in harmony throughout the entire gamut with the teachings, whether by Parable or Miracle, or otherwise, of our Saviour Jesus Christ. If He had a "plan," and it is clear He had one, its realization must, and can alone be found in that universal Spiritual Empire which has Rome for a centre and the earth for a circumference, and which shows less sign of failure and more signs of vigour in the light of the nineteenth century, than ever she has done before.

One word in conclusion. If with Mr. Mill we say Christ is only a man, His claims, as put in a man's mouth, are simple blasphemies and follies, whereas as put into the mouth of God, they are the very claims He would naturally urge. If the realization of Christ's claims in the adoration and passionate love of nations is put down as being brought about simply by the influence of a fellow-creature—of a poor mechanic—the cause, we cannot help feeling, is far from adequate to this effect. With Napoleon, we are compelled to recognize here a power beyond man's, a power and influence belonging alone to God. This view of the case is corroborated by two miracles, that of our Lord's Transfiguration with the Voice exclaiming from the cloud, "This is My Beloved Son," and that of the boy possessed by a fiend of hell, which fiend, stronger than the Apostles, fled away at the command of the Redeemer of the World. When we add to this our Lord's teaching on Patience and Compassionateness, and the realisation of both in the Christian Church, we again are comforted in mind by the feeling that that dogma of Christ's Divinity which faith offers for our acceptance is perfectly in accordance with the conclusions of most cautious human reasoning.

LECTURE VI.

THE WISE AND FOOLISH VIRGINS, AND THE RAISING FROM THE DEAD.

I have believed that Thou art Christ the Son of the living God who art come into the world. (Luke xi., 27.)

I HAVE now come to the last of my Lenten lectures on the Divinity of Christ and on the supernatural character of His Church. As representing the highest and most respected English thought amongst deniers of our Lord's Divinity, I have chosen, as being far beyond all others of his class in logical clearness and controversial fairness, John Stuart Mill, as my antagonist. As representing a growing school of infidelity I, therefore, selected him to join issue with, because I felt that if I could prove to your satisfaction that that great philosopher is absolutely untrustworthy when laying down the law on a fundamental question of religion, you would then, perhaps, not be so easily dazzled in future, or upset, when other gentlemen of far less mental power, like Tyndal, or Huxley, or Spenser, or Stephen, and such like scientists, deny the supernatural, and, without according a patient hearing to the theologian, condemn his conclusions, and treat them with that sort of superciliousness which indicates that they have never condescended to examine them, having taken it for granted, as a foregone conclusion, that they were beneath the contempt of an enlightened and educated man.

There is nothing to me so unaccountable, or, at least, so astonishing, as the dogmatic and even fierce bigotry of men whose boast it is that logic and verification are the two great instruments for the discovery of truth, and that passion and prejudice are two of truth's greatest enemies.

However, so it is; and those same scientists are, at the present day, ruling the world to a very great extent; for the world, seeing that they are really eminent in their own special calling, accepts their dicta on the subject-matter of that calling as a kind of gospel which it would be folly to oppose and which must be preached by all enlightened minds. Having thus gained, and often justly gained, a high reputation in one department of knowledge, the world—which is continually being taken in—forgets that that is no guarantee whatever that these gentlemen are eminent in quite another department of knowledge. It does not see that their eminence in one department is, on the contrary, rather than otherwise, an impediment to real eminence in another. To be eminent in any one science in these days requires the deep and constant application of a life-time; if, then, it takes so much out of a man's life to be great, for instance, in natural science, what time would he have left to become really profound in the deepest of all studies—the study of religion?

As we have seen, Mr. Mill was a great philosopher, a deep thinker, a fair and candid opponent, a man of the highest eminence in his own especial line; but, for all that, when he presumed to lay down the law on religion, he cut his own throat, and opened himself out to logical annihilation, not from want of logic, but on account of his holding in contempt views and convictions the basis of which he could not have patiently and seriously set himself to study. Now I consider it very important that these brilliant scientists, who exert so vast a power at the present day, should be dispossessed of that mysterious influence which seems to hang about their every word. They should be shoved back into their proper place; and have only that amount of credit accorded to them which is in keeping with the especial study in which they are really strong.

Dr. Ward, in one of his recent essays, gives a startling example of the way in which these men tyrannise over, I will not say the minds—anyhow, the imaginations, of

excellent individuals. He refers to a friend of his, a High-Church Anglican, who, whilst repudiating the authority of the Catholic Church, pinned his faith to the dicta of "illustrious thinkers"—like those whose names I have mentioned—and absolutely denied the existence of God on their authority. "Who am I," he asked, "that I should oppose my own personal prepossessions to the declaration of these great men?" Dr. Ward, speaking of Theism, combats the wisdom of thus being led blindfolded by gentlemen who, having a high name for one thing, need in no way have a high name for another. His words are so weighty that I will read them to you, simply substituting "Divinity of Christ" for "Theism" all through the passage. He says:- "Firstly, it is manifest that—however conclusive and irresistible the arguments for Christ's Divinity may be in themselves—there is no practical possibility for any denier of it being convinced by them unless he brings to their study a patient and sustained struggle of attention; unless he energetically labours to remove the mountain of prejudice, which must otherwise intercept from him their view. Secondly, it is no less manifest to any man of ordinary knowledge and education who will exercise the simplest common sense and common observation, that these 'illustrious thinkers' do nothing of the kind. On the contrary, they consistently preserve the most supercilious and disdainful attitude towards the doctrine of Christ's Divinity; nor do they show the faintest trace of a notion, that they are under any kind of disadvantage in religious investigations. Never were there men more densely prejudiced, or more densely unaware of the circumstance. From the mere fact, therefore, that they account the arguments for Christ's Divinity worthless, there arises not the faintest presumption that those arguments may not be (as we, of course, are convinced they are) entirely irrefragable."

Those amongst you who may have been somewhat surprised that Mr. Mill should have so glaringly committed himself with regard to our Lord's Divinity—should have denied point blank a patent and absolutely undeniable

fact—I mean our Lord's claim to be the Son of God equal to the Father—those who have thus been naturally startled, will now see how such an upsetting blunder came to be made. And if the greatest leading philosophers and masters in natural science are proved to be quite unsafe guides, what are we to say of the small-fry who follow them, and whilst excessively inferior to them in every mental quality that solicits respect, out-herod Herod in their disgusting dogmatism and in the miserable narrownesss and shallowness of their views?

Having thus disposed of the empty tinsel and glitter which seems to give a sort of factitious brilliancy to any nonsense scientific men may talk, I will proceed to touch upon the Parable which I have chosen for this evening's consideration—that of the five Wise and five Foolish Virgins. Here it will become evident that our Master is not only the King of Mercy and Compassion, but also the King of Just Judgment, who, though an all-merciful Friend and Saviour, will not be trifled with beyond a certain point; and who, finally, will measure out to each child of Adam according to his deserts—reward to the good, punishment to the bad. Allow me to read to you the Parable from the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew :—

Then shall the Kingdom of Heaven be like to ten virgins, who, taking their lamps, went out to meet the bridegroom and the bride. And five of them were foolish, and five wise. But the five foolish, having taken their lamps, did not take oil with them. But the wise took oil in their vessels with the lamps. And the bridegroom tarrying, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry made: Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye forth to meet him. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said to the wise: Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out. The wise answered, saying: Lest perhaps, there be not enough for us and for you, go ye rather to them that sell and buy for yourselves. Now whilst they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage, and the door was shut. But at last came also the other virgins, saying: Lord, Lord, open to us. But He answering, said: Amen I say to you, I know you not. Watch ye, therefore, you know not the day nor the hour.

Here our Saviour gives an account of an Eastern marriage. There seems to have been but little change in the Eastern

ceremonial since the time of our blessed Lord. Trench quotes a recent traveller in the East who gives the following account of what he saw : "We went to view the nocturnal procession which always accompanies the bridegroom in escorting his betrothed spouse from the paternal roof to that of her future husband. This consisted of nearly one hundred of the first persons in Joannina, with a great crowd of torch-bearers, and a band of music. After having received the lady they returned, but were joined by an equal number of ladies, who paid this compliment to the bride." So it would seem that the ten virgins spoken of by our Saviour correspond to the "equal number of ladies," who seem to have joined the bridal procession at some convenient spot. We may suppose in the present instance that the bridegroom had already set out with his retinue and his friends for the house in which the bride dwelt—most probably her father's house —in order that when night drew on he might escort her with torches and music and triumph and joy to the great banquet which he had prepared at his own house for her and her friends and for his own goodly company. Whilst the bridegroom was thus engaged in the house of the bride, ten virgins—and ten form a company according to Jewish ritual—had taken their lamps, and were waiting for the first sound and the first sight, through the darkening night, of the joyous bridal procession, in order that they might fall in with it, and, finally, take part in the splendid banquet that is always prepared on such occasions. Of these virgins, five were foolish, and five were wise. All brought lamps, but all did not bring with the lamps the necessary vessels of oil to replenish them with. The five who were wise did so, the foolish five omitted to do so. Possibly, if the bridegroom had left the bride's house at the ordinary hour, the five foolish virgins' lamps might have sufficed without replenishing. They were foolish in taking for granted that he would not tarry. They acted as if they thought that he would not delay. And this was just the very thing that the Bridegroom did. Indeed he tarried so long that both

the wise and the foolish virgins fell into a profound sleep whilst waiting for him, "they all slumbered and slept." They slept a long deep sleep, till twelve o'clock at night. At that midnight hour, friends most likely who had preceded the main procession, heralded the coming of the joyous happy pair. "At midnight"—whilst the virgins were all asleep there was a cry made—"Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye forth to meet him!" At once the ten young women burst out of their lethargy, and, as was very natural at that time of night, began at once to turn to their lamps. Now the hand-lamps which were used on these occasions were small, and not capable of holding a large quantity of oil, so that it would soon fall short unless a supply were carried in a separate vessel. Attached to these hand-lamps by a fine chain were two little instruments, one pointed, to trim the wick, and another hooked, for putting out anything that might have got into the oil or about the wick. Immediately on waking the ten virgins got up, and began, as I said, to look at their lamps, which were not giving a very steady or brilliant light. To trim them was the first thing to do. Even those without oil trimmed, or, at least, prepared their lamps, so that they would be ready for oil if any should be forthcoming. They, no doubt, saw their five wise companions, each with her little cruise of oil, replenishing the nearly finished oil in their respective lamps. They saw the flame burn up, bright and steady, as the wick was adjusted, and as everything about it was placed in perfect working order. As for their own lamps, the more they went on trimming them, so much the more evident signs did they give, by their flickering and growing dulness, of a lack of that one thing necessary without which all trimming and preparing is in vain.

Having given up in despair every hope of doing any good with their lamps, the foolish virgins turned to their companions and implored them for help, "Give us of your oil for our lamps [are going, or,] have gone out." The wise virgins answered them: "Lest perhaps there

be not enough for us and for you, go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves." Finding that there was no hope from this quarter, the foolish virgins hurried off to buy a little oil for themselves. Meanwhile the Bridegroom with his happy bride and joyful company approaches the place where the virgins are, the five wise virgins mingle in the procession, bearing their bright-shining lamps; and entering into the Bridegroom's mansion, take their part in the splendid banquet prepared for the welcomed guests. When the last footstep had passed the threshold and the party had sat down to the feast, the doors were closed to keep all intruders out. By this time the foolish virgins had procured the necessary oil for their extinguished lamps, and they wished to be admitted—to have the closed door opened to them. And, as if to indicate that they were intimate friends of the bridal party who, by some unforeseen accident had come a little late, they knock at the door, and call upon the bridegroom himself to let them in; "Lord, Lord, open to us!" And he said to them: "Amen I say to you, I know you not. Watch ye, therefore, because you know not the day nor the hour!"

What a frightful rebuff those foolish virgins had to suffer with their bright lamps burning in their hands! Whilst all was joy and music and feasting and merriment and light within, these five women were out in the dark, cold, and comfortless night; and had received the dagger-thrust of the Bridegroom: "Amen I say to you, I know you not!" in response to their impatient and caressing petition of "Lord, Lord, open to us!" It was just too late; all was over for them: they were ignored, or rather, roughly treated as strange and impertinent intruders, who had no right or claim to notice or recognition of any sort. "Amen, I say to you, I know you not!"

Now what does this parable signify? First, Christ is the Bridegroom; second, the ten virgins are the children of men: third, the "cry" at midnight is the sound of the trumpet at the general judgment, when the Judge shall come as a thief in the night when men least

expect Him; fourth, the banquet is the everlasting reward of the just; fifth, the "Amen, I say to you, I know you not!" is the sentence of reprobation on the wicked. The foolish virgins were rejected because they had not enough oil: the wise were accepted because they were sufficiently furnished. The former trusted to chance, were careless and indifferent, and were, therefore, thoroughly taken by surprise. They all slept; but five, before sleeping, knew that they had oil for an emergency; the others do not seem to have taken much trouble about the oil till it was all too late. The oil is the grace of God, that which He alone, and not a man, however much grace he may have himself, can bestow upon the rational creature. The flame produced by the burning represents the good thoughts, words, and deeds of a man's life, which, whilst shining before men, glorify God, without whose grace they would be unacceptable. Thus, the wise virgins did not, because they could not, give their oil to others. Each individual man or woman will be judged singly. Man will be judged according to his own works, not according to the works of others. He must go to God for oil, he must trim his lamp, stir up the grace of God that is in him, and persevere to the very end, or he will not be saved. Does not all this picture for us, most vividly, the relation of man to his last end? the doctrine of grace, the trial to come, the necessity of perseverance, and the uncertainty of the time when Christ will come to judgment? Hence, again then, we have summed up in a fearful and yet touching parable—one that brings home to every one of us our personal responsibilities before God—the main teachings of the Catholic Church upon some of the most momentous subjects connected with our future destiny.

The more you examine this parable in detail so much the more will you find that it can be unfolded and unveiled so as to exhibit the germ of fundamental doctrine, and the initial teachings in our Catholic schools. Like all the other parables, it concentrates Catholic theology into a nut-shell, it is the kernel and quintessence

of the orthodox faith, and fits in, with exquisite precision, to the expanded teachings of systematized theology. Here our Lord again displays His foreknowledge of the Kingdom of Heaven which is still amongst us, and has in His mind's eye the realization of His heavenly "plan." But let the Fathers and St. Thomas bear me out. Referring to this parable they speak thus: "*Gregory*: By 'the Kingdom of Heaven' is meant the present Church, as in that, 'The Son of Man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His Kingdom all things that offend.' *Gregory*: And because the company of the faithful is gathered out of both sexes, the Holy Church is described as being like to ten virgins, where as bad are mixed with good, and reprobate with elect, it is like a mixture of wise and foolish virgins. *Origen:* They 'take their lamps,' *i.e.* their natural faculties, and go to meet the Saviour. *Augustine:* 'The lamps' which they carry in their hands are their works, of which it was said above, 'Let your works shine before men.' *Jerome:* The virgins that have oil are they who, besides their faith, have the ornament of good works. *Jerome:* 'They slumbered,' *i.e.* they were dead. And then follows 'and slept,' because they were to be afterwards awakened. The Jews have a tradition that Christ will come at midnight, in like manner as in that visitation of Egypt, when the Paschal feast is celebrated, and the destroyer comes, and the Lord passes over our dwellings, and the door-posts of each man's countenance are hallowed by the blood of the Lamb. *Augustine:* 'At midnight,' that is when none knew or looked for it. *Jerome:* Suddenly thus, as on a stormy night, and when all think themselves secure, at the hour when sleep is the deepest, the coming of Christ shall be proclaimed by the shout of angels, and the trumpets of the Powers that go before Him. *Hilary:* The marriage is the putting on of immortality, and the joining together corruption and incorruption in a new union. *Jerome:* After the day of judgment there is no more opportunity for good works, or for righteousness,

and, therefore, it follows, 'And the door was shut.' *Augustine:* His severity, after judgment, is as great as His mercy was unspeakable before. 'But He answered and said, verily I say unto you, I know you not.' *Jerome:* For 'the Lord knoweth them that are His,' and he that knoweth not shall not be known. He adds, 'Watch, therefore, because ye know not the day nor the hour.' He means that all that has been said points to this, namely, that seeing we know not the day of judgment, we should be careful in providing the light of good works."

Thus you see that whilst the father of the prodigal entreated his elder son to come in to the feast, the Bridegroom here—who represents our Saviour also—on the contrary, shuts the door on the weeping virgins, with His terrible "I know you not!" to teach the world that, though His mercy is above all His works, when probation is over, mankind will have to abide by the just judgment of an all-just Judge.

Allow me now to invite your attention to three of our Blessed Redeemer's greatest miracles; for the greatest miracle, assuredly, that a wonder-worker could perform, is that of lifting the dead to life. It has always, at all times, been considered the highest exhibition of superhuman power to recall the spirit that has fled, back to the body which it once inhabited and which is now corrupting. To give sight to the blind, to heal the leper, to cure a long-standing disease, to open the mouths of the dumb —all these, no doubt are very startling prodigies; but they exert a comparatively small effect upon the mind of mankind compared with the amazement which the raising of a dead body to life again produces on the imagination. Our Master vouchsafed to grant us this consolation—to exert His Divine power in an ever-increasing degree in this repect. He gave life to the girl who had only just expired, and restored her healthy to her father; He raised from the dead the widow's son who was actually being carried to his last resting-place; and He lifted Lazarus from the tomb, whose body had

already been corrupting in the grave during the space of at least four days. Let us for a while dwell upon these three stupendous miracles.

Take first the case of Jairus's daughter, a girl of twelve years of age. Jairus was a ruler of the synagogue. His little daughter, whom he tenderly loved, lay a-dying. He bethought himself of the Wonder-worker in his deep distress. He fell down at Jesus's feet, "and he besought Him much, saying: My daughter is on the point of death; come, lay Thy hand upon her, that she may be safe, and may live." And our Lord, accompanied by a great multitude pressing round Him, went, accompanied by Jairus, towards the house of mourning. On the way thither Christ cures the women with the terrible complaint, who had but touched the fringe of His garment. And whilst conversing with her, up come messengers of woe to Jairus, conveying to him the sad intelligence of his daughter's death. It was thought that now all was over. But our Lord pressing along, said to Jairus, "Fear not, only believe." On arriving at the house, our Master found it filled with hired mourners and melancholy flute players, who were earning a livelihood by simulating a sorrow they could not feel. Our Lord turned to the mourners and to the crowd and said: "The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth! And they laughed Him to scorn." He, in return, turned them all out of the room; and taking the child's father and mother and Peter and James and John with Him, He went up to the bed on which the girl lay dead, and taking her by the hand, He said, "Talitha cumi"—Damsel arise! And immediately she arose up, and walked; and evidently, scarcely expecting so great an exhibition of power, those who witnessed this miracle, "were astonished with a great astonishment"* when they saw the girl get up, and at the desire of our blessed Saviour, begin to eat with a good appetite, as if, in very deed, she had been merely refreshed by wholesome sleep.

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* Mark v.. 42.

Referring to these greatest of our Saviour's miracles, Trench well observes: "These miracles of raising from the dead have always been regarded as the mightiest outcomings of the power of Christ. * * * The line between health and sickness is not definitely fixed; the two conditions melt one into the other, and the transition from this to that is frequent. In like manner storms alternate with calms. The fiercest tumult of the elements allays itself at last: and Christ's words which stilled the tempest, did but anticipate and effect in a moment, what the very conditions of nature, must have effected in the end. Even the transmutation from water to wine, and the multiplication of bread, are not without their analogies in nature, however remote, and thus, too, it is with most of the other miracles. But between being, and the negation of being, the opposition is not relative, but absolute; between death and life a gulf lies, which no fact furnished by our experience can help us, even in imagination, to bridge over."*

Now open St. Luke, for he alone gives us the Miracle of the raising the widow's son to life. In the instance just recorded the daughter was restored to her father, now we have an account of a son being given back to his widowed mother. Accompanied by His disciples and a great multitude, our Lord went into the city of Naim. As He and His attendants drew nigh to the city, they saw a funeral procession accompanying a corpse to the grave, and surrounded by a great multitude of people. The mother of the deceased was a widow, and she was following the remains to the tomb, and was naturally weeping and sobbing and breaking her heart over the loss of her darling son, the one sole comfort of her solitary widowhood. She, not the corpse, seemed to be the object of our Saviour's solicitude. He could not bear to witness such heart-bleeding, heart-breaking sorrow. "Being moved with mercy towards her, He said to her, 'Weep not.' And He came near, and touched the bier, and they

* Notes on the Miracles, p. 200.

that carried it stood still. And He said, 'Young man, arise!" And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And He gave him to his mother." *

What comment need I make upon this! How simple the narrative, how astounding the facile exercise of Divine power! By merely touching the bier—He did not "take him by the hand," He merely put His finger on the bier—and the power of bringing to life, of turning a corpse back into a man full of health and strength, is exhibited to the astonished multitude, to two astonished multitudes indeed, to those who accompanied our Saviour, and to those who met Him.

Once more. Open the Gospel of St. John. He tells us that our Saviour "did many signs" not written in this Gospel.† And at the very end of that same Gospel, he uses still stronger language, he declares that "there are also many other things which Jesus did, which if they were written every one, the world itself, I think, would not be able to contain the books that should be written."‡ What principle did St. John observe in his selection? for he only records seven miracles in all. He steadily kept in view one main aim, as I have before remarked, to witness to the Divinity of our blessed Saviour. "But these [signs] are written," he says, "that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing you may have life in His Name."§ Evidently, then, the miracle of the resurrection of Lazarus was not chosen without a good reason; of all Christ's works of this class it exhibits the most stupendous exercise of power. The sisters of Lazarus sent to our Saviour to say that their brother was sick, and desired the Lord to come to him. At length, when Christ did arrive at the house, He found that Lazarus had already been dead four days, and that corruption was doing its work within the tomb. Martha, who was broken with disappointment at our Lord coming so late, said piteously to Him, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died!" Now

* Luke vii., 13-15. † Chap. xx. 30. ‡ xxi., 25. § xx, 31.

I beg your attention to the following reply of our Redeemer, for it is of very solemn import:—

"Jesus saith to her: 'Thy brother shall rise again.' Martha saith to Him: 'I know that he shall rise again, in the resurrection at the last day.' Jesus saith to her: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live. And every one that liveth, and believeth in Me, shall not die for ever. Believest thou this? She saith to Him: 'Yea, Lord, I have believed that thou art Christ the Son of the living God, who art come into this world.'" *

Now, here is a distinct claim on the part of our Master to a Divine prerogative, and the answer given by Martha to the question, "Believest thou this?" clearly shows that our Saviour held Himself to be, and declared Himself to be "the Son of the Living God." "Yea, Lord," she replies, at once, "I have believed that Thou art Christ the Son of the Living God, who art come into the world." Christ then went to the tomb where the corrupting corpse of Lazarus lay. On His way thither He did not refrain from tears at the thought of the sorrow of the sisters and at the loss of one whom He deeply loved. "Behold how He loved him," exclaimed those who were watching our Master's countenance. The corpse had been stowed away in a cave with a stone placed over it. "Jesus saith: Take away the stone. Martha replied: Lord, by this time he stinketh, for he is now dead four days. Jesus saith to her: Did I not say to thee, that if thou believe, thou shalt see the glory of God!" The stone was removed, Christ cried with a loud voice: 'Lazarus come forth!' And presently he that had been dead came forth, bound feet and hands with winding-bands, and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus said to them: Loose him and let him go." Now what is this but an anticipation of our Lord's own glorious rising from the Tomb? He was placed in the rock-tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, He remained three days buried; and by His own supreme power He lifted Himself up. What He afterwards did for Himself, He now does for Lazarus; and having claimed the power of bringing the

* xi., 23-27.

dead to life again, He proves His possession of that power by this His most stupendous miracle, especially narrated by St. John in proof of his Master's Divinity. This great portent leads us naturally to the consideration of that great event which lit up, as with celestial fire, both Testaments alike, I mean Christ's own Resurrection from the dead.

"According to the Gospel narrative," Liddon says, "Jesus enters this world by one miracle, and leaves it by another. His human manifestation centres in that miracle of miracles, His Resurrection from the grave after death. The Resurrection is the central fact up to which all leads, and from which all radiates. Such wonders as Christ's Birth of a Virgin-mother, His Resurrection from the tomb, and His Ascension into heaven, are not merely the credentials of our Redemption, they are distinct stages and processes of the redemptive work itself. Taken in their entirety, they interpose a measureless interval between the Life of Jesus and the lives of the greatest of prophets or of apostles, even of those to whom it was given to still the elements and raise the dead. To expel these miracles from the Life of Jesus is to destroy the identity of the Christ of the Gospels; it is to substitute a new Christ for the Christ of Christendom. Who would recognise the true Christ in the natural son of a human father, or in the crucified prophet whose body was rotted in an earthly grave? Yet on the other hand, who will not admit that He who, after being crucified, dead, and buried, rose again the third day from the dead, then went up into heaven before the eyes of His Apostles, must needs be an altogether super-human Being?"

Let us, then, now turn to a consideration of the Resurrection of our Lord, on which all our hope is based. It must have been a matter of surprise to many who had seen our Saviour's miracles to have witnessed His crucifixion, and His apparent complete helplessness in the hands of His enemies. When He had, with a loud cry,

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* Liddon, p. 159.

given up the ghost, all seemed to be over. The great promise of His three years' public ministry appeared to have come to nought. His followers had not the courage to stand by Him. One denied Him with an oath, and others, who might have been true to Him in His dire extremity, left Him alone to die on the hill of Calvary, and to expire without the consolation of their presence, around the cross. He had died an ignominious death, and His trusted ones were broken in spirit and scattered. All seemed over. The school He had formed of peasants and of fishermen would take its place with those endless philosophic failures which proceed from sanguine views coupled with scanty knowledge of men and of men's passions and lives.

Now, we have been dwelling on the extraordinary power exercised by our Lord in raising the dead. Yet we know that others, before His time, and since His time, have been permitted to exercise this extraordinary power. There is just one thing that no man, who was not Divine, has ever done, or even made a pretence to do. Endless have been the impositions, spiritual, and otherwise, that have been practised on mankind by their fellow men. There is just one point where they stop short—we never have heard of any man killing himself, or causing others to kill him, in order to prove, by the event, that he had the power within him to lift himself from death to life. "Dead men tell no tales," is an old proverb. When once a man is in the grave, he possess neither lever nor fulcrum by means of which to lift himself out again. When once dead—unless God gives power to others to restore life—he is dead till the same power that made Him joins soul and body together at the great Accounting Day, and rewards or punishes the risen man according to his works. Now it was just that one thing that no man can do or has ever attempted to do, that our Divine Redeemer did; and did in such manner that no amount of special pleading can ever shake the adamantine strength of the net-work of proofs which support and witness to that greatest of all possible miracles. He who performed the miracle of

descending from Heaven—the glorious Word of God—and of becoming incarnate in the womb of a Jewish girl, exerted that same Almighty power of His in vouchsafing to lift Himself from the tomb, and to appear in His risen condition on nine or ten different occasions, and to as many as five hundred men at one time.

Let me dwell, for our mutual consolation, on some of the proofs of Christ's Resurrection to which I have referred. We cannot too carefully look into this most momentous and interesting subject; for, on the truth of our Lord's resurrection, as on a foundation, all our hope is based. It is the climax and crown of all His works, and is perfectly in harmony with His wonderful career of wonderworking and healing during the three years of His public ministry. Had he not risen again, Christianity would scarcely have had a history. Probably Christ's very name itself would have been forgotten, or if remembered, its remembrance would have been confined to a solitary student here or there, who would feel very little interest in it. By rising from the tomb, Christ shed a light upon His entire career, a light penetrating back into the most distant past, and lighting up the prophecies of the Old Testament so as to be revealed in all their meaning, and appreciated in all their significance. The resurrection is the keystone in the arch of Christianity which bridges across from earth to heaven. It confirms all the past: it illuminates all the future: crowns the complete argument for the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and puts the coping-stone on the work which our Lord came on earth to perfect through His Birth, Passion, and Death upon the Hill of Calvary. Through this cardinal truth, well established, the world became converted to the Cross. St. Peter was its great Apostle; and the Twelve never tired of reminding the Jews about them that that very One whom they had crucified was that same Jesus of Nazareth who had risen from the Tomb. "All orthodox churches," says Liddon, "all great heresies, even Socinianism, have believed in the Resurrection of Jesus. The literal Resurrection of Jesus was

the cardinal fact upon which the earliest preachers of Christianity based their appeal to the Jewish people. St Paul writing to a Gentile Church, expressly makes Christianity answer with its life for the literal truth of the Resurrection. 'If Christ be not risen, then our preaching is vain, and your faith is also vain, * * * Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished.' Some modern writers would possibly have reproached St. Paul with offering a harsh alternative instead of an argument. But St. Paul would have replied, first, that our Lord's honour and credit were entirely staked upon the issue, since He had foretold His Resurrection as the 'sign' which would justify His claims; and, secondly, that the fact of the Resurrection was attested by evidence which must outweigh everything except an *a priori* conviction of the impossibility of a miracle, since it was attested by the word of more than two hundred and fifty living persons who had actually seen the risen Jesus. As to such objections to the miracle of an *a priori* character St. Paul would have argued, as most Theists, and even the French philosopher [Rousseau], have argued that such objections could not be urged by any man who believed seriously in a *living* God at all. But on the other hand, if the Resurrection be admitted to be a fact, it is puerile to object to the other miracles of Jesus, or to any other Christian miracle, provided they be sufficiently attested. To have admitted the stupendous truth that Jesus, after predicting that He would be put to a violent death, and then rise from the dead, was actually so killed, and then did actually so rise, must incapacitate any thoughtful man for objecting to the Immaculate Conception, or to the Ascension into heaven, or to the more striking wonders wrought by Jesus, on any such ground as that of intrinsic improbability, The Resurrection has, as compared with the other miraculous occurrences narrated in the Gospel, all the force of an *a fortiori* argument; they follow, if we may use the term, naturally from it; they are fitly complemental incidents of a history in which the

Resurrection has already made it plain, that we are dealing with One in Whose case our ordinary experience of the limits and conditions of human power is altogether at fault."

Let us now carefully examine the evidence on which the great fact of the Resurrection of Jesus rests. It would almost seem as if our Lord, feeling how much, indeed, how everything depends on the acceptance by the world of this miracle, had, intentionally, so pre-ordained events, as to make them witness, with the most surprising ingenuity, to this great fact of His really having risen from the dead. Every possible kind of objection, except such as are very inane, is met. The care taken in testing the truth of His death; the jealousy with which the tomb, and the large stone at its mouth were guarded; the rising whilst the guards were there; the nine different occasions, on the same day, on which our Lord appeared to different parties, and the totally different temperaments of the witnesses—all this, taken as forming one argument, presses so forcibly on the mind that, in common candour, every honest man, unless preternaturally darkened, is bound to accept the conclusion which inevitably follows from it.

I must beg of you to follow me whilst I submit to your consideration the proofs to which I refer. First, it is proved that Christ really and truly died; next, that He was buried; and, thirdly, that He rose from His burial place. Joseph of Arimathea petitioned Pilate, on the evening of the crucifixion, to let him have the body. Pilate sent for the centurion to find out if our Lord had really died, and had not merely fallen in a swoon. Having made sure of this, the body was assigned to the petitioner. The body was taken from the cross with all reverence and love, and gently placed in a new rock-hewn sepulchre, which had been prepared for Joseph himself, not very far from Calvary. Having performed the friendly office of laying the body amongst spices, and rolling fine

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* p. 155-6.

linen round the sacred members, the mouth of the sepulchre was closed by a huge stone being pushed against the aperture. Thus our Lord's death was solemnly witnessed to by the centurion; and Joseph of Arimathea so disposed the body that the eternal rocks themselves should defend it against any unlawful attempt on the part of Jews or Gentiles to remove it from its resting-place. But this was not enough. To still more strongly prove that the body could not have been snatched away by evil men, the custody of the tomb was delivered over to those whose interest it was to stave off any pretence at a resurrection. The Jews persuaded Pilate to have a guard placed about the tomb, to prevent any tampering with the body on the part of the disciples, and others of their school. See, in imagination, the sepulchre hewn in the rock; look at the huge stone at the mouth of it. The only possible way of moving the body is to roll away the stone. Soldiers are guarding it. They have put seals and fixtures upon it. If ever a body of a man was safe, surely such precautions as these would keep Christ's body safe.

Now, early on Easter Day, the women who loved our Lord with an almost Divine affectionateness hurried, with the precious spices they had prepared, to offer the last loving services to the wounded and bruised body of their Redeemer. Their only thought now was, how to move the great stone away; for they knew, both Marys, and Salome, and Joanna, that Joseph had had it placed there with a purpose. If these women—imaginative women they may have been, and, I dare say, were—had been looking out for the miracle of a Resurrection, it might plausibly be argued that they imagined what they hoped for. But their one anxiety was about getting some one to move the stone out of the way, so that they could get at the body. In place of the stone which had, amidst shocks of earthquake been tumbled on one side, they saw the tomb open, and angels sitting in it robed in white. The angels told them to inform Peter and the Apostles that Christ had, according to His promise, risen from the dead.

Here we have, in these women's testimony, a powerful evidence of the Resurrection. They go to the tomb with their minds filled with one thought, they depart from it, forgetful of their spices, their minds on fire with the very opposite thought. "We took for granted He was still lying dead, He is risen! Let us hurry off to tell the happy news!"

Now take the distinct witness of Mary Magdalene. She, no doubt, was filled with a passionate love for her Master and Redeemer. Her heart was broken at His cruel death, and at the solitariness created by so irreparable a loss. Her mind did not revert to Christ having exercising His Divine power—to the possibility of His having lifted Himself from the dead. Her one oppressive thought and eager cry was: "They have taken Him away, and I don't know where they have laid Him" —showing how her mind was fixed on the dead body of her Master, and on the thought of how helplessly it lay in the power of those who had stolen it, and hidden it away. Suddenly Christ appears before her. So little had her mind reverted to the possibility of His coming to life again that though He stands before her, she, whose heart is full of Him, does not know Him, and says imploringly to Him; "Sir, if thou hast taken Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him." It was only when our Lord opens His blessed mouth, and she is struck with His well-known voice, that she recognises her Master. She, then, hurries off to the Apostles and says: "I have seen the Lord!"

Now this is very singular. Had Mary Magdalene been on the look-out for the Redeemer, what would her testimony be worth in the eyes of sceptics? Fortunately for us she is looking out for the dead body, and a revolution had to be effected in the bent of her mind to bring her to recognize the very opposite of what she was looking for and asking for—the Living Christ in place of the dead one.

Again: There was, in the days of our Saviour, a little village called Emmaus, situated some eight miles from

Jerusalem, the exact site of which is now a matter of uncertainty. Early in the afternoon of Easter day two of the disciples set off from Jerusalem to visit this little place, very probably down-hearted and broken on account of the frightful catastrophe of the ignominious death of their Master, and the collapse of all their hopes. Their minds and imaginations were fixed upon the thought that all was over for them; and that they must, for the future, live upon the thought of the past. As they were thus thinking and sadly conversing, our Lord drew near to them, and joined their company, and said: "What are these discourses that you hold one with another as you walk, and are sad?" Their sadness is a proof of how little they dreamed of Christ's Resurrection at that moment. Then the two of them told the stranger how great a hope they had had that "Jesus of Nazareth, who had been mighty in work and word before God and all the people" would have redeemed Israel, implying, as is evident, that their hope had, by His terrible death, been wholly disappointed and upset. They then went on to tell the story of the women finding the tomb empty, implying that they imagined some one had robbed the grave and carried the body away. As to a Resurrection, of that no shadow seems to have crossed their minds. They were filled with melancholy at the thought of Christ's annihilation, and no room was left for any more cheering anticipations. Christ, in His own loving way, reproached them for want of faith, and displayed before them the prophetic teachings of ancient seers, who foretold, from Moses downwards, the Birth, Passion, Death, and Resurrection of the Holy One. This mutual confidence knit the three together. The evening was drawing to a close, and the two disciples besought the Stranger to stay with them. When at table, the Stranger "took bread, and blessed and brake and gave to them." This opened their eyes at once, "they knew Him now, and He vanished out of their sight."* And looking on one another in amazement

* Luke xxiv., 31.

when He had gone, they said to one another, "Was not our heart burning within us whilst He spoke to us in the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?"

Now, I ask you, when the witness of these two disciples is added to that of the women, does not the evidence for the Resurrection become very strong? The last thing these men would have thought of was the Resurrection of their Master. So fixed were they in the thought that all was over, that they did not know Him when they saw Him, nor even recognise Him, as Magdalene did—for women are far sharper in such things than men—by the familiar tones of His gentle loving voice. The blessing and breaking of the bread opened their eyes, and then they at once knew what it was that had made their hearts burn with a special fire within them whilst conversing with their Saviour on the way. Here, then, we have the women and two men, compelled to witness, in spite of themselves, through the force and pressure of overwhelming circumstances, to the Resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Take another and a still stronger proof. The Apostles were sitting, ten of them together, with closed doors, for fear of being assaulted by the Jews. Suddenly, without any door or window being opened, Christ appeared in the midst of them. They recognised Him at once. Now, as if our Blessed Master were determined to leave us an incontrovertible proof of His Resurrection, He permitted Thomas, who was absent on this occasion, to doubt the word of the ten when they declared to him that they had "Seen the Lord." Eight days pass, the disciples were again together, the doors being closed, Thomas being this time present. Jesus suddenly appeared in the midst of them, and Thomas, against his own preconceived notions, was compelled to exclaim, "My Lord and My God!" Our Lord made Thomas feel with his fingers the marks of the nails in His hands, and obliged him to put his finger into the spear wound in His adorable side. Could anything be more conclusive than this? The man who violently refused to believe, except on certain

harsh conditions, is compelled to fulfil those conditions, to believe, and to exclaim that Christ is God.

Again: See Peter and six others fishing in the Sea of Galilee. They had toiled all night in vain. In the midst of the morning dew Christ came and stood on the shore. They knew Him not. He asked if they had caught anything. They answered, No. He ordered them to try again, and then it was that Peter knew Him. "It is the Lord!" he cried, and dashed into the sea to get to his Master's feet. Here, again, the seven were not drawing on their imaginations. So little were they anticipating a visit from the Risen One, that they only then recognised their Master when He recalled to their minds an old miracle that He had wrought for them at the beginning of His ministry.

Finally, He is seen by five hundred disciples at one time, who were on the Galilæan mountain with the eleven; and their witness, added to that which has gone before, completes, so far, the proofs accorded to us on behalf of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Let us summarise for one moment the position in which we stand. It is proved that Christ is really dead by the witness of the Centurion. The body is placed in the solid rock, and a stone is rolled against the opening. Guards are set to watch the tomb day and night, and the stone is sealed for greater security. These guards are in the pay of those whose profound interest it is to stamp out all idea of a Resurrection. The women and men who had been drawn towards our Lord during His ministry are filled with great astonishment and downheartedness. They think and act as if all were over with them, and the farthest thing from their minds is the idea of a Resurrection. If the body is gone, it has been stolen. Magdalene does not know Christ when she sees Him, and is forced to acknowledge His presence by unquestionable proofs. The two disciples going to Emmaus only see who He is on His blessing and breaking the bread. Seven see Him as He presents Himself in the midst, though all doors were fastened. Thomas will not believe the word and witness

of his fellows, and he, too, is compelled to acknowledge, by coming into physical contact with his Master, that He is his Lord and his God. Nor did Peter and the six fishermen with him know their Master again till He had forcibly refreshed his memory by reference to a stupendous miracle. And finally, as if the whole world should join in witnessing to this great dogmatic fact, five hundred, at one time, are favoured with a vision of the risen Jesus on the Mountain in Galilee.

I might add that our Saviour appeared to St. Peter on another occasion,* as well as to St. James and to St. Paul. St. Paul's words are these;—"For I delivered unto you first of all, which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures, and that He was buried and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures, and that He was seen by Cephas, and after that by the eleven. Then was He seen by more than five hundred brethren at once, of whom many remain until this present, and some are fallen asleep. After that, He was seen by James, then by all the Apostles. And last of all, He was seen also by me."† Thus St. Paul's testimony adds especial weight to that of those who went before. He must have been in immediate communication with those five hundred brethren who had had the privilege of seeing the Risen Saviour; and the fact must have been very public when such large numbers were absolute eye-witnesses of the great event to which they gave their testimony.

Altogether, during the forty days our Lord remained on earth before His Ascension, He appeared no less than nine times—(1) to Mary Magdalene;‡ (2) to other women;§ (3) to Peter;‖ (4) to the disciples at Emmaus;¶ (5) to the ten Apostles; (6) to the eleven, including Thomas; (7) to seven Apostles at the sea of Galilee;** (8) to more than five hundred on the mountain in Galilee; (9) to James;†† (10) and at the Ascension.

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* Luke xxiv., 34; 1 Cor., xv.; 5. † 1 Cor. xv., 3-8. ‡ John xx., 17.
§ Matthew xxviii., 9-10. ‖ 1 Cor. xv. 5. ¶ Luke xxiv., 13,
** John xxi., 1-24. †† 1 Cor. xv. 3-8.

All these witnesses, taken together, form a weight of evidence which proves conclusively the fact of our Lord's Resurrection. If such evidence as this does not suffice, what evidence will suffice? What proofs could, by human ingenuity, be added to make the conclusion stronger? I cannot think of any. Farrar puts it well when he says, "That on that morning the grave of Christ was untenanted—that His body had not been removed by His enemies—that its absence caused to His Disciples the profoundest amazement, not unmingled, in the breasts of some of them with sorrow and alarm—that they subsequently became convinced, by repeated proofs, that He had indeed risen from the dead—that for the truth of this belief they were ready at all times themselves to die; that the belief effected a profound and total change in their character, making the timid courageous, and the weak irresistible; that they were incapable of a conscious falsehood, and could never have had power to convince the disbelief and regenerate the morality of the world; that on this belief of the Resurrection were built the still universal observance of the first day of the week, and the entire foundations of the Christian Church; these, at any rate, are facts which even scepticism itself, if it desires to be candid, can hardly fail, however reluctantly and slowly to admit."*

And, indeed, the Apostles at once acted on this profound, I will not say belief—for they saw—this absolute personal knowledge of theirs, and as if risen themselves to a newness of life, they preached, and died in witness to this glorious triumph of their Master. St. Peter, in proposing that a successor should be chosen to take Judas's place, said :—"Wherefore of these men who have companied with us, all the time that the Lord Jesus came in, and went out amongst us, beginning from the baptism of John until the day wherein He was taken up from us, one of these must be made a witness with us of His Resurrection."

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* Farrar, Vol. II., pp. 433-4.

You see how excessively careful the Prince of the Apostles is to mention the qualities the new apostle should possess, and the main reason for selecting one at all. He should possess a full personal acquaintance with our Lord from first to last, from the Baptism by John to His Ascension into heaven. And the reason was, because a witness had to be chosen who could himself testify to the miracle of miracles, to the Resurrection of our blessed Saviour. Full of this great and glorious event, St. Peter, standing up in the midst of the Eleven, lifted up his voice, and thus spoke to the Jews :—" Ye men of Israel, hear these words, Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you, by miracles and wonders and signs, which God by Him wrought in the midst of you, as you also know, this same being delivered up by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, you by the hands of wicked men have crucified and slain ; whom God hath raised up, having loosened the sorrows of hell, as it was impossible that he should be holden by it. For David said, concerning him : I foresaw the Lord before my face because He is at my right hand that I may not be moved. For this my heart hath been glad, and my tongue hath rejoiced. Moreover, my flesh also shall rest in hope. Because Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, nor suffer Thy Holy One to see corruption. * * Ye men, brethren, let me freely speak to you of the Patriarch David ; that he died and was buried, and his sepulchre is with us to this present day. Whereas, therefore, he was a prophet, and knew that God had sworn to him with an oath, that of the fruit of his loins, One should sit upon his throne. Foreseeing this, he spoke of the Resurrection of Christ. For neither was He left in hell, neither did his flesh see corruption. This Jesus hath God raised again, whereof all we are witnesses."*

What language could be stronger than this ? St. Peter gives his bold witness to the Resurrection, reminds his audience that they knew from personal experience of

* Acts, II., 22-32.

the "miracles and wonders and signs" Christ had effected, declares that he and his companions were all witnesses of Christ's Rising, and confirms his words by quoting the splendid prophecy of David concerning the Holy One who should never see corruption.

Again: On curing the man lame from his mother's womb, St. Peter said: "Silver and gold I have none; but what I have I give thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, arise and walk." When the people were "filled with wonder and amazement" at this miracle, St. Peter said to them: "Ye men of Israel, why wonder you at this? or why look you upon us, as if by our strength or power we had made this man walk? The God of Jacob, the God of our Fathers hath glorified His Son Jesus, whom you indeed delivered up and denied before the face of Pilate, when he judged He should be released. But you denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you; but the Author of Life you killed, whom God hath raised from the dead, of which we are witnesses."*

By this sermon, which bears on the face of it the stamp of bold and fearless truth, St. Peter converted five thousand men. These wholesale conversions created a terrible commotion. Next day the princes and ancients and scribes, and the high priest Annas and John and Alexander, and many more, came together, and setting the Apostles in the midst, demanded of them: "By what power, or by what name have you done this? Then Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost, said to them: 'Ye princes of the people and ancients, hear * * be it known to you all, and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom you crucified, whom God hath raised from the dead, even by Him this man standeth here before you whole.'"† What stronger witness could be given than this of St. Peter who makes use of the miracle performed in Christ's name to urge home the great fact of the Resurrection before

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* Acts III., 12-15. † Acts, IV., 4-10.

this fierce assembly of the mightiest of the Jews? St. Peter takes it as much for granted that Christ did rise from the dead as that the Jews crucified Him and put Him to an ignominious death; he does not hide Christ's humiliation in witnessing to His glorious triumph over sin and death.

Again: When set before the council and when the high priest said to them: "Commanding we commanded that you should not teach in this Name; and behold you have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine, and you have a mind to bring the blood of this man upon us. But Peter and the Apostles answering, said: 'We ought to obey God rather than man. The God of our fathers hath raised up Jesus, whom you put to death, hanging Him upon a tree. Him hath God exalted with His Right Hand to be Prince and Saviour, to give repentance to Israel and remission of sins, And we are witnesses of these things.'" The Jews were "cut to the heart," says the Scripture, by the bold and almost defiant tone of this glorious witness to the Resurrection of our Saviour, and they thought to put them to death. At all events they "scourged them," and the Apostles on their part "went from the presence of the Council rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the Name of Jesus."*

How full of the great vision of the Resurrection must not these Apostles and Peter have been! It was like wine cheering and encouraging them, like some strong elixir bracing them up to suffer with joy and to think suffering even from the ignominious lash a privilege when borne in witness to the doctrine of the Resurrection of their Master

Again, Peter on another occasion, opening his mouth, said;

You know the word which hath been published through all Judea, for it began from Galilee, after the baptism which John preached. Jesus of Nazareth: how God anointed Him with the Holy Ghost, and

* Acts v., 28-41.

with power, who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed by the devil, for God was with Him. And we are witnesses of all things that He did in the land of the Jews and in Jerusalem, whom they killed, hanging Him upon a tree. Him God raised up the third day and gave Him to be made manifest. Not to all the people, but to witnesses pre-ordained by God, even to us, who did eat and drink with Him after He arose again from the dead. And He commanded us to preach to the people, and to testify that it is He who was appointed by God to be judge of the living and of the dead.*

Now take St. Paul's witness as he spoke at great length on the Sabbath day in the synagogue of Antioch. After giving a rapid picture of the Scripture events down to the trial of our Lord, he continues :—

And finding no cause of death in Him, they desired of Pilate that they might kill Him. And when they had fulfilled all things that were written of Him, taking Him down from the tree, they had laid Him in a sepulchre. But God raised Him up from the dead the third day. Who was seen for many days by them who came up with Him from Galilee to Jerusalem, who to this present are His witnesses to the people. And we declare unto you that the promise which was made to our fathers. And to show that He raised Him up from the dead, not to return now any more to corruption, He said thus : I will give you the holy things of David faithful. And therefore, in another place also, He saith : Thou shalt not suffer Thy Holy One to see corruption. For David, when he had served in his generation, according to the will of God, slept ; and was laid unto his fathers, and saw corruption. But He whom God hath raised from the dead, saw no corruption†

St Paul declares this dogmatic fact of the Resurrection to be the hinge from which hangs the entire creed of Christendom. He says to the Corinthians. ‡

Now, if Christ be preached that He arose again from the dead, how do some among you say that there is no Resurrection of the dead ? But if there is no Resurrection of the dead, then Christ has not risen again. And if Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God ; because we have given testimony against God, that He hath raised up Christ, whom He hath not raised up, if the dead rise not again. For if the dead rise not again, neither is Christ risen again And if Christ be not risen again, your faith is vain, for you are yet in your sins. Then they also that are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have hope is Christ, we are of all men most miserable.

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* Acts x, 37-42. † Acts xiii., 28-37. ‡ I., Chap. xv., 12-19.

Thus the proofs of our Master's Divinity, so far as I have had time to touch upon them, are complete. The evidences and witnesses for the fundamental fact on which the vast fabric of Christianity rests—without which we should be "of all men most miserable"—are, like the construction of some great modern broad-spanning iron or steel bridge, so interwoven in their support of one another, that no wedge or force of logic, or weight of reasoning, can make any impression upon them to endanger the cardinal truth which they support. Just as such a bridge is especially constructed to bear great weights, and is all the more strung together with the pressure, so it is here; in proportion as the arguments that uphold the great historic and dogmatic fact of Christ's Resurrection are put to the test and the strain, so much the more brilliantly does their evidence stand out in unconquerable witness to the risen Lord.

Now looking back to all that has been urged during the past Sundays, looking at it in the light of Christ's Resurrection, we seem to see the whole career of our Lord lit up, as it were, with a celestial glory; and taking His parables, which were miracles, and His miracles, which were parables, together; and viewing Him and them in the refulgence of this splendid bursting from the tomb, we are compelled to declare, not merely as a matter of faith, but as a matter of sound unimpassioned reasoning, that Christ, though true man, is no less truly God; and that, being God, His "plan,"—that vast Spiritual Empire of which we here present from a part—was founded, and is maintained, by that self-same power that lifted Jesus from the tomb.

APPENDIX.

O'CONNELL ORATION.

[*Delivered in the Exhibition Building, Sydney, on occasion of the Centenary, August 7th, 1875.*]

THE Archbishop said that he could not cast his eyes upon the vast and distinguished assembly before him, and reflect upon the greatness of the subject upon which he had to speak, and on the high anticipations of his audience, without being profoundly moved—moved by a feeling of his own inability to do justice either to them or to the great hero whose thoughts possessed their minds, or even to those interior emotions of his own spirit which he had not the art of conveying in their fulness by means of human language. There was but one thing that sustained him on this occasion, and that was the mighty sympathy of his audience, which, like a sea of kindness and sensibility, bore him upon its bosom, and encouraged him to endeavour to give expression, in the best language at his command, to those thoughts, feelings, and pulsations which were silently yet intensely energizing in their midst. If he were only able faithfully to reflect their sentiments, and to present before them in living words that which made every pulse beat quicker and every eye look bright, he should feel no fear as to the result. Their sympathy would awaken chords in his spirit, and he, in return, might possibly now and then strike a new string, produce a new vibration, and send a thrill of a newer pleasure into the shrine of their inner hearts.

But it might be asked, how was it that he, an Englishman, of that race which for 700 years brought so much suffering upon the sister Island, how was it that he, of all others, should stand there on that evening as their chosen spokesman—as the mouthpiece of the admirers and friends of the great Daniel O'Connell? And he would ask in reply, how was it that a committee of gentlemen, the most Irish he might say of the Irish, should have done him the honour of sending a deputation to wait upon him to assure him that it was the unanimous and strong desire of the gentlemen who composed that committee, and of that large body which they represented, that he should be prevailed upon to make the oration

of this evening, and that they spontaneously committed the fame and name and honour of the Great Liberator into his hands? It was for this simple reason, because the great body of the people knew that he was a Catholic, and therefore was loyal; that he was an Englishman, and therefore prized freedom; that he was a Catholic, and reverenced authority; an Englishman, and was therefore identified with liberty; because they all knew, the people knew, that the great specialty of O'Connell, his note, or mark, or characteristic, was not in his intense love of liberty alone, not in his singular loyalty of spirit only, but in the fusion or combination of these two. Stamped on his soul, on one side, was a fair figure of "Freedom," and above it written, "Authority;" on the other side the form of "Liberty," and over it, inscribed in golden letters, "Loyalty." With him whatever was not thus stamped was counterfeit. No man's loyalty ever was more tried than his—no man's reverence for authority; never did man struggle as he for freedom, for liberty; no man—no, not one—ever so expanded his being in the presence of the fair and of the free, and yet possessed such heroical self-mastery, maintaining his obedience to law under the most galling circumstances, and manifesting his reverence for the Crown under so many bitter provocations. It was because the people knew, because they could not help knowing, that there were four points of contact between himself and the great O'Connell, that they did not hesitate one moment in asking him to speak on this occasion; and it was because he thought he might possibly do some little good on this occasion by dwelling on the Liberator's greatest characteristics, by picturing him as he really was, that induced him to accept the flattering invitation, and to risk the chance of failing in an undertaking which he felt so many there present could have performed so much better than himself.

And, indeed, there was another motive which prompted him to embrace this great opportunity of publicly, and before so vast an audience, extolling the mighty champion of civil and religious liberty. It was not Ireland alone that was freed by him, but the Catholics of England also were, through his indomitable labours, lifted from their darkness and the shadows of death. The blow which broke for ever the chains and handcuffs of the sons of Erin, shivered also, as if by sympathy, the manacles of the Catholics of England—and for the first time for three hundred years they stood upright, and began to learn that they were men. And might he not here present before them all, take this occasion of offering his humble heartfelt tribute to that great deliverer of his family, who made England once more inhabitable for men who loved liberty as dearly as life, and the old religion dear than life?

Yes. Was it not through him that his fathers could once more return to the sunny banks of the Wye, to live unmolested amidst the orchards and apple-trees of Herefordshire? Did he not remember the awe of his boyhood at the priests' hiding-place, and the wooden statute of a hermit carved by a priest who had been hidden away in Allen's Grove? Did he not remember well the broad acres which had been pointed out to him as having been lost for conscience' sake, till at length the old home was shut up and desolate, the family having abandoned a position in which life was not worth living, preferring exile to slavery, and the loss of friends to the degradation of all they valued most?

> "Yes, they would rather homeless roam,
> Where freedom and their God might lead,
> Than be the sleekest slaves at home,
> And subject to the tyrant's creed."

If this was all past now, and we were rejoicing in a brighter and better day, is that any reason why our benefactors should be forgot? Shall we not thank them for our present sunshine? and was it wrong of him, should he be judged egotistical if he took the opportunity of seizing this great occasion for paying his tribute of thankfulness to the Emancipator of English Catholics, and especially those of his own name? He did then seize this opportunity of acknowledging this debt, and of declaring to the world that he did not know of any man of modern times, to leave ancient alone, who combined in his own person such statesmanship, such masterful oratory, and such a profound Christian spirit as Daniel O'Connell of Derrynane!

And if he had had no personal motive for standing as it were by the Liberator's side, were there not overwhelming motives of a public nature which would produce the same effect? Was he apologizing for the position he occupied that evening? Far from it; he had rather to apologize for being so poor an exponent of so great a cause. Not only as a Catholic who had received benefit from O'Connell, but as an Englishman he could stand boldly forward and identify himself with the cause which the Liberator espoused, fight his battles over again, and cheer him to the echo in every new victory which was achieved.

He must explain himself. In every country, even that which boasts of freedom, and which on the whole has been guided by the most enlightened statesmanship, there have ever been two classes of men—despots and tyrants on one side, and the lovers of freedom and fair play upon the other. England has, during the course of her political existence, nourished and been stung by a line of despots and tyrants, whilst, at the same time, she has produced another race of men, possessed of the genuine spirit of

liberty, and ever ready to give to others what they claimed for themselves. Now, is it according to the English spirit of liberty to range ourselves with tyrants? Is it want of patriotism to denounce their conduct as an insult upon one's country, and as bringing a stain on her fair name? Whilst he shrank with horror from the presence of such men as were his country's greatest enemies, he found himself as he parted with them thrown as it were in the midst of the really great and good—with men who have helped to gain for England the high name she holds for the freedom of her institutions, and for the spirit of fair play which she extends to her bitterest opponents.

Yes; England's greatest statesmen and orators, her wits and poets, were supporting him that evening. He felt himself in a goodly company of brilliant friends and eloquent advocates, whether with the tongue or pen. He could see Pitt, ready to throw out some of his exquisite sentences in favour of freedom. Fox, with his unequalled combination of passion with reason, which produces the highest eloquence, on the point of pouring out a stream of oratory which would make him (the speaker) dumb for the rest of the evening; whilst Wilberforce's silvery tones and inimitable manner would thrill in the ear, and settle in the heart, as he would plead with a power especially his own, in favour of the rights of man, and the freedom of the subject. And did he not seem to see more than this? Besides perceiving this platform as it were alive with the great men of old who wielded the tongue with such magic power, he thinks he can see the rough, uncouth form of Dr. Johnson, sitting down, stretching himself, and exclaiming against the brutal treatment visited on the Irish people; and there is Sydney Smith writing away at his Peter Pimley; and Dean Swift mending his pen with a special point to continue his Drapiers letters; and a whole galaxy of orators, wits, and poets of a minor class ranged on the same side, and ready to exert all their talents in honour of the cause which was entrusted to his hands that night. And if these are not enough, Edmund Burke is ready to come forward, at a moment's notice, to beat down with his marvellous philosophy, with his supreme power of expression and breadth of reasoning, the littleness of little men; whilst the immortal Grattan, with the lightning of his eloquence, with the swift, straight arrow of his sarcasm, and with the withering of his scorn, will rise from where he sleeps in the dust of Westminster to plead over again a cause which in the days of old he advocated with such surpassing enthusiasm and fire.

But let this vision pass: and what rises in its place? What did he see? Who were those men of bright eye and keen wit,

and masterful power who now were filling up the spaces? Were they his friends—friends of Ireland, of liberty and freedom? Yes, they were the great Irish bar; there is Flood, with his stubborn love of country; and Curran, the great advocate of the oppressed; and Bushe, and Burrows, and Ball, and Saurin, and Parnell, and Plunkett, with his Demosthenic fire, and a crowd of others whom it would take too long to mention—all men of mark, many men of genius, some unique in their unmatched gifts and graces of heart, intellect, and expression. These all were on his side, more or less supporting him, ready to die for their country, and exhibiting such an amount of genius, eloquence, and energy as has seldom been expended in working out the freedom of an oppressed and trampled nationality.

But was it necessary to summon the past on this occasion—to call up the shadows of great men to give life and a meaning to the centenary of O'Connell? Are not millions of the living this very evening glorying in the greatness of the Liberator? Did he not see in spirit a great meeting 16,000 miles away in Ireland's greatest city, with one clothed in the crimson die of a Prince of the Catholic Church as the centre of it—thousands of Erin's sons rejoicing in their deliverance, and in the centenary of their deliverer? Turn to America—is not what is being done in Dublin being repeated in New York, and under another Cardinal, a lineal descendant of Con of the hundred battles? Indeed, is not the whole Catholic, and he might almost say, civilized world rejoicing on this occasion, and paying its tribute to him to who tribute is so justly due? Do not we, Mr. Chairman, you yourself decorated by the Sovereign Pontiff, the great patriarch of Australia, who graces us with his presence, the venerable Bishops of the Hierarchy, together with all that is best and brightest in this colony, together with the vast masses of the people—do not we in this vast meeting form a part, as it were, of the great world-tribute to the Liberator, and feel ourselves to be one with the thousand associations of our brethren at home, in America, in the colonies, and throughout the world?

Yes, we are indeed a mighty demonstration: and yet we represent but a fraction of the one united concourse of the lovers of freedom and of freedom's heroes throughout the world. On second thoughts, he required no support from history or the dead; he felt himself as one of the million voices which this day shouted to heaven for joy on account of the achievement of the greatest of bloodless victories, by the greatest and best of Irishmen. He who was "Kerry's Pride and Munster's Glory," had expanded the circle of his fame till its ripple touched every shore of freedom, till he became the pride of every champion of

liberty, the glory of every heart that throbbed with a freeman's blood!

But he would not have them imagine that he was going to allow himself to be borne away by warmth of oratory from the clear and scrupulous delineation of his subject. Little men might require the adornments of rhetoric, and the practices of hyperbole, and the exaggerations of declamation to lend to them some semblance of greatness; it might be necessary in their case to be unreal and artificial; but not so with the truly great;—the man of genius, whether in word, or act, or character lives through the innate powers which he has been endowed with, and keeps his high place before the eyes of the world through the supreme qualities which he possesses or has possessed. His life, his speech, his personal character, not mere words and flattery, are the springs of his permanent fame. And if ever there was a man whose greatness of itself appealed to the intellect of the cultured, and to the passions of the people, that man pre-eminently was Daniel O'Connell. The greatest compliment that could be paid him —the way to secure his lasting fame, and to display the really colossal character of his intellect and will, was to strive religiously to grasp him as he really was, to hold up the mirror to his nature, and, as far as possible, to reproduce the living man. He was too great either to require one single flourish of rhetoric to set him off, or one single stroke of the brush to remove a wrinkle from his brow. No: it was not his (the speaker's) ambition to be guilty that evening of any "wasteful and ridiculous excess;" he was not going, he could assure them, to occupy himself in trying

> "To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
> To throw a perfume on the violet;"

that is, to attribute to the great Liberator qualities beyond those which he possessed, or to deck him out, and set him before them, in any colours except his own. He was too great to want flattery, too genuine to require hypocrisy or paint. His highest praise would be to picture him as he was, neither greater nor less, neither magnifying anything nor diminishing defects. "Paint me as I am," exclaimed Oliver Cromwell to young Lely, to whom he was sitting for his portrait, "paint me as I am, and do not leave out a wrinkle or a scar, or I will not pay you a shilling!" It was his (the speaker's) aim to paint O'Connell as he really was, and to leave imprinted on the minds and imaginations of his audience a picture, clear in outline, true to life, and, so far as he was capable by patient thought and study of doing justice to his subject, representing a vivid likeness of the great Tribune of the people.

He did not forget the splendid efforts made by the greatest of Italian and French orators to delineate the character of O'Connell. It would be presumption indeed to aim at rivalling, or to pretend to imitate the manner of Ventura or Lacordaire ; he was not going to enter into the lists with a Chataubriand or a Montalembert : but, with all their genius, there was one advantage which he had over each of them : they stood too near the great subject which they so brilliantly depicted to be able to seize it in all its colossal proportions. It is said that it takes a hundred years to prove a book to be a classic. So, surely it takes that length of time to prove whether a man's memory is to be immortal or to die. Those who stand close to the pyramids cannot judge of their form and character ; they must view them from a distance, that they may grasp their outline and take in their entire figure. So with Daniel O'Connell. It is only now that he is taking his real place amongst the world's heroes. The fog and haze of contemporary history have passed away, the glare and heat of passion have cooled down : the atmosphere is clear, and all the outlines come out in distinct and sharp relief ; and, as some huge jutting mountain peak rises, "when all the winds are laid," clear against the sky, the form of the great Liberator comes out bold, distinct, and in its full proportions before the eyes of the present generation. Time has but ripened and consolidated his fame. Years simply add laurels to his crown. He stands out in the vast distance, a mightier figure, a more heroic form, a prouder monument of moral greatness than even those thought possible who knew him best, and loved him tenderest. What, indeed, was this great concourse, the thousands of meetings, and the great triumphing that was going on throughout the English-speaking world this day, but a witness to the truth of what he said ?

Seen from a distance, little men, false great men, fade out of sight, whilst the truly great, viewed through the clear light of centuries, seem to combine something of the Divine and the immortal with the surpassing gifts which have been lavished on them. A hundred years this day have passed since O'Connell first saw the light ; and it is only after a hundred years that we can test his greatness, and declare his position, and the perpetuity of his fame amongst the greatest benefactors of the human race. Would that the eloquent tongue of Lacordaire were not silent for ever ! Would that the great Ventura were not sleeping in the dust ! For were they now, at this day, to exert their genius in drawing the character of O'Connell, they would eclipse those great efforts that they have bequeathed to us, and draw even a nobler picture of the Liberator than that

which they produced whilst they stood too close to him to grasp his mighty gifts, too close to depict in all their greatness those attributes which lend to his whole character a sublime and kingly majesty. But we cannot raise the dead; tongues that have fallen into dust, tongues the most eloquent, voices the most sweet, when once they are silent, are silent, alas! for ever. You must be patient with an humbler effort, and with the advantages of distance and of circumstances to make up for lack of genius, and for the want of that rarest and sublimest gift —a tongue which is divinely eloquent.

Now, there are two ways in which the figure of a great world-benefactor can be brought before the mind: one we might call the historical or biographical method, and the other the artistic. In the former, the hero's life is given chronologically, beginning in the case of O'Connell for instance, with his birth at Carhen and following his career through all its varied incidents to his death at Genoa; living his life over again with him and in his company, from boyhood to manhood, and from that to old age. The artistic method resembles the painting of a picture. Had Reynolds, or Rembrandt, or Correggio to reproduce on canvas the figure of some great potentate, he would fill his palate with divers colours; it would be brilliant with purple and white and crimson, with blue and brown and green; and then he would take his brush and gradually transform a cloudy outline into a glowing picture—the figure itself telling its story, the light in the eye, the curl on the lip, the masses of shade and the glowings lights, all forming one living speaking whole. This appeared to him the most effective and telling way of recalling a hero before the imaginations of the people. He had selected this method in preference to the other. He had carefully, and with some littled trouble gathered his colours together from biographies, and lectures, and recollections, and histories, and parliamentary reports; and, also, from those, and they were many, who had themselves been under the fascination of O'Connell's eloquence, and had tasted the charm of his society.

Look at the broad canvas and see that blurred outline, the outline of a man. Watch awhile—see, the form is becoming clearer; there is a massy head, broad shoulders, a bold, self-reliant figure. Now the outline is being gradually filled in. His arms are folded on his wide chest, there is a cloak thrown around him —there is something military in his appearance. To his left, amidst some shrubs, a couple of dogs are sketched. They are his deer-hounds amidst the hollies of Derrynane; and on the right the glens, and hills, and rocky heights of Kerry: those ancient gables represent his ancestral hall; and stretching out in the further

distance, is the silver line of the Atlantic. By this time the picture, filled up in every detail, represents a living presence of a man of heroic cast in body and mind: the light in the grey eye, the broad forehead, the mouth elastic and possessing the possibilities of every emotion—from the most appalling tragedy to the lightest comic humour—then the stubborn resolution in the conformation of face and head, and the independent form of the whole man, speaking of indomitable courage and unconquerable perseverance, raise before the imagination, in an instant, a spiritual figure of one born to command, and destined to achieve some stupendous work. The mind is fixed upon an heroic form—

> "A combination and a form indeed,
> Where ev'ry god did seem to set his seal—
> To give the world assurance of a man."

But even in the painting of a picture there must be order; every stroke is put on with design; the clouds in the heavens, and the spray of the sea must be worked out according to rule. And there are different kinds of public men. Some are men of action, some of speech, some of both: the greatness of some is sustained by the virtues and purity of their private life; of others it is blotted, marred, and well-nigh spoilt. William the Silent, though he never spoke a word, and Oliver Cromwell, who, when he did speak, talked nonsense, were men of earnest action: Burke and Fox were men of speech; but none of them, neither Napoleon, nor Wellington, nor Washington, nor Clive, nor Hastings were equally great in the three elements of human mightiness. There is but one that we could draw out from history who seems to have been far above the average in what he did, in what he said, and in what he was, when taken together. O'Connell was not a great military chief, he did not spill the blood of the brave like water; still he commanded an army of millions, and gained a victory before which the achievements of Wellington must pale. He was not, like Pitt, brought up from his father's knee in all the elegance of the highest forms of oratory; still he swayed the multitude, and held them by the magic of his word more powerfully than could have been done by any speaker before or since his time: and besides this, unlike so many others—and this is not the place to lift the curtain which drapes the private lives of the world's heroes—he was a man of profound piety, of sterling faith, of manly virtue, and of heroism in his attachment to the old religion.

Whether he was greater as an orator or as a statesman it is difficult to say: whether the genuine Catholicity of his spirit, especially in his latter years, was grander than the other two qualities, this is not the place to determine: but one thing is certain: that as a statesman, in what he did, he was supreme;

that as an orator, in what he said, he was unapproachable; and that as a Christian, in his way of life, as a Catholic, he can bear favourable comparison with the greatest religionists of modern times.

And let us first examine what O'Connell did: let us consider him as a statesman, or, in other words, as a Liberator.

Now, in studying the achievements of great men, whether they be great soldiers, statemen, or divines, it is absolutely necessary to gain an adequate knowledge not only of the victories they gained and of the instruments and methods by which they gained them, but of the blocks and obstacles which stood in their way, of the strength of the enemy, of the difficulty of the problem, or of the subtility of the question under consideration. Their superiority and their genius are displayed in proportion to the efforts they made, and the strength and complexity of the difficulties over which they were victorious. He who defeats an enemy superior in weapons and in numbers to himself, and occupying an almost impregnable position, is looked upon as a greater soldier in proportion to his success in overcoming the greater odds, and in making the most by his military genius of the slender advantages which have fallen to his lot. The greatness and resource of O'Connell are known and become transcendent immediately they are weighed in the scales against that vast mass of opposition and crass ignorance with which he had to contend.

Let us, then, first trace out a portion of his career, and fix our attention for a minute on his young intelligence and his early aspirations; and see how he was prepared by nature, circumstances, and gifts to achieve his bloodless victories, before we touch upon the obstacles he had to struggle with, and the triumphs which he achieved over them.

On the 6th of August, one hundred years ago, Daniel O'Connell saw the light. He belonged to an ancient and courageous Irish family. His ancestors seem to have been men of a sturdy, independent character, and well fitted to hold their own, and battle with the boldest in rough and stormy times. A race physically strong and prolific, shrewd in their knowledge of affairs, and adventurous in their love of enterprise, they either lived at home and held their own as best they could, or went abroad to seek fortune or glory in the service of foreign kings. More than one of them distinguished himself, not merely in battle but in military science; and his family inherited, together with a robust physique, a proud and independent spirit, and a certain masterfulness, which comes of perpetual struggles of the brave and the weak with a cruel and unrelenting enemy. Born and bred on the iron coast of Kerry, with the blood of brave men and noble women

running in his veins, instinct with the temper and spirit of his fathers, the young child speedily gave unmistakable tokens of the quality of his mind. When but an infant in arms his imagination was impressed by scenes of strife. The seizure of some sailors who had escaped from a privateer, and the brilliant uniform of the soldiers who surrounded them, and the earnest protest of a man on a white horse, whom afterwards O'Connell described as the Lawyer of the party, was indelibly fixed upon his memory. His early boyhood was spent amidst scenes of excitement.

The privateers and smugglers, who infested the coast, were not altogether unknown at Derrynane; nor would it be necessary to inquire too closely how far the O'Connells were provided with many necessaries and luxuries of the table, free of duty, by seafaring men. Then, on the land, there were, besides other marauders, the Crelaghs, who made raids upon the cattle, and drove them off, and sold them in another county, the only protection which the family could depend upon being their own stong arms and high courage. Thus the child, from his earliest infancy, was brought up in an atmosphere of adventure and excitement, and his precocious mind and extraordinary memory were filled from a very tender age with pictures of the deeds of ancient heroes, and of the achievements of the warrior chieftains of his race. He lived not merely a sleepless observer in the present, but a student, or rather a drinker-in of the past. He possessed a singular sympathy with verse: the rhythm and the music of the stirring ballads of his country had a peculiar charm for him. Like some sweet harmony, they would linger in his memory; and he learnt much of the past sorrows and wild deeds of the Milesians, from those endless songs and snatches which have preserved, in all their original aroma, the soul-stirring actions of brave and potent men.

Besides this, all his surroundings spoke the same language. Ireland's glories, and Ireland's sufferings, and the tyranny of the oppressor were set to every tune, and were the theme of every conversation. In such an atmosphere he was born and bred, Besides this, nature herself seemed as if she were made to nurse the spirit of freedom in him. Often would the boy betake himseli into solitude to converse with his own spirit. At Derrynane. where he principally lived, there were extensive shrubberies, celebrated for the growth of their luxuriant hollies, and high up, overlooking the sea, was a kind of hermitage in which he loved to seclude himself, and commune with the past, the present, and the future. His fervid imagination and sanguine temperament would easily be set on fire by the thoughts which swarmed into his mind. To him all that he saw around him was but symbolical

of the condition of his country, or of that liberty and freedom which the stranger had denied her. When he cast his eyes on the ocean which spread out illimitably before him, with the great rollers thundering in as it were from the coast of Labrador, and burtsing on the gigantic perpendicular rocks beneath his feet, he mused over the stormy times of Ireland's history, or thought of the wild freedom of the ocean, so unlike the constraint and slavery of his native land: or, when the winds were hushed and the storm had passed, and all was still and silent as a lake, and moon and stars broke out in heaven, he mused again on days of rest after victory, and on the fruitfulness and peace and joy of a land rich and populous, and inhabited by a happy and contented race. If he turned his eyes inland it was the same: the high mountains and crags, the glens and tarns, the rushing torrents and leaping waterfalls, spoke the same language to him, and raised up the same contrasts within his soul—one an image of the freedom of nature and her joyfulness, another representing the sad lot of his native land, ground down under an iron heel, with her people pining away, or, in the "wild courage of their despair," making some desperate but ineffectual resistance against an oppressor whom no courage could shake off.

Young O'Connell was one of the first Catholics who went to school in his own country. The penal laws against education had just been so far relaxed as to allow a Catholic to learn his letters and the first rudiments of knowledge at home without being mercilessly punished for it, as for the crime of felony. He picked up some information from the wandering teachers of that day; and when sent to school proved himself to be a boy of extraordinary parts, especially gifted with a retentive memory. He is said to have learned the alphabet in an hour. But what made more impression on those who watched his early course was his brave, proud, and independent character; his perseverance, his juvenile ambition, and his early self-respect. Anything like disgrace was a terror to him. Not knowing his lesson one day, his master threatened him with a beating. "Give me half an hour to learn it," implored the boy, "and if I don't know it, beat me then." It was not the pain of punishment that he shrank from, but from the feeling of disgrace at being flogged.

As far as spiritual influences are concerned, they were brought to bear upon him from his tenderest years through the influence of his mother, to whom, he declared, he owed everything that he possessed in after life of great or good. He regarded her as a saint, and reverenced her for her intellectual gifts. Never to his dying day did her image depart from his memory; and her presence, like the shield of a guardian angel, seemed ever to be

held over him to ward off every harm. Then, the influence of Father O'Grady was not without its effect. A man of much keen mother-wit, simple, shrewd, and filled with genuine faith, his very eccentricities would all the more fix his memory and his teaching in the boy's mind and imagination. Anyhow, from his earliest days, he was steeped in the faith of the Catholic Church, and drilled in the doctrines which she inculcates; imbibing, together with large draughts of freedom, those ruling principles which direct the actions of heroes in a lawful cause, and rein up liberty from falling into licence. The very groundwork or basis of O'Connell's nature was profoundly Catholic—and the Catholic spirit, there is little doubt, indeed it is clearly evident, as a rule, permeated all his thoughts and deeds.

From the humble school of his native county the boy was sent, as all had to be who wished for anything that could be dignified by the name of education, abroad; first to St. Omer, and then to Douai. Here he became noted for his steady habits of application, and for that inexplicable something in his character which created the impression that he was destined to do great things. His uncle wrote to Dr. Stapylton, the President of St. Omer's, and requested him to put compliments on one side, and to give his candid opinion on young Daniel. The doctor replied that he never was more mistaken in his life if the lad were not destined to make a remarkable figure in society. Dr. Stapylton proved himself to be a man of judgment and discernment; and it was from this time forth that O'Connell continued to earn for himself the highest admiration of all who knew him.

But his academical career was cut short by the French revolution. The students and professors of Douai were terrified night and day by the accounts they received of the rivers of blood that flowed in the streets of Paris, and of the frantic madness of the savages who were bent upon the annihilation, not only of the monuments of the past, but of the very elements of common morality and religion. Douai itself was placed in jeopardy; the students were insulted and screamed at in their walks through the streets; and, finally, they left the college where life was not worth a week's purchase and sailed once more for home. Now, it was between this period and his entrance into public life that O'Connell's character became fully formed and thoroughly consolidated.

He returned to Ireland from Douai in 1793; he became a law student at Lincoln's Inn in 1794; and he may be said to have entered public life when called to the bar in 1798.

From his earliest years young O'Connell felt within himself, as so many had done before him, a presentiment of greatness. It

was not pride, or vanity, or self-conceit in him, but a calm and steady persuasion that he was destined to do a work, and that that work was the liberation of his countrymen. As a child he startled his relations by his precocious anticipations. Whilst they were conversing on one occasion regarding the relative merits of Flood and Grattan, young Daniel sat thoughtfully and silently observant, and on being asked what possessed his mind, he started up and said that he too one day would leave his mark upon the world. The name and fame of heroes seemed ever to fire his ambition; and even when of maturer age this impulse to make a name for himself did not for a moment leave him. He brings it out strongly in a letter to his uncle when studying for the bar; and even when seeming at the point of death his dream of creating for himself a reputation appears to have held its customary mastery over his mind. When persuaded that his case was past recovery, he threw his feeling into that music which was so natural to him, and recited these plaintive verses of the poet:—

> "Unknown I die; no tongue shall speak of me;
> Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
> May yet conjecture what I might have proved;
> And think life only wanting to my fame."

Without a touch of fanaticism, he possessed that kind of inspired love of his country and grief at her wrongs which at times accompanies the more effeminate minds of heroines and poets. But his enthusiasm and tenderness were controlled by a sturdy masculine will and a vast store of common sense. Though his temperament was in keeping with the highest poetry and passion, it was ever under the rigid control of his manly character, and whatever of sentiment and feeling he possessed was turned into an instrument for achieving some great and practical end. Naturally led from boyhood to study the ballads of his country, her various wrongs and miseries, when he grew to man's estate his vision took a wider range, and he mastered the whole tragedy of the past. Nor did he study without an object. His ambitious spirit fixed itself upon one intent which he determined to achieve. He declared it to be, at this the outstart of his manly life, his one design on earth and fixed ambition, to leave his country at his death more free and happy than she was when he was born. His solitary hours at Derrynane were spent in working out this problem, and in seeking out a key to solve the mysterious future of his country, and for the fulcrum and the lever by which to lift her from slavery and degradation. It would be the greatest mistake to imagine that O'Connell's course of action in the liberation of his native land was the result of chance, and the lucky issue of an uncertain vulgar struggle. Before he set about

his mighty work of liberation he studied the problem which was before him from every point of view, and only then commenced his labours when he had seen his way through all their labyrinthine complications. He had to consider the blocks which stood in his way, the instruments by which he could remove them, and the method to adopt for bringing his aim to a successful termination. He had to gain from England civil and religious liberty, which had over and over, in the face of many a bloody strife been denied to the millions of his countrymen. England was the great bar to Ireland's freedom. And England was not only confirmed in her obstinacy by motives of home policy, and religious influences, but she was also strongly acted on by events which were developing themselves abroad.

The condition of America and France were not without their significance as regarded the policy of Great Britain in her dealing with her sister island.

What did O'Connell see in France? His boyish imagination had been stained with pictures of the French Revolution. The fringe of its bleeding garments almost touched him as it were when a boy at college. It was an event which shook, like the throbs of an earthquake, every throne in Europe, and spread consternation in every heart. Louis XVI. but poorly understood the times in which he lived. The masses of the people would no longer submit to the burdens which were placed upon them. Changes of ministers simply tended to aggravate the populace, till, finally, like the rising, the sudden rising of some mighty river in time of flood, they broke down every barrier of decency and order, and brought indiscriminate destruction upon everything higher and nobler than themselves. King Louis was subjected to a mock trial, and was condemned by the Convention. He would spare them the pain of a picture of the sad parting of Louis with his wife and children. The king was led to the scaffold, and died with the courage of a martyr, whilst the Abbé Edgeworth, who attended him, exclaimed, as the axe fell, "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven!" The murder of the King was followed by massacre and carnage throughout the length and breadth of France. The scaffold was not equal to the work of butchery, and the people were mowed down with musketry in the public places and shot indiscriminately in the streets. The Loire was choked with corpses, streets flowed with blood. The object of these assassins was not only to destroy the living, but to blot out every memory of the past; they razed the public buildings, and did their utmost to wipe from the memory of man the very name of Christianity itself, and to substitute in its place the most debasing atheism, and such practices of public

debauchery as would bring a blush on the face of the most hardened amongst the heathens. Europe, horror-stricken by the enormities perpetrated by the revolution, flew to arms. Three hundred and fifty thousand men marched towards France. A Corsican, a child of the revolution, was soon to avenge the action of the European powers. Bonaparte in the fields of Italy gave an earnest of future victories. The enemy was vanquished; Napoleon became Consul, and then Emperor; and by his marvellous genius for war he changed the map of Europe, and fixed members of his own family or military staff on almost every throne in Europe. He kept the world in constant terror till 1815, when Wellington, an Irishman, met him in the field and overset him for ever, overset the indomitable Emperor of that fair country over whose destinies at this moment presides a Marshal of France of Irish name and Celtic blood.

O'Connell, meditating on the horrors of the French revolution, clearly perceived how it shook every, even the most stable throne to its very base. The masses of the people in every country were awakened out of sleep. He saw that England especially, had reason to be on her guard. She had not only to deal with the immoral influence of France, but with rebellious children in her vast colonies beyond the Atlantic. There was an unmistakable current of revolutionary electricity flowing between France and America; and many an adventurous Frenchman had joined the American revolt, and had returned home and had told his tale. In vain did the British Government send army after army across the ocean. Starvation and distance from home were too formidable, when joined with American bravery, for British stubbornness and courage. One battle was lost after another. The battles of Lexington, Bunker's Hill, and Yorktown, and the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, showed the most obstinate of kings and the most incapable of ministers the folly of protracting a struggle which had already been practically decided.

The great Chatham, who had always been favourable to the independence of the colonies, though he thought that that independence would be the signal for England's fall amongst the nations, when a petition was about to be presented to the king to declare the independence of America, in spite of age and infirmity, was determined to be in his place in the House of Lords. Leaning on the arm of his son, William Pitt, he staggered to his place. His limbs were swathed in cotton, and his imperious face could hardly be seen, hidden as it was by his long and flowing wig. But the piercing eye and the hooked nose still were visible. As he rose to reply the effort was too much for him: overcome with disease, old age, and emotion, he swooned away in the arms of

his son; and not long after his remains were borne to Westminster Abbey, to take their place amidst the dust of kings, warriors, statesmen, and philanthropists.

The English nation, having lost her prestige in war, and having had to surrender those possessions which were deemed by many statesmen necessary to her greatness, was anxious and timid when she cast her eye upon that Island, which, on account of her misgovernment, had ever been to her a source of weakness instead of strength. She was not even secure at home. The doings of Jocobinism in France had not been without their effect on the English populace. Pitt suspended the Habeas Corpus Act, and any one who dared to utter dangerous language, or show the slightest symptoms of a Gallican spirit, was dealt with in a manner seldom resorted to except in the last extremity. Anyhow, with fear of disturbances at home, and under the excitement produced by revolutions which had been successful abroad, England looked with anxiety upon Ireland, and felt little disposed to relax her bonds, or deal leniently with any symptoms which appeared indicative of that fever which had cost the British government so dear. Ireland was within easy reach of France, and Bantry Bay was a fine harbour for a French fleet. Irish patriots had ever been hovering about the heels of French generals, governors, and diplomatists; and there were not a few sympathisers with the bloodiest forms of the Reign of Terror. The Shearses themselves. according to their own account, gloated over the death of Louis XVI. John, on being asked by O'Connell how he could endure so horrible a sight as the murder of the King, exclaimed that he was present and assisted at the murder out of love for the cause.

Thus it was that the British government of the day considered it a matter of imperative necessity to hold the Irish nation with an iron grasp. To allow her an inch of greater freedom would have been to stir up the country to revolt, or to encourage her to imitate the bloody example of France. It was the effect of political terror that dictated the British policy; and O'Connell clearly perceived that it would require almost a miracle to dispel the phantom which had been created by events that had taken place beyond the ocean and on the continent of Europe.

But there was something else besides political terror that would have generated despair in any mind except O'Connell's: it was blind obstinacy created by the fire of religious fanaticism. Fear of the influence of the Catholics and the Catholic Church pervaded every rank of society, from the King on the throne to the penniless vagabond in the stocks. O'Connell could not help being struck with amazement at the hold it possessed over the

popular mind. When he was a child, within his own memory, a hundred thousand men rose at the beck of a half-cracked nobleman, and, without the shadow of a grievance, surrounded the House of Parliament in London. The Speaker trembled with terror as he heard the deafening shouts and roars of the furious multitude which was trying to force its way into the House. Peers were dragged out of their coaches, bishops were seen creeping over the tiles in their lawn sleeves, the house of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield was sacked, the chapels of the foreign ambassadors were ruthlessly rifled, and the children of the Prime Minister were carried in their night clothes and placed on a table in the Horseguards as the only place where they would be secure. Holborn Hill ran with rivers of gin, and rolled with drunken ruffians: the gaols were forced open, and murderers, thieves, and the lowest rabble swelled the maddened throng, whilst thirty-six fires blazed at different places through the metropolis. Why all this wild and diabolical excitement? Because some miserable, some contemptible shred of relief had been thrown to the Irish Catholics. According to the brutalized notion of the populace, Ireland was simply known as a land of bogs infested by a swarm of poisonous Papists. Any quarter given to them was confused with the idea of inflicting frogs and wooden shoes upon the British public; with the notion that the land of freedom would speedily fall a prey to a foreign potentate, and forthwith be covered with all the horrors of idolatry and superstition—so grossly ignorant had the people become of the history of their own country, of Alfred the Great, Edward the Confessor, the Black Prince, and Sir Thomas More!

But the terror of Popery was not confined to the lower orders. The natural antipathy against it of the Church of the Reformation, with its vast revenues, and broad glebes, and venerable fanes, is intelligible enough. It is but natural that the great peers, enriched by church property, should look with an evil eye upon those to whom it once belonged. But in other ranks the feeling was much the same. No Ministry could stand, however strong when it came into power, which aimed at giving some wretched sop of natural justice to the millions of the Irish people. Pitt tried it, and was forced from office; Lord Grey did the same, with a like result; Lord Granville fell from power from the same cause; and Canning was worried to death by that very party of which he was the highest ornament. Take the Ministry itself which passed emancipation. In the beginning of 1828, when they came into power, they were the strongest Ministry that England had ever seen; at the end of 1829, they were the weakest. Why? Because they emancipated the Catholics. Never did abuse and obloquy

fall so thick and strong upon men who had once been favorite Ministers: history and fiction were ransacked to find terms of infamy fit to describe their wickedness: Scripture could find but one name sufficiently odious—that of Judas Iscariot; whilst clergymen, Macaulay tells, hurried from Cornwall and Northumberland to vote against that Minister whose very presence a few month's before would have set their parish bells jingling. Such opposition was too strong for any government. It sought support from one party and then another. It received a blow on this side, and then on that; then it staggered, and reeled, and fell—and why? Because it had granted to Ireland that which was Ireland's natural right; because it was compelled through utter fear, to grant, against its own prejudices, and through the mighty influence of Daniel O'Connell, civil and religions liberty to all subjects of the British Crown. Thus O'Connell found a threefold cord, which is not easily broken, binding up the limbs and freedom of his country—the action of political terror, of religious fanaticism, and of the most brutal ignorance. Even the grave Lord Eldon exclaimed, in all the sincerity of his heart, "The day that a Catholic enters the British Legislature the sun of England's greatness is set!"

Such was the tough and impervious breastwork which, like some perpendicular rock, stood in the way of the dreams of Daniel O'Connell, He counted the costs, he measured the strength of the enemy, and he was not dismayed.

And what did he see when he cast his eyes on his own country? The hand of nature had been bountiful indeed, but what nature had made, man had marred. In no country in the world, within the same area, was to be found such rich pasturage, such a luxury of waving corn-fields, and so many elements of agricultural greatness. From the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, from Connemara to the Hill of Howth, nature had spread herself out in all her variety of picturesque loveliness, and in a contrast of beauty seldom found in the most favoured countries of the world. The Glens of Wicklow and the Vale of Avoca, the plains of Meath and the spreading Curragh of Kildare, the glens and tarns and mountains, and jutting peaks and thundering waterfalls of Kerry; and then the mystic beauties of Killarney, together with the shining watercourses of the Shannon and the Lee, make up a tale of natural beauty not easily found in any other country on the earth. No doubt there are scenes to be found which in their awful grandeur and sublime magnificence surpass anything to be found in the Emerald Isle; but, taking it as a whole, in its length and breadth, no country can surpass it, at least on the continent of Europe, in its variegated gifts of picturesque loveliness and pastoral beauty.

And when he turned his gaze upon the people who inhabited this favoured spot, what did he perceive? He saw that every man who lived in Ireland was not an Irishman. He perceived one broad and telling contrast. He perceived that the great Irish people —that race which from time immemorial had inhabited the island —had preserved their own identity of thought, feeling, and character; had clung to their own ancient traditions, and had not lost the essential spirit of their especial nationality in spite of the outrages and persecutions of many hundred years. About seven or eight millions, the great mass of the population, was of one distinct race: as different from those who forced themselves amongst them as the native of the East is from the Norwegian; as the inhabitants of Circassia from the hardy Highlanders of Scotland. The genuine Celt, the race of pure Milesian blood—of blood identical with his own,—these were the people with whom O'Connell felt the sympathy, the deep uncontrollable sympathy of race interests, and true brotherhood. The English settlers who had come over with the Conqueror, and had formed the English Pale, cannot be called Irish. The Anglo-Saxons, the Danes, the Anglo-Normans, the troopers who came over with Cromwell, and the Dutch boors who landed with King William—these could not, by any stretch of courtesy, or by any confusion of history, be mistaken for that poetical, sensitive, melancholy, humorous, brave, and impetuous Eastern race, which still dreams of building up the walls of Tara, which still melts to the strains of the Irish Harp, which still throws its patriotic feelings into a poetry especially its own, and still dreams, as it has dreamt for seven hundred years, of making the home of their fathers—the land of their birth—

> "Great, glorious, and free,
> First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

Yes: O'Connell could not but discover in his countrymen elements of noble deeds and germs of genuine greatness. A brave, chivalrous, high-spirited people, that is, as created by the hand of nature, and fit for any enterprise, and with sufficient daring in their constitution to prepare them for any venture. But the hand of man, of the oppressor, had been strong upon them; they were, and had been, a down-trodden race, and had bled under the iron heel of conquest for over 700 years. But the Liberator had to look farther back—to look into the earliest history of his country, and to trace its various fortunes down to the very day in which he lived, if he really wished to learn a lesson from her chequered and turbulent career Looking back into pre-historic times his eye seemed to catch, amid the vapours and mists of antiquity, visions of great

warriors and chieftains battling together with their hosts, and sights of blood and carnage—

> "And chance and craft and strength in single fights,
> And ever and anon host with host
> Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard mail hewn,
> Shield breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash
> Of battle-axes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks."

From the days of Ugony the Great, and of Con of the Hundred Battles, to those of Brian, who seems with a sort of celestial energy to have won the great battle of Clontarf, and to have hurled the hosts of the enemy into that sea over which they came—from the earliest hints of Irish history even to the present hour the people, sensitive and chivalrous, seem to have been carrying on a perpetual contest. Before the invasion of Strongbow, the hierarchy of Ireland's chieftains and minor princes were ever engaged in struggles with each other; the very character of the various kingships and chieftainships, each petty principality having its own laws, traditions, and customs, its own hereditary jealousies and perpetual discords, fomented and encouraged mutual opposition, and gave incessant opportunities for a renewal of hostilities, or for the excitement and chances of internecine war. When the chiefs were not fighting with each other, they were engaged with a common enemy; and even then it was not seldom the case that the very enemies of their country were made use of to assist in revenging some private wrong, or in ravaging the principality of a neighbouring chieftain. Was it not a private grudge that induced Duncan Macmurched to betray his country into the hands of Strongbow? Anyhow, from the earliest dawn of history to his own day, O'Connell could see little else than pictures of battle and bloodshed, kings dying in the field, or by the hands of violent enemies, or burying themselves away in monastic solitude to do penance for the past.

The conquest under Henry II. of England served simply to perpetuate and render more savage than ever the spirit of antagonism which had become chronic in the island. The Celts now ceased, in great measure, to make war upon each other, for they had a formidable and determined enemy to meet. He had sailed over the Irish Channel, and selecting Ireland's chief city as his basis of operations, as his stronghold, he threw round it at some distance a cordon. He enclosed the city within a circumference which was called the English Pale. In vain did the brave Milesians struggle to force the enemy from his garrison; each attempt brought devastation and death to thousands, with blood and tears and famine; commerce was paralyzed, and the green crops cut, the land desolate, and the invader strengthened

his hold in every engagement. The millions of the people were treated as outlaws; they were used as unclean animals, as creatures unworthy of pity and regard, and, so far as the British power extended, they were trampled upon as veritable slaves. This continued for generation to generation, sometimes the Pale expanding, sometimes contracting; now fierce rebellions, and then bloody repressions; then periods of intermittent calm, short spaces of breathing time, rest, that strength might be renewed to begin hostilities again. Ireland became, in course of time, a kind of hunting-ground for England.

At length the first English settlers became attached to the soil, and identified themselves, not with Milesian, but with their own interests in the land. They became independent; England became jealous. Wave after wave of English crossed the channel, and fight after fight took place between the new arrivals and the old settlers, each striving for the mastery, each bent upon getting hold of as large a portion of booty, as great a quantity of the game, as his strength and cunning could secure to him. Meanwhile, the Milesian multitude were not forgetful of themselves, and, ever and anon, with the throes of an earthquake, they rose and shook themselves in their chains, and looking now to Spain, now to France—turning to any side for help—they made spasmodic and wild efforts to free themselves from the vampire which was eating up the fairness and the plenty of their land.

Then came the great rebellion of 1641, with the fourteen armies in the field at one time, and that fearful and bloody period which is mixed up with the name of Dutch William—times of extermination, famine, and blood, the very clouds crimson as it were with the reflection of the oceans of human life which were poured out in the massacres and battlings of army against army, host against host. Then ensued a darker and a sadder period still; the iron heel of conquest became shod with the spikes of sectarian hate. England had thrown off the religion of King Alfred, and had followed the footsteps of King Henry VIII. The English Pale followed in the wake of the mother county. To diversity of race was now added the differences of antagonistic creeds. Civil and religious discord and animosity came into direct collision. The sword of the conqueror was whetted and pointed by that detestation which springs from an unregenerate spirit when it handles the weapon of theology.

In a state paper of the time of Henry VIII., the "noble folke of Ireland" is divided into three classes: "the King's subjects" "the English rebels," and "the Irish enemies"—"the King's subjects" being, as a rule, the last invaders; "the English rebels" being those who had preceded them; and "the Irish enemies" the

great masses, the millions of the original population of the country—the Catholic Milesian race. Seven hundred years of conquest and three hundred years of religious tyranny and persecution were enough to crush any nationality, and to break the stoutest heart of any people. When penal laws had been added to other disabilities, the Celt could hardly be said to be alive in the land of his fathers : he was bound hand and foot, and treated as a slave, and scouted as an outcast ; he was under the protection of no law, and his property and life could be snatched from him with impunity ; he was less secure than the aboriginal savage, than the lowest and most degraded species of the human race. By law he had no rights ; and the highest hope he could indulge in, was that of being allowed to live and die in slavery obscurity, and wretchedness.

O'Connell had deeply studied the question of how to get, freedom and liberty for his countrymen. They had struggled violently and repeatedly, by force, by strategy, by sudden risings, by secret societies, by calling in the aid of foreign fleets and foreign muskets, but every effort had but rivetted their fetters closer, and wasted valuable lives and oceans of innocent blood. He had profoundly meditated on the efforts of the Shearses, of Wolfe Tone, and of many other men made desperate by oppression; he had studied the workings of endless secret societies, and had weighed the issue of their efforts—but all resulted in the one inevitable conclusion: that, whether lawful or unlawful, every attempt had failed and had brought greater misery on Ireland What did he see under his own eyes? The Rebellion of 1798. His ears never were able to rid themselves of the shrieks and groans of the dying, or his eyes to efface the pictures of bloodshed which stained his imagination and shook his soul. Then the awful end of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, of Russell, and of Robert Emmet; the blood shed in vain in their fruitless attempts to bring about a change in the destinies of their country, spoke to the strong sense and tender heart of O'Connell with the language of deeds—more eloquent than any mere words of man. He felt that some other method must be tried, some other instrument invented for freeing his country; for blood and conspiracy had been tried long enough. Besides, the country had been split up from the first in endless parties and innumerable secret societies. Every attempt that had been made by one party or society to gain justice for the country had been paralyzed by some other. Nothing could be achieved without union. He had known or seen enough of White Boys, and Right Boys, and Heart of Flint Boys, and Twelve o'clock Boys, and Peep-o'Day Boys, and Shanavests, and Caravats, and Thrashers, and Carders, and Heart

of Oak Boys, and of the Bloody Boyhood of the Bog of Allen. They had had their day: they had exerted their energies, such as they were: and Ireland was still loaded with chains, and sunk in the slavery of a twofold oppression. He did not desire, he shrank with all his courageous soul from adding another episode of blood, followed by still greater slavery, to those which had gone before. History, if it had proved anything, had proved this: that the old traditionary methods of violence and force had failed; that some other system must be adopted; and that, if civil and religious liberty was to be obtained, it had to be obtained through the energy of other instruments and the application of other methods.

But before touching upon the weapons in which O'Connell trusted for achieving the object of his dreams, what was the real condition of the millions of his Catholic countrymen as viewed—not according to their own minds, fired by the oppression under which they writhed—but according to philosophers, statesmen, and members of quite another class? He could easily weary them by the quotations he could give them from leading English authors as to the oppression exercised by the foreign master. But he would save them that weariness, and as specimens of a hundred others, he would quote the words of two eminent Englishmen, and of the most profound Protestant statesman that Ireland, amidst a galaxy of brilliant men, had ever produced. Dr. Johnson declares that the tyranny under which the Irish suffered surpassed in its horrors and cruelty the ten persecutions of the Christians under the Pagan emperors. Edmund Burke calls the network of hideous penal laws, under which the Catholics of England and Ireland were languishing, "a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and for the debasement in them of human nature itself, as was ever devised by the perverse ingenuity of man." Macaulay says, that under Cromwell, the policy was strong, straightforward, and cruel. It was comprised in one word, and that word was extermination. After that "the Irish Roman Catholics were permitted to live, to be fruitful, to replenish the earth; but they were doomed to be what the Helots were in Sparta, what the Greeks were under the Ottoman, what the slaves now are [this was before their emancipation] at New York." Nor were the people alone subject to this debasing and iniquitous treatment; men of refined education and heroic life, of whom the world was not worthy, were in as evil a condition. "Those priests," says Macaulay, "who were revered by millions as their natural advisers and guardians, as the only authorised expositors of Christian truth, as the only authorised dispensers of the Christian sacraments, were treated by the squires

and squireens of the ruling faction as no good-natured man would treat the vilest beggar."

In fact, Ireland may almost be said to have ceased to be a nation; the masses of the people, abiding in poverty and destitution in a land of plenty, living as it were without hope in the world, were well-nigh broken in spirit and cowed to the earth by centuries of oppression. Every attempt at relief by violence had failed, and had but increased the hardness of their lot; every petition was either treated with silent contempt or regarded with scorn: it was only now and then, when the political atmosphere abroad looked exceptionally threatening, that some paltry measure, which it was almost an insult to offer, was thrown in amidst the people to prevent them increasing the complications in which Great Britain might be entangled. O'Connell might well look with sad misgivings on his sorrowing Ireland, on that land which appeared white with the helplessness of death. Well might he think, surely any one else would have been compelled to think, that she had come to her last hour, that her last struggle was nearly over, that the rattle in her throat had nearly stopped; but no: he knew her as a father knows his child; he looked upon her, stretched in her beauty before him, with agony written on his brow, and seamed with the scars of many a wound; he looked, and started, and exclaimed:—

> "She is not conquered! beauty's ensign yet
> Is crimson on her lips and in her cheek,
> And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

The enemy might aim at her death; might, as his last act of oppression, as the filling of the cup, even sentence her to die; but he would turn round, and exclaim to those who through the influences of the past had almost lost their manhood—he would turn round and ask—

> "Is there no heart in the trampled land
> To spurn the tyrant's proud command?
> Can the wronged realm no arm supply
> But the abject tear and the slavish sigh?"

And, indeed, on looking about him, he found few who had the masculine boldness left to initiate a new and difficult policy. In England men might be independent enough, but in Ireland—

> "There landless labourers hopeless toil and strive,
> And taste no portion of the sweets they hive."

The masses, the millions of the people, were broken in spirit and had well nigh lost all sense of freedom, certainly all hope of

union, and in their wildest dreams could see no other way out of their sad condition save through some miraculous interposition of the Almighty God, who, from His high Heaven, might at last have mercy upon them. As for the middle classes, they could hardly be said to exist; anyhow, trade had been systematically crippled, and harbours and estuaries, which would easily have floated all the navies in the world, and broad and majestic rivers, which would have been the high-roads of a vast and flourishing commerce, were turned into a bitter mockery through the jealous and selfish policy which animated the political action of the master island. As to the nobility, they were in an anomalous position. Whilst they yearned to get rid of their badges of slavery, they trembled lest in doing so they should jeopardise the little freedom they had left.

> "Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
> Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike"

they "let I could not wait upon I would;" and thus oscillating between two anxieties, the fear of losing what they had, and their desire of getting more, they were about the last men—though of course there were noble exceptions—to head a forlorn hope such as that which O'Connell, with a superhuman courage, patience, and temper undertook and carried through. What then were the instruments with which he had to work? What sort of tools were those which he was obliged of necessity to handle, in order to achieve an object which every hero of every other generation had signally failed to achieve, and failed, too, when the people were less dispirited than in O'Connell's time, and possessed more of the independence and vigour of a soldier's heart? He found a people demoralized and disorganized, and with all the hope beaten out of them; their natural leaders more timid than themselves—many of them time-servers; those that were not, unused to the rough contentions of public strife, the sturdy give and take, and the violent usages of bitter political and party warfare. Such was the material, the only material he could avail himself of, with which to meet the threefold opposition of Great Britain: with which he had not only to meet it, but to confront and overthrow it, and, in spite of political terror, religious fanaticism, and their violent auxiliary, impenetrable ignorance, set up amongst the millions of his people the fair and gracious form of civil and religious liberty.

He had to convert, in one word, this raw material into a formidable and novel weapon for attaining his end. He had to organize a people, to create a nation, to breathe into their souls beaten to the earth by tyranny, the spirit of freedom, loyalty, union, self-respect, and indomitable, self-control. He had to

reverse all the cherished traditions of the past. A vast and giant undertaking! The old time-worn methods of the sword and the spear had to be forgotten; the traditionary spirit of faction and contention had to be annihilated; the much-loved and immemorial secret compacts, and hidden undertakings, and dark conspiracies, and deep-laid plots—all these methods, which had been ingrained into the people's natures by the processes of centuries, and the action of adversity, had to be swept to the wind; theological bitterness, and sour exclusiveness, and religious dislike had to be melted before the new sun which was rising in the heavens; and men had to learn that the brave, the good, and the true were men of the light, were men of order and loyalty, friends and guardians of authority, and strong in the clearness of their rights and in their evident capacity for using them. O'Connell's dream was to create out of the millions of his countrymen one immense and overmastering instrument, composed of the united voice of a noble and justice-seeking people, which should be capable of forcing the public opinion of England and of the world to listen to, to study, and then to admit and concede indisputable claims. Since the days of Henry VIII., the force of opinion, as a moral weapon, had been growing in its influence: and just at the time when O'Connell was systematising his new method of warfare, it was beginning to become more formidable than ever. The influence also of the press was making itself felt as a fourth power in the realm; and the possibility of setting as it were on fire in the hearts of millions one great and ever-guiding idea—an idea which could be converted into a force surpassing that of armies, was not unnoticed by the keen and subtle mind of the great Liberator of the people.

It was not necessary for him to go into a detailed history of the various abortive efforts which had been made previous to the time of O'Connell to establish some kind of organisation for the protection of Catholic interests. It was enough to say that every-one of them had failed; and that their very failure, through the discontent and discouragement which they produced, did more to set difficulties in the path of the Liberator than if they never had existed at all. How could he be supposed to possess gifts which others had not been endowed with? Why should he succeed when others every bit as energetic and able had signally failed? What was the use of repeating an experiment which had been made already, and had shown what it was worth by its results? Such were the cries of the disheartened, and of those who had good reason indeed to give up every effort in despair—such was the feeling of every man save one—save Daniel O'Connell. Such gentlemen as Dr. Curry, Mr. O'Connor, and the accomplished

Mr. Wyse had done their best and were genuine patriots. But learning, sense, and culture, were not enough to work such a revolution as Ireland required. They founded the first Catholic Association ; but it bore within it the seeds of its own dissolution. Not to speak of minor causes, the very presence of such men as Lord Trimleston, and Lord Taaffe was enough to cause a rupture in any species of society. The former was stiff, with all the arrogance of a nobility estranged from public strife, and unused to mixing with the people ; the latter was a nobleman, who had learnt the amenities of life in the courts of kings, and was unable to brook the supercilious manner and overbearing tone of him who became his natural rival and opponent. Two parties were formed at once, and in their formation the Catholic Association ceased to exist, as the body is a corpse when the soul has fled from it.

From this time forward the action of Irish Catholics was simply a repetition of that antagonism and disunion which had led to so many bloody fields in the heroic times of Ireland, a spirit which almost appeared inseparable from the people, so ubiquitous and constant was it presence whenever men associated themselves together to secure some common advantage for the country. Lord Kenmare, an amiable nobleman, hardly equal to fighting the world in stubborn times, resuscitated the committee simply to see it melt into thin air. A second association was formed in 1790, under the leadership of Mr. Keogh. Keogh was much more like the man that the Catholic body needed. Bred in the merchant service, of a coarse, rough, and determined manner, he blended prudence with boldness, and might, had he known the secret of creating a strong public opinion, have done much towards advancing the liberties of his country. But, like the others, his committee was unable to exist in a country where the first idea of adhesion seems to have been lost. It was dissolved. Then came other attempts which need not be referred to, and which were as little successful as those which had preceded them. It is enough to mention the names of those who were the moving spirits in them, men of respectable mediocrity, but not one of whom towered above the rest with acknowledged superiority, to show how natural it was that their various attempts should have fallen short of anything like success. Composed of members of the clergy, the aristocracy, and the bar, they represented simply a helpless confusion of good intentions, which never resulted in any permanent advantage to the cause. Lords Fingal and Gormanston, French and Trimleston, with Dr. Dromgoole and Dr. Troy, with Sculley, Hussey, and Clinch, met, discussed, and disagreed ; and were altogether incapable of forming what alone could achieve

any valuable triumphs, a compact and united force, directed by one master genius capable of turning each one's talent, fortune, and position to account. After at least four or five distinct attempts had been made, and had fallen through, the Catholic body seems to have given up as hopeless the idea of advancing the liberties of the people by means of committees, associations, boards. The country was paralyzed, and began to sleep the sleep of helplessness and despair. Their one hope had been to create the *idem velle*, the *idem nolle*, and the *idem sentire de Republica*, and this hope or effort had signally and disastrously failed.

But there was one man whom no disaster could defeat, no opposition could tame, no adversity could dismay—and that one man was Daniel O'Connell.

Whilst the country and its natural leaders had thrown up every further attempt in despondency, O'Connell and Shiel met by chance in 1823 at a friend's house amidst the mountains of Wicklow. From his earliest boyhood O'Connell had lived on the thought of serving his country, That deep-set conviction that he was to leave her freer and happier at his death than she was when he was born, still haunted him like a phantom and held him in its grasp. When all others had despaired of their country, he felt that his hour had arrived for taking courage.

His first effort at forming a Catholic organization was met with scorn, contempt, and ridicule. Past efforts and past failures were thrown in his face. He was denounced as a lunatic, or a fanatic, who did not know what he was doing. But gradually, in spite of opposition, O'Connell made his influence felt. His first meeting was held in a dingy room, of an obscure tavern, in Sackville-street. With difficulty could the members be got together. At one time, to complete the necessary number for a quorum, O'Connell himself rushed into the street and captured two Maynooth students, and almost by force compelled them to join the meeting, to prevent it prematurely coming to an end. Still he persevered. Gradually, as men were struck by his earnestness, his courage, and his untiring power of work, they began to believe in him. The clergy fell in with the movement; then Lord Kenmare and the aristocracy; next men of the bar and wealthy merchants, and persons of influence throughout the country. It matters little who was in the chair; there was but one ruling and controlling mind in this first real association of Catholic vigour. The weight of O'Connell's authority, the masculine force of his character, his prudence, boldness, and extraordinary resources; and then his magic mastery over the minds of all, lent a cohesion and a unity to the whole body of which he was the guiding spirit, such as had never, in the memory of man,

been known in Ireland before. To quote the words of an intelligent Frenchman, "He runs thither (to the meeting of the Association) on quitting the Four Courts, and if by chance he be delayed, no one presumes to take his place. He it is who brings forward all motions, and directs the discussion, and who carries every question which he thinks proper to propose. When he rises there is an immediate silence upon all sides; when he sits down and ceases speaking the room resounds with peals of applause; and when he retires the association retires also." Such is the spell of genius! Such is the power of one man supremely endowed for achieving some great and mighty purpose.

O'Connell had now created that which Ireland wanted—oneness of spirit and unity of action, and a determination to have a leader and to follow him This Association grew at length into a vast political machine. Its influence was felt throughout the island, from the inland loughs and mountains to the fishing smacks which sailed around and about the coast. It was a kind of electric network, which, subtle and invisible as it was, held together as one man, and educated, enlightened, and encouraged the great masses of the people All felt the sway, the ubiquitous presence of one ruling spirit, all were animated with a sanguine hope, and all relied with implicit confidence in the statesmanship and guidance of the supreme Director. The people ceased to be simply a flock of helpless sheep at the mercy of any shearer. They began to feel like men. Unity became a bond of confidence and a link of strength.

And, gradually, the British Government began to awaken to the fact that the down-trodden Irish people had become a nation—a nation formidable in their numbers, in the unity and intelligence of their action, and in the justice of their stern demands; a nation governed, too, practically, by a dictator chosen by themselves; a chief whose unbending will, stubborn energy, and magic influence over his countrymen had transferred to him, as a matter of fact, the reins of government from the British Crown. His will was law, and his law was so clear, distinct, and intelligible that the veriest fool could understand it, and add strength to his designs. A man of intense practical genius, and of an eloquence which enthralled the hearts of his countrymen, a man who had studied the history of his native land, and had decreed that she should be free, O'Connell now became the ruler of a nation created by his own statesmanship, the director of that grand campaign which was to win for her a liberty unknown for seven hundred years.

But more fully to effect his purpose he established two other methods of reaching the people's intellects and hearts, and

bringing about those changes in their traditions without which his entire scheme never could have been fully realized. He set on foot an order or society of Liberators, the object of which was to put down secret societies, to conciliate all classes of Irishmen in one band of brotherhood and affection, to protect all persons possessing the elective franchise, and to extinguish for ever religious animosities between man and man. His one great effort was to replace discord by universal brotherhood, and to carry honestly in the light of day, under the sanction of the Constitution, those measures which were for the advantage of the people. His second, or rather third, method was the "Rent." By means of "the Catholic Rent," which consisted of a subscription of one penny a month from every Catholic, he would be able to net a large income of over £50,000 a year for promoting Catholic interests. There were many tyrannies which could be met only by money, many obstacles which money alone could remove. Nor was this all; by demanding from every Irishman a contribution towards carrying out schemes for the general good, each man, woman and child would experience a personal interest in the work, would feel identified with it, and would represent a real and intelligent Moral power in the country. Thus, by means of the Association, the Liberators, and the Rent, O'Connell educated the ignorant, and welded into one compact force, from the highest peer to the poorest peasant, the millions of his countrymen. Whilst thus united they were being politically schooled, and were learning the great lessons of order, obedience and self-respect, and the possibility of achieving great ends by means of peaceful methods joined to virtuous and sober lives. So firmly were these three interests set together, that they could, at a moment's notice be brought to bear on one point, and when thus concentrated, they were generally capable of securing a certain victory.

At length an occasion offered itself in which the organizations of the Liberator could be fairly tested. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, who had sat in Parliament for Clare, was about to take office under Government. A new election was the natural consequence. Never before this had a Catholic dreamed of contesting an election. But it showed what a mighty change in a short time the Liberator had wrought. If he could defeat Fitzgerald, and were returned himself by the votes of the electors, he would be almost able to force emancipation from the English government. Fourteen thousand pounds were placed at once at his disposal. He issued his address; he hurried down to Clare. His task was a difficult one, for Mr. Fitzgerald was well beloved by the people. But the great champion of Ireland's rights was too powerful for him. The voters felt that they were under the

protection of the Association. They had been trained by the enlightened principles of Daniel O'Connell, and for the first time in their lives they voted like freemen—like patriots who had been educated into a genuine love of country. For well nigh thirty years they had been drilled and schooled into habits of discipline and order. Knowing the deep interests which were at stake, they observed the strictest propriety and decorum. Whilst, in old days, neither a marriage nor a funeral could be concluded without blows being given and blood being drawn, now thirty thousand Irishmen could meet together and engage in the most intensely exciting duties without a single act being committed which might be exaggerated into a breach of the peace. Neither would they, however poor, touch bribes with their fingers ; nor, however faint or dry, touch drink with their lips. The energy and flagless labours of one supreme mind had trained them into this. There was not a shoeless urchin in that vast concourse who was not keenly alive to the necessity of doing his part in the great work of liberation by self-control. There was not one man or woman, old or young, who had not seen and loved and listened in rapture to the Liberator, and who was not ready to die rather than offend against the laws of order, sobriety, and self-respect which he laid down for them.

What happened at Clare was but a mere picture of what took place throughout the country. The Irish nation, as with one accord, through the magic of one man's word and influence, had determined to adopt that enlightened policy which has done more to create out of common clay heroic forms than any other method devised by human ingenuity. How could such force of unity, and such determination of purpose, be thwarted in its just efforts after honest rights ? Is it possible to imagine a people possessing in an intense degree all the requisites for liberty, exhibiting in a manner which appealed to every man of sense the highest attributes of freedom, remaining slaves ? The test was applied at the Clare elections. Menaces of ejection and threats of assassination were made, but made in vain. Calmly, and with the determination of resolute men, the electors poured in their votes for O'Connell. Those driven up like mobs of cattle by the opposite party, no sooner caught the flash of O'Connell's eye than they straightway threw aside all fear of consequences and voted for him. "They may rob me of my farm, my pig, and my cow ; they may seize my body, but they cannot touch my soul !" was the exclamation of one man who represented thousands of his countrymen, as he boldly gave his vote for the Liberator. All the popularity, prestige, and local influence of Fitzgerald, were powerless against such organized and unbending determination as was marshalled

on that day. O'Connell stood at the head of the poll by nearly one thousand votes. The sheriff, amidst deafening shouts which rent the air—the shouts of a nation from whom the chains had dropped—declared Daniel O'Connell duly elected. He was immediately lifted, amidst deafening applause, into a chair of triumph. Accompanied by sixty thousand men waving green boughs, like a moving forest they followed and surged round him as he was borne through the streets of Ennis by his friends. His progress from Ennis to Dublin was such as few kings have in their proudest days experienced. At the entrance to one town 4000 horsemen came out to escort him to his residence with those lusty and manly cheers such as are known so well to the Irish soldier. At another, an army of 14,000 men on horseback surrounded him, and offered him a welcome such as is remembered and spoken of to this day. In one week "the Rent" amounted to £3000. On his arrival at the capital O'Connell could look back with pardonable pride to one series of magnificent ovations which followed upon his successful opposition to Fitzgerald He could feel that if he had created a nation out of the millions of the people, that nation did not forget its benefactor, or undervalue the years of "toil and turmoil, the cark and care," he had gone through to mould it into shape, and to awaken within it the high attributes of liberty. He had breathed his own bold, keen, and energetic spirit into his countrymen, and they recognised in him the founder of their manhood and the father of their freedom.

When the result of the election for Clare became known in England, its people and their rulers were struck dumb with amazement. It was looked upon as "the most extraordinary event that had ever occurred under a system of representative Government," and many thoughtful persons declared that O'Connell had done more in one day for the liberation of Ireland "than had been done in forty years by all other men together." Now, for the first time for seven hundred years, the power of the Irish people was making itself felt with resistless force upon the British Government. Up to this, every concession that had been made did not result so much from Irish influence as from foreign complications. In a country where men were broken up into factions and bound in the chains of secret societies and divided against each other—in a country where the only one monotonous method of gaining liberty was by savage violence, there was little to be feared by such a power as Great Britain. It is reduced to a question of mechanics. The heavier weight prevails. Without entering into the reasons of it, it was a patent fact, to all except the stone-blind, that as a military power, in the force of swords and muskets, England has ever been the master. A European

complication was the only possible event which would give Ireland a chance of doing much by rising. And even such complications, for whatever cause, never for seven hundred years, and that is a long period, brought anything but a deeper slavery upon the country. It was O'Connell who made the grand discovery which brought about the freedom of his native land.

If England were more powerful by brute force, Ireland was more powerful by moral force. Her very sufferings, appealing for centuries to the world, were on her side; whilst the tyranny of England drew upon her, even from her best and most enlightened statesmen, words of reproach and sometimes deeds of anger. Why choose the weapon in which you are evidently the weaker, and reject that which at once throws the advantage on your side? Why fight England with the sword when the sword is her acknowledged weapon, and not attack her with the mighty influences of justice and right, of liberty and freedom by which you may prevail? This is what had been done by the Liberator. This is what turned the councils of Great Britain into confusion. England was attacked at last in her weakest, her vulnerable point, by the strongest arms that Ireland could wield —arms which now she was brandishing for the first time with astonishing effect. Wellington and Peel were men of keen insight and staunch courage. They would gladly have left Ireland in her bonds. But looking across the Irish sea, they saw there a united people, sternly, and with a sublime unanimity, claiming those rights which no longer could be denied. Every nation of Europe, the great people of America, all the world, was ranged sympathetically, nay clamorously, on the side of Ireland; the whole civilized globe condemned the policy of England. And then "the Roman Catholic Association," says Macaulay, "began to exercise authority such as the Irish Parliament, in the days of its independence, had never possessed. An agitator became more powerful than the Lord Lieutenant. Any explosion of feeling on one side of St. George's Channel was answered by a louder explosion on the other. The Clare election, the Penenden Heath meeting, showed that the time of evasion and delay was past."

Wellington, who "could not comprehend the possibility of placing Catholics in a Protestant Legislature with any kind of safety," now found it safer to admit them. He who was the king of physical force, the conqueror of the great genius of war, Napoleon, was met by a still more formidable antagonist, by one who wielded a different weapon, a weapon of more tempered metal, of keener edge, of more Divine workmanship than had been dreamt of by his philosophy, and he was vanquished.

Ireland had at last confronted England fairly—England led on by her most mighty general, and England was conquered; conquered in an equal fight; and the surliness with which she laid down her arms, showed the intensity of her mortification at her discomfiture. The King, who shrank with terror from putting his name to the Act of Emancipation, was only induced to do so by a greater terror in store for him should he have refused. His memorable words to Sir Harcourt Lees contain, as in a nutshell, a summary of the position occupied by Daniel O'Connell, and of the acknowledged victory achieved by the Irish people :—"There are three kings in this country," exclaimed the irritable monarch, "King Arthur [Wellington], King George, and King Dan; but Dan is the most powerful, and will oust the other two."

Meanwhile, a petition had been presented against the return of O'Connell for Clare. The petition was overruled. On the 15th of May he proceeded to the House to take the oath. The interest and excitement in London were intense. The streets leading to St. Stephen's were choked with dense masses of people. Traffic was stopped. It became impossible to move from Charing Cross to the House of Commons. The Chamber itself presented an unusual spectacle. Every available space was occupied. Peers and peeresses took advantage of their privileges to look upon a sight which, to them, was little less than miraculous; to witness a man who had created one nation and with it had defeated another, taking his seat in the Legislature of the Empire—a seat which he, by his own indomitable perseverance, had won, in spite of all the mighty forces of England arrayed against him; a seat which he was about to claim as his just right in the very presence of those great powers which had coalesced in order to defeat him in his object. He (the speaker) would not weary them with an account of the petty bit of needless persecution which, for the moment, deprived O'Connell of his rights, Nor would he venture to detain them with a picture of the Liberator pleading his cause before the Bar of the House of Commons. It is enough to say that he pleaded in vain. "Are you willing," said the Speaker to him, "to take the Oath of Supremacy?" "Allow me to see it," said O'Connell. After looking at it a moment, he fixed his eye upon the chair and said, in a firm clear voice, "In this oath I see one assertion as to a matter of fact, which I know to be false; I see a second assertion as to a matter of opinion, which I do not believe to be true." He then retired. A fresh writ was issued. The Liberator was returned a second time by the Clare electors, obnoxious clauses having been expunged from the oath, and he took his seat in the British House of Commons. All this small tyranny shows two things: the innate repulsion which still existed in

England against admitting the masses of the Irish people to civil and religious liberty, and the genuine power which O'Connell had evoked to meet it. The new opposition he encountered at every turn simply served to make his victory more triumphant and more conspicuous.

And the people fully realized the benefits he had conferred upon them. For twenty-nine long years of toil, contention, and incessant labours such as would have killed an ordinary man, he had striven for their sakes. He had sacrificed his profession and his own pursuits out of love of them and of his country; and they, in turn, idolized him as no man ever before was idolized, and maintained him out of their poverty that he might live as a prince. They felt, indeed, that no reward could adequately represent his services. He had created a nation out of the dust—the grindings of tyranny and slavery. He had united a people which never in its long history had ever before been united; he educated the masses of his countrymen as if by personal presence he had come in contact with them one by one. As no other man ever did, he infused his own spirit into millions, and made them as one man—charged with his own principles, breathing his own aspirations, and following out, though against the natural grain, the rules and orders which he, as if he were some divine lawgiver, laid down for them. Secret societies, the bane of all political life, withered in the land; the voice of freedom sang with all the liberty of a new creation; mutual hatreds and religious discords, if not obliterated, were brought under some command; whilst the moral tone and character of the people was so much altered, so far elevated above what it had been, that strangers who re-visited Ireland after O'Connell had done his work were struck with astonishment at the change. Never before has one man worked so mighty a revolution as to create a nation, and to sow within every unit of which it was composed, the elements of liberty and the germs of freedom.

If in this picture he (the speaker) had thrown some momentary shadow across the fair fame of his country, it was not because he did not entertain as intense a love of fatherland as any other. But he did not identify himself with the errors of those who had, from time to time, possessed the reins of government. Men pass away, tyrant's die, and have to go to their account, but one's fatherland still remains; her everlasting hills and teeming valleys, her busy marts and her clanking towns, her bright seaports, and the broad outlines of her liberty still survive, still live on as generation after generation is gathered to the past. Love of country does not mean blindness to the errors and crimes of her children; does not mean concealing the iniquities of those who are

hers in name, but who are unworthy of her in the action of their lives. He took patriotism to mean a stern antagonism against all that lessens one's country's reputation—a voice ready at all times to condemn conduct unworthy of her fair name, and to stigmatize boldly, and publicly to brand with eternal infamy if necessary, as a warning to others, the base and heartless persecutors of their fellow-men. This is true patriotism—to lift one's country up in the scale of nations, and to let the world know that the tyrant and the oppressor, if they are to live at all, shall live as warnings in the minds of future generations.

And, indeed, every year is bringing in greater light of charity and larger views of the rights of man. Each generation as it passes away carries with it some error, some intellectual disease which gives place to a brighter light of truth and a healthier idea of liberty—at least so it should be, and so in many ways it is. O'Connell set the great example. He taught not only Ireland and England, but the civilized world, a lesson. He put in motion a set of political principles which are capable of indefinite expansion, daily improvement, and endless application. No man of modern times has cast on this chequered world so bright, so broad, so softening a light. And all future generations will drink of his clear fountain, will eat of his sweet bread of liberty, and will look up to heaven and bless O'Connell's name !

He hoped that now he had partially at least fulfilled his promise of showing what O'Connell did. Time did not permit him to draw out in its fulness the entire breadth of the Liberator's mind. Wherever the form of freedom showed itself, he was in the van making way for her advance. His keen eye for liberty penetrated beyond that of the most distinguished statesman of his time. Nearly every great measure he supported or fought for has eventually been carried in the interests of liberty and for the benefit of the world. He seems to have fulfilled Schiller's definition of genius when he said it consists, "not in following the past, but in creating the future."

Who was more vehement than O'Connell in his advocacy of the rights of man throughout the world ? Amidst those able statesmen who fought for reform in 1832, he was amongst the most active. He saw with a clear vision that free trade would bring the granaries of the world to feed the poor of England, and he battled for it with a heavy hand. He was only second to Wilberforce himself in his exertions for the emancipation of the slave ; and he combated for the rights of Poland as if they had been his own. He boldly opposed the poor laws, defended the rights of soldiers against the lash, advocated freedom for the Church, and wherever he could strike a blow which would be of

service to the interests, the enlightened interests of humanity, he struck it with all his might, and all his heart went with it.

But time does not permit even the bare enumeration of the principles and measures which he advocated and put in motion for the good of man. Suffice it to say, that the bars have been described which stood in the way of that main object which has given his name eternal renown. The political terror, the religious fanaticism, and the crass ignorance of Great Britain—that colossal power of resistance was, without the spilling of a drop of blood, and without a single act of disloyalty to the Crown, overcome. O'Connell found a nation in the dust, paralyzed, cowed, trembling: throbbing himself in all his veins with a spirit of fiery freedom, he lifted it up and converted it into a power which Great Britain was unable to resist; and he himself, having raised up his people, did what no daring man at that day would have imagined possible, he offered himself in opposition to a favourite candidate at the Clare election, was returned, and, in the face of all his opponents, took his seat in the Imperial Parliament, there to assert the liberties of his country, and by the thunderings of his denunciation of wrong, and by his masculine, his unanswerable logic, to reduce to dust the arguments of oppression and those pretexts for tyranny by which his country had been degraded from her place amongst the nations for well nigh seven hundred years. Yes: it is true, he is gone! but he lives amidst us with a larger life. Time has but mellowed his growing fame, Distance is bringing out his full proportions. And the world can now look upon the figure of a man who has no like for his originality of genius, his practical statesmanship, his vast influence over his people; and who, like no other ever read of, created a nation, and freed it by means of principles which at the same time that they wrought reverence for authority, brought loyalty, self-respect, and mutual charity to bear upon the millions of the people.

"Whilst the tree
Of Freedom's withered trunk puts forth a leaf,
Even for thy tomb a garland let be—
The Forum's Champion and the People's Chief.

HIDDEN SPRINGS,

OR

PERILS OF THE FUTURE AND HOW TO MEET THEM.

[*Address delivered on occasion of opening the Guild Hall, Sydney, October 9th, 1876.*]

His Grace said that he appeared before that large audience which now met his eye, at the request of the Warden and Council of the Holy Catholic Guild, who had done him the honor of asking him to open the spacious Hall (of which he had laid the foundation-stone twelve months ago), by giving a Lecture on any subject which he thought fit to select. He accepted the offer in the spirit in which it had been made, and felt pleasure in identifying himself with those solid and Catholic principles on which he believed the Guild was founded. Besides, he deemed it a duty, when a fair opportunity was afforded him of telling wholesome truths and of giving sound advice to people in whom he felt an interest, not to let that fair opportunity slip by, either through sloth on his part, or through fear of the criticism of opponents. Indeed, himself he did not care to hold principles which would not stand the rough usages of the openest warfare, or which would collapse and fall to pieces when they were most required to stand their ground: and as for sloth, which in this climate had many votaries, he hoped, so long as he had health of body and brain, to keep that enemy at bay, and to spend himself and to be spent in the service of Christianity and in the interests of the people.

Such being the case, the next question was, "What is the Lecture to be about?" He had already confided to them this much, that it was concerned with "Hidden Springs;" though, at the same time, he candidly confessed that those two mysterious words conveyed scant information to the mind. But for that very reason he insisted that they illustrated all the better the subject upon which he was about to speak. The large assemblage which he saw before him was most assuredly drawn together by some one attraction common to them all. Each man and woman present had been acted on by some force or influence, or Hidden Spring,

secret from the eye, and beyond the reach of the hand. Guided by its influence they left their homes, converged upon that building, entered that Hall, and were now prepared to listen to a discourse regarding the subject-matter of which they possessed but the vaguest information.

Now, the whole universe (said the speaker) is moved by Hidden Springs, or unseen influences. From the sleepless universal operation of gravitation to that movement in the heliotrope which turns it to the sun: from the mysterious laws which regulate the milky way to those which govern the fern-fronds, ice-stars, and saline crystals of our planet; from the highest star on the forehead of night to the lowest gem in the bosom of ocean—everything is hidden from us, except outward operations and sensible phenomena. Du Bois Reymond, who said he scanned the whole heavens with a telescope and found no God; and Lawrence, who remarked that on opening the brain with a scalpel he found no soul—simply declare in their own language a fact, patent to any thinking man, namely that the world of matter and the world of spirit have more in them than the lense or the knife can discover; and that science, when the microscope, the telescope, and the test-tube have done their utmost, has, after all their scrutiny, to declare that were they to probe

"Deeper than did ever plummet sound,"

they would be as far from the initial forces, the Hidden Springs, of the Universe as they were when they began.

And as that which builds and weaves and quickens all matter is invisible, impalpable; so is it with the master-forces which sway that great world of man which makes up the human family. The actions of mankind, from that day on which a solitary pair trod the green slopes of Eden to the present day, with its countless nationalities and many-sided civilizations, are catalogued and compared in what are called the annals of the world; but underneath these actions, as the root is underneath the flower, as the works are concealed within the clock, energize those hidden forces which are at once their origins and their explanations. Not that the complicated movements on the world's wide stage are always or ever set in motion by simple operations. The influences are generally manifold and divergent, thwarting and crossing each other, being jarred and dislocated by antagonistic impulses, which turn the direct motion into curves, zig-zags and diagonals, creating such eccentric velocities as at times absolutely to defy the calculation of man. Still, there is generally to be found in every age some steady master-pressure urging in one direction, and that so powerfully, that the vortices and eddies, the

counter-streams and cross-currents, are carried along with it; and in spite of opposition and confusion, and appearances to the contrary for a time, it fixes the destiny of an era, and gives its direction to generations of mankind.

Such are those master-springs which, whilst they maintain society in its present *status*, are not without their influence on the individual heart. It was evident that such centres as these must be intimately bound up with moral and religious principle; for no other powers possess that permanent force and that piercing character necessary for moulding nationalities, for creating civilizations, and for developing, or stunting, the spiritual elements in man.

What he proposed then to do that evening was to uncover and display three great Hidden Springs of this description; the first, governing and directing that old world which is passed and gone; the second, wholly different from the first in its position, its setting, and its workmanship, which still maintains the present *equilibrium*; and the third, which, though not yet possessed of its full power of leverage, and standing in the background, threatens to come forward and reverse the present courses of the world. Of the past he would say but little: for the past is gone; and where the tree falls there let it lie; but the *now*, said the speaker, the *now* is in your hand, and is of enormous interest, not so much on account of its present attitude, as because of its impress on the future, and the part it of necessity is bound to play in the mouldings of the coming race. And each man and woman, and each child it may be said, however poor or illiterate, however humble or solitary, exerts a certain influence, good or evil, on the future: we are all our brothers' keepers, and forces that impinge upon an unborn generation. Hence, no life is utterly useless or forlorn, no power ever wholly thrown away. And as all those present had their part to act, high or low, in the great drama of life, ever ending with a tragedy: as he knew as well as they knew, that they could not shirk the deep responsibility even now at this moment weighing on their shoulders; such being the case, he thought it would be a useful and an instructive thing to lay bare the Hidden Springs that moved the world, to point out their nature, display their effects, and indicate the attitude those who love God, and what is best in man, should assume in their regard. Indeed, no thinker animated by a genuine love of his kind, no man identifying himself with the people amongst whom his lot is cast, and seeking their highest happiness and ready to use such ability as he had to serve them, according to his humble view, could have suggested a subject more pregnant with momentous

issues, more central to the heart, or more likely to suggest guidance for the future—a future in which their deepest interests might easily be jeopardised, in which much light, courage, and direction might suddenly be required.

He did not propose to treat the subject as a theologian, so much as a philosopher; not so much even as a churchman, as a citizen of no mean City; as one possessed of an unfeigned affection for and interest in his fellow-colonists, especially those who found their homes in that bright spot in which it was his happiness to dwell; and those still more especially, who were supporting him and surrounding him that night. Every one there present could not be expected to agree with each detail of his argument; that was inevitable; but he entertained little doubt that in the main, in the general current of his disquisition, reading men, and especially thinking men,—men who meditated much though they talked little—would follow him with approval; and feel compelled, through the influence of facts and forces, to fall in, though they might have wished it otherwise, with his general conclusions.

I.

Casting on one side then all secondary and minor sources or springs of action, the three master forces of the past, the present, and the future can be summed up in three words, Paganism, Supernaturalism, and Materialism. Now these terms are as yet, so far as we are concerned, mere words, which may signify anything or nothing. Let us draw some definite meaning from them by the help of a common measure; so that, thus, whilst we bring out their true significance, we may, at the same time, by throwing them into contrast, gain a firmer hold of their external shell, so as all the more searchingly to probe their hidden kernel. And, first, these three words are used to connote and call before the mind three great religious or moral positions in which vast masses of mankind are found, and that for so considerable a season as, for the time, to be held as permanent. The origins or Hidden Springs of these three especial conditions of humanity are then what we are in search of, and desire to analyze. We will probe beneath the surface, and expose the secret root; and point out the source of those movements which threaten the future, or which have already been acted out on the stage of life before all eyes, and are recorded in the history of the world.

Let us now take our common measure, and guage these influences and contrast them.

Religion appears to be made up mainly of three elements; first, the idea of God; secondly, the idea of man, and his relation

to his God, this relation comprising a system teaching what to believe and what to do, that is, dogma, including mysteries, and ethics, or a scheme of morals; and, thirdly, a form of worship, or a *cultus*. If by comparison we discover the relations in which Paganism, Supernaturalism, and Materialism stand to these three elements which make up religion and morality, we shall have a chance of getting at their centre cell, or inmost core, or Hidden Spring: and through a threefold comparison of them, by throwing them in contrast or in harmony, as the case may be, we shall gain some knowledge of their fundamental differences, and appraise them at their intrinsic value.

It is evident that a society or nation will be greatly moulded according to its practical idea of religion and morality; and will take its tone and temper from what it is taught to admire, reverence, and adore, as well from the view it entertains of its own imperfection and dependency. As a man's God is, so will man be: as he knows himself as he really is, so will he stand a chance of perfecting his nature, and fulfilling his destiny: as a nation adores, so will it be developed: and according to its truthful vision of itself, will it fall or rise in the scale of moral power.

If a people's god be like to Typhon, the people will be gloomy; if it resembles Moloch, it will be cruel; if the Paphian Venus, the people will melt away into softness and effeminacy. And if they do not understand their own deficiencies, their wound in nature, they will, assuredly, sooner or later, make shipwreck, and founder with all sails set, or die of a disease which they were either too proud to acknowledge, or too gross-minded to discover.

Let us rapidly throw our tape across this Paganism, not so much as an object of present interest, but because we shall thus be the better able to understand the character and position of those other two Hidden Springs with which we are principally concerned.

First as to its divinities: "The gods of the Pagans," says De Quincey, "were wicked natures; but they were natures to be feared and to be propitiated; they were fierce, they were moody, and (as regards man who had no wings) they were powerful. Once accredited as facts, the pagan gods could not be regarded as other than terrific facts; and thus it was that in terror, blind terror, as against power in the hands of divine wickedness, arose the ancient religions of Paganism. Because the gods were wicked, man was religious, because Olympus was cruel, earth trembled, because the divine beings were the most lawless of Thugs, the human being became the most abject of sycophants."

Again: "The gods in some systems of religion, have been such and so monstrous by excess of wickedness, as to insure, if

annually one hour of periodical eclipse should have left them at the mercy of man, a general rush from their own worshippers for strangling them as mad dogs. Hypocrisy, the cringing of sycophants, and the credulities of fear, united to conceal this misotheism; but we may be sure that it was widely diffused through the sincerities of the human heart. An intense desire for kicking Jupiter, or for hanging him, if found convenient, must have lurked in the honourable Roman heart, before the sincerity of human nature could have extorted from the Roman stage a public declaration, that their supreme gods were capable of enormities which a poor, unpretending human creature would have disdained."*

Such were the gods worshipped by millions upon millions in the past; monsters of cruelty, brutality, vindictiveness, lewd, overgrown men, lolling on Olympus, their wickedness intensifying as you ascend the mountain of debauchery, the twelve Paladins of the Pantheon being vile, concrete demons—whose very smiles would make the stoutest hearts shrink, and the boldest spirit quail. Below man in intellectual gifts and spiritual endowments, intoxicated with the quintessence of depravity, mortal, subject to disease and decay, pain and annihilation, they were more like the hideous dreams of maniacs, than deities worshipped by reasonable creatures in a living, thinking world. Thus were the heavens of Paganism peopled; such were the divinities, such the gods of the Greeks, who so intensely loved the beautiful; such the gods of the Romans, who so reverence that law and order which their gods trampled on with such unmitigated ruffianism.

Such being the Pagan god, what was the Pagan man?

Man, in the estimation of the Pagan world, was, in many respects, looked on as a superior kind of animal, whose one object in life was to secure the intensest gratifications of body and brain at the least amount of cost or suffering to himself; and in the fulfilment of this double lust, his final end was placed. He had no sense of guilt or sin or repentance or supernatural love, just as some men have no ear for music, or no faculty for colour. His instincts of heart, head and sense, were his rudder; passion, his sail. He lived through his span as merrily as he could, he made the most of it, and then lay down to die, He cultivated every instinct to the highest, that it might yield him the largest cup of pleasure; and he drank off his draught of pain, as an inevitable necessity, and held grief to be an arrow discharged into him through the vindictiveness of the gods. His mental eye did not know how to lift its lid above the horizon of the earth: or, if it

*Works, vol. x., p. 251-2.

did, no effort was made to pierce beyond. Thus he lived, in some ways a splendid animal, in others a brute : for his noblest impulses and most divine, received no stimulus or culture, and remained in embryo to the end. In little else did he differ from the flower springing at his feet, or the bird shooting across his path—except in wickedness—for if truth has to be told, his fierce and lawless passions, and his demon pride, were stimulated rather than assuaged by the kind of brutalities he worshipped, for they debased and crushed his original nobleness to an extent almost incredible. The picture of human life painted by Paganism with its

'Bursts of great heart, and slips in sensual mire.'

is simply appalling ; and surpasses in the sense or horror it creates —on account of its reality—the worst circles opened out by Dante in his exhibition of hell. Below we see men, brutalised by every form of depravity—though here and there receiving a lacquer from intellectual culture—and above them, close over their heads, families of hideous gods, deeper died in vindictiveness than they, stronger in physical force, monsters, winged-animalisms, capable of manœuvring around them in the air and worrying them, of striking them, and then wheeling out of reach of retaliation. Fully to realise these murderous natures which made up the Pagan Pantheon, you need but open Döllinger's 'Gentile and Jew,' or peruse the celebrated Chapter on the subject by St. Paul.

Now, in what relation did those men stand to the gods ? Was it a relation of love and reverence ? Just the reverse. Their relation sprang from secret hatred and craven terror. The malignity of Jove is proverbial. The sufferings of Prometheus were caused by his having befriended man : whilst Herodotus himself assures us of the secret detestation which the nations through which he travelled entertained for their divinities. Common prudence itself would recoil from placing trust in the club of demons who disported themselves in eternal outrage on Olympus ; and whose spitefulness sealed up every avenue to confidence, and whose cruelty excluded every approach to love. Man hated the gods, because they were brutal and cruel ; he feared them because they were stronger and better equipped for committing outrage than himself.

Such being the relations, what positive teaching is found amongst the Pagans ? First, as to creed or a code of dogma : Paganism had absolutely no creed, no dogma ; it had no sacred book : nothing resembling a Pentateuch or Gospel, or even a Koran. The gods had no moral relation whatsoever to man, who hated them and feared them. " They were," says De Quincey

"mere odious facts, like scorpions or rattlesnakes, having no moral aspect whatever, public nuisances; bearing no relation to man but that of capricious tyrants." Had the Pagans then no code of ethics? None. Their mythologies and legendary tales amused the multitude, but they had no moral or dogmatic bearing. The only code of ethics which the Pagans practised was that which was distorted by brutal instincts, and corrupted by contamination with the gods. "Religion in the eye of a Pagan, had no more relation to morals than to shipbuilding or trigonometry." There was just one thing the Pagans had, though they lacked a code of action and a scheme of Faith—they possessed a worship or *cultus*. The gods, as they were stronger than men, and at the same time cruel and capricious, had to be propitiated. So they were soothed and softened by means of death and carnage. Banquets were offered them to mitigate their ferocity, and to assuage their demoniacal craving after blood. Let another voice tell what these gods gained by these Pagan sacrifices or dinner parties. "What they gained was this, the luxury of inhaling the groans, the fleeting breath, the palpitations, the agonies of the dying victim. This was the dark interest which the wretches of Olympus had in human invitations to dinner; and it is too certain upon comparing facts and dates, that, when left to their own choice, the gods had a preference for *men* as their victims. All things concur to show, that precisely as you ascend above civilization, which continually increased the limitations upon the gods of Olympus, precisely as you go back to that gloomy state in which their true propensities had power to reveal themselves, was man the genuine victim for *them*, and the dying anguish of man the best 'nidor' that ascended from earthly banquets to *their* nostrils; their stern eyes smiled darkly upon the throbbings of tortured flesh, as in Moloch's ears dwelt like music the sound of infant's wailing."

It requires a violent mental effort, such as minds engrossed by active pursuits are scarcely capable of, to realise the condition of the pagan world; and to grasp the whole bearing of such a

'Total eclipse
Without all hope of day.'

And it is difficult to conceive that these pictures are not made up of the skimmings of a deceased fancy, or the fumes of a poisoned brain, difficult to take in the astounding fact that millions on millions of our fellow-creatures were born, lived—we cannot say 'flourished'—and died, in the midst of this pandemonium, and weighed down with this living night-mare. Yet so it was; and that too for centuries, and in the fairest portion of God's creation, and in the midst of exercises of mind and imagination the most perfect of their kind.

What now is the Hidden Spring of this vast corruption? It consists in that centre of fierce lust in the animal man, which, when the counter-checks are taken off, gains mastery over the reason, stains the imagination, and corrupts the heart. The very existence of the Supreme Maker, the pure Creator, is ignored, and His idea expunged from the mind: the whole Supernatural Kingdom melts into thin air: heaven is shut out with a vault of brass, and a hill on earth, peopled with animalisms, takes its place for men to worship. The human race becomes drugged, body and mind, with the poison of brutality, and begins to assume a form and condition resembling chronic madness more than anything else. Man reverses the whole divine order of facts within him and without him, which is the same thing as upsetting the world into another chaos; brute instinct tyrannises over reason; the beast enslaves and rough-rides the man; and the world becomes simply a receptable for beast of prey. Had not man proved this on a large scale when passion had its sway over him: were there not amongst us records of to what abysses he is able to sink, how low the lamp of purity can flicker, and how dark the night can spread, we could not have believed it. It seems man cannot only fall into the abyss, but can absolutely forget his destiny:

> 'For awful truth it is that man
> *Forgets* the heaven from which he fell.'

So far for Paganism, and that dark curtain thrown by its Hidden Spring across the world.

II.

Now it was the Supernatural that crushed that spring, and sweeping the hill clear of the unclean families of gods, destroyed the walls of brass, opened out the heavens, and gave a totally new direction to the current of human life.

Taking the Supernatural in its length and breath, such as it has exhibited itself at large on the broad stage of the world for well nigh two thousand years, and viewing it in its integrity, we can compare it with the Paganism as fruit compared with fruit. He used the expressien the "Supernatural," and not Christianity, because the former word possessed a wider significance than the latter, and included societies of men, who, though they reject the Christian system as unproven, still believed in a Supreme Being, the Ruler and Rewarder of mankind. Whilst the Pagan's eye does not range beyond the natural world, and whilst his reason acknowledges no forces which are not identified with earth—the Supernaturalist takes in a loftier range, a wider vision, detects

in the movements and sequence of events in the heaven above him, and in the mirror of his consciousness within him, the evidences of a Power which is not nature, but above it; which is not one of nature's manifestations or phenomena, but which is the Hidden Spring of manifold devolpements and multitudinous life. The Supernaturalist is contrasted with the Pagan by this radical difference: that whilst the latter in reality starts from his own baser self as a centre, the former quits self, and places the centre of the universe and the measurement of its courses, and the main instrument of his own perfection, out of nature, out of self, and fixes it in the Supreme Governor of all. Thus it is, possibly, that man bears about with him a sense of banishment; and though more happy than ever Pagan was or could be, still feels as if there were something wanting; as if he were, after all, away from his Father's House;—that very thought producing a sweet sadness, which has nothing about it of the bitterness of grief. Is not this minor key referred to by the Poet when he sings—

> "We look before and after
> And grieve for what is not,
> E'en our sincerest laughter
> With some pain is fraught,
> Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought."

How stands the Supernatural respecting the idea of God, of man, and their relations? As contrasted with Paganism it is as if in an instant the darkest night were suddenly changed into the brightest day; as if the most loathsome and painful hell were by a flash transformed into an expanding joyous heaven: it is like an intellect, maddened by apparitions of terrific wickedness such as to overset its balance, instantly relieved, and restored to peace and rest: finally, like awaking from the thraldom of an overpowering night-mare, which stops the heart, and leaves its victim fully awake, gasping for breath, and half undone by the very relief afforded in the consciousness that that which seemed so real and so terrible, was, after all, but the effect of a momentary hallucination—so radically opposed are the consequences respectively produced by the Hidden Spring of Paganism, and that which broke it up and took its place.

First, observe the contrast in the Supernaturalist's conception of Almighty God. Take it, as drawn out by one of the deepest and perhaps the most cautious thinkers of our time—

"I speak then," says he, "of the God of the Theist and of the Christian: a God who is numerically One, who is Personal; the Author, Sustainer, and Finisher of all things, the Life of Law and Order, the moral Governor: one who is Supreme and Sole; like

Himself, unlike all things besides Himself, which all are but His creatures; distinct from, independent of them all; One who is self-existing, absolutely infinite, who has ever been and ever will be, to whom nothing is past or future; who is all perfection, and the fulness and archetype of every possible excellence, the Truth Itself, Wisdom, Love, Justice, Holiness; One who is All-powerful, All-knowing, Omnipotent, Incomprehensible."*

Here then is a Being supreme in every characteristic, excluding all taint of imperfection, not of the world, but still ruling it as its Maker and its Guide: All-powerful and All-seeing; and the Essential Love, as He is the Essential Justice, Holiness and Truth: Incomprehensible on account of His very Greatness; still, revealing Himself to man, speaking with him, not being very far from any one of us, on account of His surpassing Love; a Being possessing in its fullest flower every conceivable attribute of Goodness and of Beauty; and yet exquisitely harmonious in the midst of the coruscating variety of His Riches as they externally reveal themselves to man.

Next, what is the Supernaturalist's idea of man himself? He regards man as a being created by the Supreme God, and as placed in a condition of discipline on earth. His centre is out of the circle of self, and within the triangle of the Trinity. To this centre, unless blocks are put in the way, he should and does spontaneously tend—the sparks of his soul flying upwards. The aim of his life is ever to be approaching nearer in likeness to his Maker; to whom in character of Reward, eventually, if he has performed his mission, he will pass, and there find the fulfilment of every desire, and that peace unspeakable which is the highest form of rest. The years of this life are to him really valuable only so far forth as they fashion him for his future, and secure his permanent happy destiny. The joys and delights which make up the goal, which direct the aim of the Pagan, to him are of comparatively small account;

> "He looks on all the joys of time
> With undesiring eyes."

For his imagination is possessed with the idea of the exquisite happiness of an endless Reward, which though hidden behind the draperies of the future, he still feels to be fairly within the grap of his supernaturalized ambition. With all this he is sensible of the struggles of the baser nature within him, and of the thraldon and irksomeness of the passions. He is conscious of an internal dislocation, of two laws combating within the arena of

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* Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, p. 98.

his being; the man and the beast continually at variance, occasionally at rampant war; he is sensible of a disharmony which he cannot conquer; he feels himself out of tune, and partially unstrung; robbed of the robust health of his original constitution; weakened in will, darkened in intellect; and swayed by gusts and sudden violences of passion, which seem at times stronger than himself; and, which, indeed, he knows he cannot, of his own power alone, subjugate or effectually control. Hence he is as it were forced to look out from the contentions and insurrections within himself; and, wearied for want of rest, his higher nature yearns upwards, and stretches out imploring hands for help: and 'as the eyes of the servants are on the hands of their masters; and the eyes of the hand-maid are on the hands of her mistress so are his eyes unto the Lord his God until He have mercy on him.' For he knows, whilst he is praying, that

> 'Life meanwhile
> Is in the loom, where busy passion plies
> The shuttle to and fro.'

Thus man feels himself helpless, so long as left to his own resources, indeed, it may be said, doomed, if not assisted by a higher power, to corruption and ruin. Still he despairs not. He possesses an over-mastering conviction that He who made him what he is, and holds him in His Hand, will not treat him ill; and that as the perfection of his being and the fulfilment of his aspirations are alone to be found in God, he will one day really be brought in contact with them, and drink out of that Cup which an Unseen Hand all his life had been holding near his lips.

The relation between God and man is now easily drawn out. As the pagan god and man are antagonistic at every point to the God and man of the Supernaturalist, so it is with their relations. In what temper could the helpless, help-seeking man of the Supernatural look up to the Eternal of Infinite Holiness, Beauty and Charity, save in that of humility, reverence, and worship? God would be to him as the sun to the flower, as the dew to the lattermath, as the sap to growing trees. He would be to him a spring of external warmth and light, and of internal life and peacefulness. Man would regard his Supreme Creator as the Way to walk, as the Truth to guide; and as the Life by which work is done and light absorbed. He would regard Him as a mighty and affectionate Patron, whose favour would more than super-abundantly make up for, indeed wholly transcend, the loss of all else besides. He would know by experience that the Personal Love of such a Being was of itself heart-filling and soul-satisfying; that

> 'That perfect vision of His face,
> Which we, for want of words, call heaven,'

was sufficient without anything more, to content for an eternity the deepest cravings of mortality. He would, in one word, feel satisfied that to be really loved by God, was, even in this world, to be replenished with all that man could want; and that to know His will and to do it, was the end of life, and the *summum bonum* of the creature.

Has this God of the Supernatural bestowed on man a system of belief and a code of moral action, and a form of worship proper to Himself?

To reply to this we must grasp the Supernatural in its whole extension, and in the full significance of its power. It can be looked upon as a vast wide-embracing force, which has exerted a greater sway over the destinies of man than any other that has ever shook the world. Place one point of the compass on Catholicism as a centre, and then stretch out the other point till it fall upon Theism pure and simple, describe the circle, and within that circumference, the whole domain of the Supernatural is contained. In proportion as you quit the centre and move towards the circumference, you leave the impregnable Stronghold of immoveable dogma and unchangeable morality behind, and gradually find yourself in a comparatively bleak and barren region, till at last you come upon the sandy level of naked Theism without its safeguards and guarantees. Whatever man may believe as to its objective truthfulness, no student of history, no serious thinker, can entertain a moment's doubt that the Catholic Church has been from the days of Christ till now, and promises indefinitely to continue, the very Heart of the Supernatural, and the main Stronghold of the unbending, the stubborn dogmas of religion.

What, then, is this Catholicity which forms the centre-heart of the Supernatural? for where the heart-centre is, there the main essence, and the distinctive characteristic will be found.

To sketch it rapidly: It began with the assuming human nature by that God whose principal attributes have already briefly been discussed. The Incarnation is by far the greatest portent that has ever taken place in a universe filled with marvels, and created by Almighty Power, The Infant of Bethlehem, the Boy of Nazareth, the Man of Tabor, the Sufferer of Calvary, the Jesus from the Tomb; that one Voice, that single Hand which changed water into wine, turned the broad swift current of the world. The virtue from that solitary Man—for He was a God—lent a new pulse to the human heart, a stronger spring to human energies, a brighter light to human eyes; and displayed a

vision of Glory, future and inexpressible, before the astonished sense ; thus lifting humanity, as one man, on to a higher level, and directing its noblest strivings towards an imperishable goal. As the brown silent forests in northern latitudes on the first warm day of spring stand clothed suddenly in green and are alive with song—that which was just now still and rigid, throbbing with multitudinous life—so suddenly almost did the Pagan World give way, when the sun and sap of a new creation warmed his soul, and rose in the heart of man. The Son of Justice alone possessed those penetrating rays which could overcome man's blindness, and bend his stubborness of will. He alone could create the sap of a new form of life, and cause it to course in the channels of humanity, and supernaturalize it at every extremity. He it was who knew how to touch the springs of many hearts at once, and in many places, and to impart a subtle virtue to, and to set a Hidden Spring of Divinity in each member of the human family: so that, to recur to the figure just made use of, each tree of the wild forest would be charged with an electricity, which nature, with all her varied capabilities, had not the power to bestow. God came down, was made Man, became in the likeness of the Good Samaritan, to lift man up, to rest the drooping head upon His Bosom, to pour oil and wine into the failing strength, to breathe into the sinking frame a new Divine invigorating breath of Life. He came for each man and for all : but for each, as if for him alone ; for the unit, and for the family made of units, for society composed of families, for Kingdoms, Empires and Republics composed of the various societies and nationalities which make up the population of the world. He came to join man to God, and to lift up humanity by means of the Supernatural to an end and destiny beyond the passing hour. He came to infuse new arterial blood into the conduits of life, and to thrill the creature with a new sense, with a new revelation, of its weaknesses, its capabilities, and its destiny ; and so far to make him a partaker of Divinity as to render him conscious of his fellowship with a better and an abiding City, whilst he held himself to be in pilgrimage, and under discipline on earth. Such is a portion of the mercies offered to man through the Supernatural

It was scarcely necessary for him, the speaker, to draw out from History the results and operations of the Christian scheme which forms the burning-point of the Supernatural. The History of the Church, of her dogmas, her moral discipline, and her worship, is simply the history of the post-pagan world for eighteen hundred years. The heart of the Supernatural, in the duration of its energies, in the power with which it has urged the stream of supernatural life into each extremity of the world, and its firm,

steady beat, and healthfulness, can be compared to nothing analagous in the history of Churches or of States. Strike this great fact from History, and you throw History into chaos, if you do not actually annihilate it for over fourteen hundred years. Ignore its influence on humanity, and you render philosophy a dream ; as well might you ignore yourself. Deal with it, whether you will or no, you must ; hate it, decry it, blacken it : this you may do if you will, but in doing so you blacken and decry the human family itself ; whatever you do, you must admit its claims, or at least its power as a hard fact which cannot be got over.

Its foundations may be said to have been laid with Christ preaching on the Mount. The mountain of the Beautitudes was His Olympus, and He was the only God of it. A peaceful region, and a Divinity so truthful and so pure—in fiercest contrast with the hideous divinities of Paganism. Here Christ laid down the principles which were to regenerate and reconstruct the world. He chose His Twelve. He went, and sent His Spirit in His stead, The Twelve were replenished with It, and Peter represented the Voice which was heard no more. That small society, multiplied from the one centre of infallible teaching, was guarded by the protections of the spirit of truthfulness. Thus there was bestowed upon the world an unmoving Cathedra of certainty as to belief and action ; there was an ever replenished store-house of Supernatural Grace to enable man to do what he saw to be right. What began on the Hill was carried to the Catacombs ; it next rose to the Basilicas, and spreading itself with rapidity abroad, penetrated into and pervaded the civil society of the world. It ascended from the streets up the steps of the imperial throne, into the Assembly of the Roman Senate ; it entered the solemn tribunals, and fixed the Divine seeds of a Supernatural destiny in the hearts of Emperors and Senators, and the exponents of the imperial laws of Rome. Thus opening their minds as

> ‘ Wax to receive, and marble to retain ’

the principles and Hidden Springs of a newer life, they fulfilled their destiny in cultivating the soil made suddenly so rich by the generous hand of a saving Providence.

Of the old civilization which passed away it was not necessary to treat at any length. He, the speaker, would content himself by pointing towards one great representative of the Supernatural who forms a conspicuous land-mark amongst the wreckage of a broken world. St. Gregory the Great, sitting on the Throne of Peter, the representative of Christ, and the impersonation of Christian Authority and Faith, stands out as in a picture, amidst the decay of the older culture, as a type of the Supernatural

principle in its relation not merely to religion, but to the civil order of the world. If the Christian Commonwealths of this hour would look upon their origin, let them cast their eyes upon Pope St. Gregory, governing with Patriarcal rule the three and twenty patrimonies of the Church; or if they prefer it, upon Pope St. Leo III., solemnly crowning the civil power in the person of Charlemagne on Christmas-day at the Tomb of the Apostles.

And thus for seven hundred years, whilst men were one by one elevated by Sacramental Grace, secured in stability by a teaching uttered with a consciousness of protected Truth, and guided by a steady onward hand to Heaven, Kings and Princes of the world, States and Commonwealths looked upon the Church, the Heart of the Supernatural, as occupying an analogous position in their regard. They held that the Law of the Ten Commandments which bound the individual conscience, bound also the consciences of Empires and States, of Kings and civil Rulers; and that the moral action of the State should play in harmony with the high protected teachings of the Supernatural. In a word, not only individual men, but Kings and Legislators, Statesmen and Warriors, were Catholic, and were possessed by that principle of obedience to rightly constituted Authority which is the surest guarantee of the stability of the Throne and the liberty of the subject.

Then the wrench came of the sixteenth century. Should he say it? Pride and sensuality even at times within the sanctuary: sloth, wealth and worldliness amongst a portion of the clergy; occasional corruptions and even scandals amongst religious orders; ignorance, and that fierce bigotry which follows it as a shadow, as well as the wealth daily spread out before their eyes, offered to those who had been checked by the spiritual power for their vices, and who hated discipline, a pretext for confusing the evil deeds of a handful of men with the guiding principles of the Supernatural which those men trampled under foot, and for bringing about that great land-slip, which, when once effected, became the cause of endless and multiplying revolutions in the religious world. The first large land-slip bore within it the principle of its own separation from the Heart of the Supernatural; and as every master-principle is the fruitful parent of a thousand phenomena, no sooner had that spiritual territory slipped from the rock, and fallen to a lower level, than it also became the parent of other slips, till what was once one solid ground, became broken up into a thousand fragments. For each new form of the Supernatural, as it parted with that which was logically its parent, left behind it some positive doctrines, some moral axioms, some time-honoured disciplines, till, at last, nothing

remain but naked Deism, which speedily travels to those confines where the *terra firma* of the Supernatural meets an altogether different element—the wide quagmire of level Materialism, or the bitter ocean of heaving unbelief. Such is the logical, and indeed inevitable progression in the working of an initial principle, which begins by showing an insignificant crack in an outer buttress, and ends in the radical destruction of that into which its wedge has been inserted.

And here it is important to observe what a superficial mind might not perceive the full bearings of, namely, that the fact of individual Catholics having abandoned the practice of religion and the principles of the Supernatural, is, in reality, no justification, indeed does not hold out the slenderest cloak of an excuse for the repudiation of those principles themselves, or for violently jerking religion, as by a sudden twist, from the only logical basis on which it can stand with any hope of remaining firm. To offer as a sufficient reason for trampling on the Law the paltry, not to say criminal excuse, that a certain number of persons have not observed the Law; to introduce anarchy because certain members of society have not been kept in order, has an unmistakable touch about it either of lunacy or cunning: and suggests the suspicion that those who thus philosophize must have some selfish end of their own to serve. And when this is done in matters of religious principle; when the only stable principle, that is to say, Authority, is rejected, and the principle of confusion is made to take its place; then it is merely a question of time and circumstance how soon destruction is to follow. For when once a system of morality and faith, which restrains passion, curbs pride, humbles man, directs his life within and his actions without, is shoved from the square block and level foundation of authoritative Truth taught with unerring security, on to the slippery incline of the individual judgment which changes with the weather, one inevitable consequence follows; the ball will not rest till it rests at the very bottom. As a rule, whatever of positive teaching these rolling fragments of Christianity may have retained is the result of their previous oneness with the Heart of the Supernatural, that City on the mountain top, with

> "Her godlike head crown'd with spiritual fire,
> And touching other worlds."

The landslips, even the biggest of them, have, after all, simply fallen from the outer edge; the Rock remains all the more conspicuous from its very isolation, and the adamantine bases on which its towers are reared are now partially unveiled before the eye. And if what Mr. Gladstone says be true, viz., that "The

Christian thought, the Christian tradition, the Christian society are the great, the imperial thought, tradition, and society of this earth," this earth owes that circumstance to the Catholic Church. If it be true, as another able writer says, that "The great principles of Christian morality are now so interwoven with our habit of thinking, that we appeal to them no longer as Scriptural Authorities, but as the natural suggestions of a sound judgment," if such be the case, we owe it to the fact of human society having been steeped in the Baptism of the Supernatural for over eighteen hundred years. Deny it as men may, let them be ever so ashamed of their spiritual lineage, the philosopher is not deceived. He traces to their source, however distant, the shallow waters, and discovers the causes of the stagnant pools; and he finds the initial springs of all of them in that fountain of living waters which wells up towards everlasting life in the City of the Saints. Though they may have lost their vital qualities, though they may have grown brackish or corrupt, still, he traces what remains of good in them to their true origin; and knows, though now they may have lost their savour, that they once were limpid portions of the Living Spring. Many fragmentary creeds retain some lineaments of past greatness, some vestiges more or less of the Divine Original; and though marred and mutilated, though but chips and *torsos*, he gazes on them with affectionate regret; with affection, in proportion as they still retain some token of their origin; with regret, on account of seeing so much beauty tarnished; such graceful symmetry destroyed. The Catholic thinker must needs feels sympathy for every thing within the circle of the Supernatural—sympathy in proportion as he draws his eyes from the circumference to that centre where in perfect loveliness the "Mystic Queen" of the Supernatural holds her court.

And after eighteen centuries of battle has the Great Mother of men lost the force of her arm, the flash of her eye, and her high proverbial courage? Does she not still prosecute her sleepless work, her paramount mission of saving souls? does she not still "go about doing good," and sanctify with her gentle presence households and families of men; and, though fallen on an evil era, still influence with her elevating, purifying spirit, Kingdoms and Empires, and the whole civil order of mankind? Her bitterest enemies are loudest in proclaiming that she still exerts her power, and not in vain; that she is no antique, or bee in amber; but an aggressive Life in contact with the forces of the modern world; and roused up all the more to energy, just on account of the violence of opposition. "From a dormant, as was thought defeated superstition," says Mark Pattison, "Catholicism has

become an aggressive and menacing force. It is backed by millions of hereditary believers. It is armed in Spain, mutinous in Italy, rapidly re-advancing to the re-conquest of France, and takes the whole force of Protestant Germany to keep it under." Mr. Gladstone himself assures the world that "for working purposes" the Catholic Church has the advantage over all other forms of religion, and that in this respect they have suffered loss by leaving her. She is possessor he says "of by far the most elastic, the most closely knit, and the most highly centralized organization," when compared with the denominations, which are of more recent date. This Heart of the Supernatural, of which the Vicar of Christ is the Supreme Commander, he says, is "organized like an army in which each order is in strict subjection to every other order that is above it. A thousand Bishops are its generals; some two hundred thousand clergy are its subordinate officers; the laity are its proletarians. The auxiliary forces of this great establishment are the monastic orders. And they differ from the auxiliaries of other armies in that they have a yet stricter discipline, and a more complete dependence on the head, than the ordinary soldier. . . To the chain of an unbroken continuity," he contiuues, "to the majesty of an immense mass, to the energy of a closely serried organization," the Catholic Church, this Heart of the Supernatural, "adds another and a more legitimate source of strength. It undeniably contains within itself a large portion of the individual life of Christendom. The faith, the hope, the charity, which it was the office of the Gospel to engender, flourish within this precinct in the heart of millions upon millions. . . Many beautiful and many noble characters grow up within it. Moreover, the babes and sucklings of the Gospel, the poor, the weak, the uninstructed, the simple souls who in tranquil spheres give their soul and heart to God, and whose shaded faith is not scorched by the burning questions of human thought and life, these persons are probably in the Roman Catholic Church by no means worse than they would be under any other Christian system. They swell the mass of the main body; obey the word of command when it reaches them; and they help to supply the resources by which a vast machinery is kept in motion."

So, according to the testimony of our able adversary, this vast machine, this most elastic, closely-knit and highly centralized Heart of the Supernatural, which we call the Catholic Church, is beyond comparison, in its tough strength, in its dynamic power, in its colossal size, in its adaptation to the gigantic work placed for it to do, superior to every other. As she has been for ages, so is she still in this nineteenth century, the mainspring of the

Supernatural, the chief antagonist, the Leader, against which the foul monsters of the future will have to throw themselves, if they would overrun, and ravage this fair world which God has given us, and darken the heavens with their poisonous breath.

The secret force of this Hidden Spring is identical in kind with that which energises in the centre-soul of the individual man. For the Church lives and acts from a Divine and Supernatural impulse, from which proceed those restraining principles which maintain the world in order; and those renovating stimulants which lift society up to, and fix it on the basis of Supernatural facts. It consists in her possessing a complete revelation of supernatural Truth, and an ever-abiding and intelligible Voice in its interpretation and application, both on the plain of intellectual vision, and that of practical action; it consists in her being the fountain-head from which proceed seven distinct channels of supernatural light and energy, by means of which man's reason is comforted by the gift of Faith, and his spirit emboldened to Love and Hope; it consists in each order of the social hierarchy receiving its own proper gift and grace for the right fulfilment of its avocations; so that all mankind may, in the steady light, in the permanent glow of the Supernatural, be urged from within and attracted from without,

"To scorn delights, and live laborious days"

in working out its higher destiny. It consists in the fact of that Great Mother knowing her own mind thoroughly; and in times of peril, and of mental conflict especially, boldly and emphatically, without respect of persons or powers, declaring it, and anathematizing the wrong; and in her possessing a Supernatural instinct to place Truth and Goodness before expediency and success; and in her almost Divine penetration in seeing an enemy through any mask, and of picking out and rejecting such principles, however plausible, which, seeming to be doing the reverse, really tell against her. She bides her time, and does her work, and offers her antidotes to the poisons of the age; and knows, as no other can, how to gird herself up for the contest, and launch herself out on the foe. Her secret force consists in her stern authoritative insistence that those, it matters not who they be, who disobey the Law, whether as written on the heart or given in the Gospels, will, of a surety, if they die impenitent and in mortal sin, perish everlastingly; and that those, on the contrary, who make it the great object of their life to fulfil the will of their Creator, and die in a state of grace, will be rewarded for ever with exquisite delights. It, moreover, consists in her impressing on man an idea of his real character and condition,

so that he knows himself as he really is; and has an abiding consciousness of his own personal debility, and bears ever about with him a sense of sin and a consequent temper of dependence and humility: he comes to realise, through her teaching, the idea of guilt and of repentance; and begins to practise, not merely those more masculine virtues which are summed up in the four cardinal characteristics of a noble and well balanced mind, but those other virtues also, especially connected with the Gospel Revelation, and emphatically shown forth in the life of the Incarnate: such as humility, patience, sweetness, gentleness, self-repression, forgetfulness of self and thoughtfulness of others; all which virtues, when exhibited in their fairest bloom, represent to the world, men and women of the highest type, and of the most exquisite symmetry of soul. These flowers of the Supernatural spring up in a carnal world from the Hidden Spring of a Supernatural root, and redeem human life from utter desolation. Such men and women as these, sweeten earth's bitterness; and, whilst casting a halo of softening light into the saddest recesses of humanity, and saving the fallen from despair by their angelic love and gentleness, dwell here, not as the Pagans did, not as casting their lot with earth, but as men making use of it as a many-sided instrument for their own perfection—as a many-runged ladder which they daily have to climb towards

> "That God, which ever lives and loves;
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves."

Thus earth ceases to be a place of damp fog and disappointment; its darkest enigmas are sufficiently solved to open the door of hope; the sombre future is pierced into by a slant of light; death, with his horrid scythe, is discovered to be

> "but a mediator
> Between the lower and the higher life."

The inequalities of the earthly course, the unequal distribution of wealth, health, and talent, are explained in the promises of the future; and the creature, by thus identifying himself with the Supernatural, not only perfects his moral character as a man, but renders earth itself more habitable by making man more happy; whilst the higher forms of virtue receive a stimulus which no other system of philosophy or religion can supply.

Such being the action of the Heart of the Supernatural: In what relation does it stand to those larger and larger circles round it, which describe a wider and wider sweep, till Deism pure and simple is confined within the widest? In what relation does

it stand to Anglicanism, Presbyterianism, Wesleyanism, Congregationalism, &c., and to the various forms of Theistical belief? It stands in two distinct relations to all these. First, there is placed an impassable logical gulf between it and them. For, whilst the Heart of the Supernatural, the entire Catholic system, hangs from the one hook of Divinely-given and unerringly-interrupted Revelation; those various systems represented by the outer circles, hang from so many different hooks as there are men's heads to fix them in; are, in point of fact, the creation of the private judgment of each individual man. Thus the logical gulf which yawns between the Catholic Church and the Denominations, is as wide as the difference between the mind of God and the mind of man.

But though it is an admitted and patent fact that this gulf does exist between the Church and the Denominations; still a certain sympathy is created where there is identity of belief, though, in the one case, belief is made to rest on premises which do not warrant it. A man may, and many men do hold true conclusions upon false premises; so man's heart is often better than his head; but the fact of an illation being false, does not by any means imply that *in se* the conclusion is untrue, or cause the lover of Truth to love the Truth the less. Thus the Catholic philosopher, whose heart beats with the blood of the Supernatural, sympathises with the Denominations in proportion as they have retained and teach a greater number of Catholic verities: whilst his sympathy gradually loses its edge in proportion as those Truths decrease in clearness and in number, and belief dwindles down towards the outer ring, which includes the simple assertion of the existence of a God.

On the other hand, the Denominations, if they study their own interest, and deeply prize the doctrines which they still retain, will so far forth as the Church teaches and defends the cardinal principles of the Supernatural, look up to her as the great Heart of Christianity, as a sustainer, more potent than all of them together, of the fundamentals of their own religion; and as an organized army which it becomes their dearest interest to encourage and assist against a common foe. In a word, though fundamentally different in the logical basis of their systems, though this difference is radical, and will remain so, between the Church and the Denominations: and though the Denominations will, from the very nature of that basis, never agree in detail amongst themselves: and though, so long as a common enemy does not start up to make Christians suspend hostilities and look to their mutual preservation, there is little prospect of a laying down of arms; still, *did* such an enemy present himself; did his

attack threaten to be formidable and sweeping; did he approach the circle of the Supernatural with set purpose of blotting out the idea of God, of Providence, of Sin, of Grace, of Redemption: did he propose thus to put out man's eyes, to stop his heart, to poison or rather quench the springs of hope; and did he appear powerful enough to bring all this about,—in such a case, would not all within the Supernatural Circle stop their hands, and turn their eyes in one direction? and, conscious of their mutual peril, and of how, especially in such warfare as this, union is strength, would they not, each circle independently, encouraged by the strength of the Central Heart, turn upon, push back, and slay if possible the monster, the enemy of our common race? All, surely, in any measure interested in or identified with the Supernatural, would for the time at least, drop mutual hostilities, and combine, each from its independent point of view, against the destroyer of the Hidden Spring of present and future happiness.

III.

But is there such an enemy as this? Does the future portend any such great antagonisms as have already been fought out between Paganism and Christianity? Could a line be thrown round the army of the future with as much precision as the Supernatural has been circumscribed? He (the speaker) did firmly believe in the existence, the presence, and the power of such an enemy; he felt deeply impressed by the perils looming in the distance; by the reckless aims of the approaching devastator who, even at this hour, had gathered his strength together and had became a menacing danger. So much so that he felt it to be a duty, and of paramount importance, for the army of the Supernatural to leave alone comparatively minor and domestic differences, and to advance in solid column against an enemy threatening the existence of them all. He looked upon the coming whirlwind as promising to be more destructive and uprooting than anything that had occurred in pagan times; or that has threatened the stability of the Supernatural since the Incarnation. Lust in the heart leaves a blot, which may be purified: but pride in the citadel of the intellect leaves a stain, which percolates to the passions; and, thus, mind and body become contaminated, and man succumbs to a double wound in the two fountains of his energies. He comes to resemble those insects worried by children, unconscious of the torment they inflict, and which crawl about with legs broken and wings burnt, wrecks of what they originally were. Having deprived his victim of all

hope of the future, having put out his eyes as well as cut off his wings, the monster proceeds to throw up infection into the very air he breathes, and to sow corruption along the line of path he will have to walk.

Now the Hidden Spring of all this threatening misery is called "Materialism." This is the power which is marshalling its forces, and has been for these two hundred years preparing to make a general advance against the Supernatural. There are many forms of it; but they can be analyzed into one, and traced to a single principle. Put one point of the compass on man's brain, stretch the other out as far as his heart, describe the circle, and within that circumference is contained the sum total of the religion and philosophy of the future. The Hidden Spring of it, consists in this, that the centre of authority is drawn out of Heaven, is filched from God, where the Supernatural had fixed it, and is placed in man, or in humanity. Man is made the measure of all things, and humanity, his god; within that circumference, every law and every growth must exclusively find its explanation:

> 'A fatal circle
> Upon whose magic skirts a thousand devils
> In crystal forms sit tempting innocence,
> And beckon early virtue from its centre.'

Thus pride in the hands of depravity will carry the world to a lower hell, if it be not mastered, than that which contains the animalisms and atrocities created by that brutal energy which formed the Hidden Spring of Paganism.

Let us analyze this system of the future. First, as to the idea of God. And to obviate mistake, he (the speaker) would recite to them the very words of the most 'advanced" thinker of the present day, though he did candidly confess to reciting them with horror:—

"What is the use of adoring that phantom of Divinity?" exclaims this pioneer of the future, "and what does He want of us by means of that gang of inspired people who persecute us everywhere with their Sermons?"* With regard to God," he continues, "I know Him not. God is nothing but pure mysticism. If you desire me to listen to you, begin by suppressing that word in your discourses; for, from the experience of three thousand years, I have been convinced that every one that talks to me of God, wishes to rob me of my liberty or my purse. How much do I owe you? Behold my religion and my God."† Again: "This I say, the first duty of an intelligent and free man

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* Systéme des Contradictions.—Chap. iii.
† Ibid—Chap. vii.

is to tear immediately the idea of God from his mind and conscience. . . . God is nothing else but stupidity and fear, hypocrisy and deceit, tyranny and misery. As long as humanity bends before an Altar, the slave of kings and priests, it will be reprobated; as long as a single man receives in God's name an oath from another man, society will be founded on perjury, and peace and love will be exiled from the earth. Beware, Jehovah! for henceforth, cured of the fear of God, and having attained true wisdom, I am ready to swear, with my hand raised towards heaven, that you are only the murderer of my reason, and the spectre of my conscience!"

Thus it is evident that Materialism tramples on every form of Divinity so far acknowledged amongst men; and will only consent to recognise a modern god, made up of the aggregate of creatures—humanity—without wings to fly with, or even an Olympus to sit on; a divinity which the individual has 'to aspire to improve,' and into which that same individual will, it is said, be incorporated, after having borne his part in its development. If such be the true philosophy we must unweave the words of the Poet when he sings:

> "Man is not God, but hath God's end to serve,
> A master to obey, a course to take,
> Somewhat to cast off, somewhat to become.
> How could man have progression otherwise?"

Having expunged the Supernatural in all its circles as with a blow, it becomes clear that, according to this system, man can aspire no higher than the Pagan, and does not aspire so high. He can stand in no relation to that of which he denies the very existence. Man himself thus necessarily becomes the centre of being; from him, exclusively, law and truth, all greatness and all beauty flow; he grows out of clay like the weed, and falls back into clay, like the weed, again; and virtue, goodness, faith, love, are but the colouring, brilliant or sombre, as the case may be, upon its petals, during the few short hours of its prime. As there is no immortal God, so there is no immortal soul. As there is no Judge to come, so there is no future punishment or reward. The filling-in of the grave ends all. The all-sufficiency of this life, and of man for himself, become fundamental, principles of action. The idea of sin, of repentance, of dependency on another, are blotted out; and the creature becomes his own god, that god, after all, being nothing higher than an idealized aggregate of degraded men produced by the human brain.

As to positive teaching, as to a system of belief, the religion of the future, in rejecting God, by that very stroke, separates the mind of man from every element of Faith; from every vestige

of Revealed Morality: so, each individual is left free to follow the dictates of his own lusts; and eternal, changeless Truth, both dogmatic and ethical, is turned into the camelion of "that which man troweth."

The movements that take place in the plane of morality and faith must, as a necessary consequence, be communicated to the political and social plane; for politics and diplomacy, after all, are but the Moral Law applied to society at large, to Empires and Nations. That man who will not acknowledge God as his Chief and Master, will never bend to the authority or dictation of a fellow-man. But let M. Proudhon, the foremost leader of "modern thought," speak in his own language:—

"All men," he says, "are equal and free. Society is, then, as well by its nature as by the functions of its destiny, antinomical, which means, ungovernable. The sphere of activity of each citizen being the result, on the one hand, of the natural division of labour, and on the other, of the election he makes of a profession, and the social functions being constituted in such a manner as to produce an harmonic effect, order becomes the result of the free action of all; whence I draw the absolute negation of Government; every one who puts his hand on me to govern me, is a tyrant and usurper, and I proclaim him my enemy.,'* Again: "Only society, that is the collective being, can follow its inclination and abandon itself to its free will without fear of absolute and immediate error. This superior reason which is in it, and which slowly escapes from it through the manifestations of the multitude, and the reflections of individuals, always puts it right in the end. The philosopher is incapable of discovering truth by intuition; and if he attempt to direct society, he runs a great risk of establishing his own ideas inefficient and unsufficient ever, in place of the eternal laws of order, and thus hurrying society to the abyss. The philosopher requires something to direct him. What else can that something be but the law of progress, and that logic which resides in humanity as in its centre?" †

Now such Materialism as this is not opposed to Supernaturalism as Protestantism is opposed to Catholicity; but it is root and flower the opposite pole, the direct contradiction, point for point, of the whole circle of the Supernatural, It launches a straight denial at each form of religious belief, at every modification of Supernatural Religion with equal vehemence, from Catholicity with its ample dogma, to the most scantily clothed Deism; and accompanies that denial with louder and still louder

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* Confessions of a Revolutionist.

† *Ibid.*

expressions of scorn and derision, as the modification departs further and further from the Catholic centre. There is no *locus standi* from which it can be even reasoned with, or on which terms can be discussed for an accommodation: it is the uncompromising, and radical enemy of God, whom it denies; of the Throne, which it upsets; of the Altar, which it destroys;—that is, of the whole sweep of the Supernatural in all its circles and centres: and, therefore, of Christian Government, and the acknowledged usages of the society of the present day. It would with one push shove all these into space, or bear them away in block and bury them, and established on the cleared area in the "howling wilderness," the Church of the Revolution and the tyranny of the Sect.

It may be thought by some that Materialism in reality offers a terror merely to the professed alarmist, and that, in point of fact, there is no real occasion for those within the circle of the Supernatural to combine in self-defence against it, as a common enemy. Those who carefully heave the lead, and scrutinize the current and spirit of the age, those who interrogate the *Zeit-geist*, and study the signs of the times, are not so sanguine in their judgment. The longer they watch the growth of public opinion, the stronger becomes their conviction that the menace of the future is sufficiently alarming to create a deep-set and terrible anxiety. And they do not hesitate to declare that, unless something be done, and done speedily too, the Supernatural, though in possession, and strong in the prestige of so many centuries, and so deeply rooted in the affections of the people and the habit of their mind, will, unless she show herself more resolute and more masculine in the contest than she has done, lose ground, and at length be relegated to sacristies and vestries; and, finally, be reduced to such a ghost as Paganism is amongst us at present.

Speaking of the future prospects of this fierce school of universal innovation, an able publicist says: "Positivism," so he calls the phase he speaks of, "claims the future as its own. Progress is a chief part of its ostensible programme. It offers itself as the embodiment of all that is known which can be beneficial to society. The science of social phenomena, with the preliminary studies of biology and physics, are its substance. So far from being conservative, it is in the highest degree innovating and revolutionary, for it would organize society on knowledge, instead of on usage and tradition as at present. If ideas continue to progress as they have done for the last two hundred years, the future is assured to the positive spirit. The only condition of things which could keep knowledge and Positivism, which is identified with knowledge, from supremacy in Europe, is force.

Sheer brute force might be organized to suppress knowledge in the conservative service of some one of the different interests of modern society, such as that of Catholicism, or the Communistic proletariat."*

And do not the greater Christian Denominations exhibit daily evident tokens of that enervating spirit which is produced by breathing the foul air of such "modern thought" and "modern progress" as this? Before the landslip absolutely melts into the sea, does it not steadily soften at the base in the water, and gradually dissolve, and then losing its clear outline, slip out of sight altogether? Is not such an effect even now discernible in the original landslip which in course of years, split up into three hundred fragments as the consequence of its fall? The keen eye of Mr. Greg has already noticed this. He discovers "a disposition in the most large-minded Protestant Divines to modify, ignore, eliminate, or cover with a mystical and nebulous halo (as Coleridge did) some of the least creditable feature of their creed."† "How many sections of Christians," says Mr. Harrison, "are really seeking to vapourize or sublimate their religion, on the plea of more humane and comprehensive ends, but perhaps rather to escape from the bonds of the definite and systematic? The troubled air resounds with Pan-Christianites, Pantisolatries Eirenica, the fraternization of Churches, and the amalgamation of sects. One sect is exalting Theism, by getting rid of the Gospel; whilst another school implores us to save the religion of Jesus by giving up our belief in God. Churchmen and Dissenters would exchange pulpits as freely as migratory curates; and some burn with zeal to uproot the wall of demarcation, whether in formularies or grave yards."‡

Thus, whilst these large tract of the Supernatural are showing signs of decomposition, of falling in and falling out, collapsing, and then melting altogether, and this for want of that which in the nature of the case they cannot have, viz., a firm under-pin of Logic; the Catholic Church rising sheer from the granite square of Divine authoritative teaching, hardens and strengthens, rather than softens and enfeebles, under the influence of the new sun in the new firmament.

"One Church," says the same thinker, "shows a marked contrast with this tendency to evaporate. Amidst the eagerness of the rest to escape outside their own skins, and to find a new *pou sto* in pure ether, Rome has been distinctly, systematically hardening her own system. She is making her formulæ far

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* Mark Pattison. † Rocks Ahead, page 129. ‡ Aspects of Positivism.

more definite, and has applied them with a startling courage to all the problems of the world. In all three part of religion—in doctrine, worship, and government, especially in the last, she at least has been showing no cowardice of her opinions—no desire to apologize herself into a metaphor. Therein, doubtless, in her own light she is right. That profound staff, which from the Vatican directs the Catholic army, a staff to which that of Von Moltke is a petty and clumsy machine, has long been at work to refit every part of the Catholic organism, and to make more unmistakable the mechanism of its discipline. The growing success of this tremendous project, the insignificance of the Old Catholic bubble, and of all attempts at rebellion, have shown how truly the scheme was in the air and alive to the spirit of the situation. The sagacity of Papal Rome, comparable to nothing in history but to the sagacity of Imperial Rome, saw, no doubt, that in the great and final battle with Revolution, . . . a Religion like a State, or an army, must tighten and not loosen its cohesion; it must give its whole intellectual and practical mechanism more unhesitating authority. . . . The re-assertion of Ultramontanism, in which Prince Bismark, afflicted like so many Roman Emperors with the *delirium tremens* of power, sees a spectre threatening his life, is really as old as our own generation; it began when the Catholic staff realized the crisis to be met, and resolved on the desperate issue—*S. Petrus contra mundum.* Suicidal it may be—but Rome, at any rate, will not die *nephelo-cephalus,* nor swear that she never meant anything by Christianity."

Two things, then, are crucially indicative of a coming struggle; the softening of the land-slip, and the hardening of the City on the Rock.

The gradual melting away of positive belief, and the rejection wholly or in part of a coherent scheme of doctrine, and an organized code of practice, is one of the portentous signs of a dark and distressing future. In France, Spain Italy, Belgium and Germany, it is the same. In every class the Apostles of Materialism are to be found. The acute and active politician, the man of science, the *littérateur,* and the polemist by profession, as well as a swarm of intellectual adventurers, who have everything to gain, every change being a change for the better for them, are, day by day, doing the work of the white ant, and loosening the rivets and nuts which keep together the great framework of society below themselves.

But, dismissing other nationalities, look at our own England, with which we are so inseparably bound up, whose influence moral and religious is brought to bear upon us like a tide, and

with every tide. Humanly speaking, what she becomes, that we shall be: we are in great measure her reflection, or her shadow, he would not say, her mimic. This question then is brought home to us with a special significance, viz.: What is the mental attitude of her leading thinkers, and of those who form the bone and sinew of the people, whose mental labourers those thinkers are?

Let Mr. Greg, a gentleman of wide personal experience, and a keen observer of English intellectual life reply. He says, emphatically:—

"I believe that the strongest mental power, the finest thought, the highest intelligence amongst us, is yearly diverging more and more from Christianity, is discarding all faith in it, assuming towards it not so much a hostile, as an isolated, neutral, almost supercilious, attitude—an attitude which may perhaps best be described as one of silent renunciation and disapproval—of looking, and "passing by on the other side." The preponderant intellect in every line—statesmanlike, legal, scholarly, scientific, literary, industrial—is no longer *believing*, is, as a rule, distinctly *unbelieving*." *

Is such general decomposition of thought as this possible amongst the leaders, without passing to the masses below them?

Let Mr. Greg again reply: "A very large proportion," he says, "probably the majority, of the operative classes in towns are total unbelievers; and these are not the reckless and disreputable, but, on the contrary, consist of the best of the skilled workmen, the most instructed and thoughtful, as well as the steadiest. The hard-headed, industrious, reading engineers and foremen, members of mechanics' institutes, the natural leaders of the artisans, are sceptics intellectually, not morally; they disbelieve because they have enquired, argued, and observed, and have been unable to obtain from their Methodist fellow-workmen, or even from ministers of the Gospels, satisfying answers to their doubts. Amongst the manufacturing artisans, and the highest description of citizen labourers, it may be stated, with even more confidence than of the ranks above them in the social scale, that the intellect of that body is already divorced from the prevalent creeds of the country."

And in proportion as the less learned class and the less critical are fed with infidelity by those who should provide for them another kind of nourishment, in proportion as the masses are taught and encouraged to reject and scorn the Supernatural, they turn round and scorn and reject those who, having repudiated all

* Rocks Ahead, p. 128-9.

authority above themselves, would still tenaciously maintain their own authority over those below themselves.

"Everywhere," says an able English pen, "there are signs that the respect for great national Institutions, for central as distinguished from local ideas, is diminishing. Everywhere the self-sufficiency of popular opinion is increasing. . . . Everywhere the difficulty of organizing opinion is growing,—the *residuum*, aided by the ballot, realizing more and more clearly that there is no true responsibility for political opinion at all, and that an arbitrary *inclination* to accord support is at least no worse, if no better excuse for determining a secret vote, than a reason for thinking that that support will result in public benefit. All the signs of the times go to show that the people believe less and less that they have anything to learn from their political leaders, and indeed hold that those leaders are much rather their own instruments than their sagacious and respected advisers.

Look at it which way you will, it seems to promise for England a period of mean and capricious politics, in which the least scrupulous men will come to the top, and the most scrupulous and most eminent will be cowed and silenced—in which either the House of Commons will lose control of the wild whims of the people, or the wild whims of the people will gain control of the House of Commons; and which of the alternatives is the worst, it is hard to say." *

Such then are the elements amongst which the future will have to do its work, elements which already offer indications of the virulence of that poison, the power of that Hidden Spring, which, as yet, has not fairly found a leverage, or exhibited one tithe of its genuine elasticity.

Now, what is the Hidden Spring of the possible success of that unseen attraction which, massively and silently, almost with the sleeplessness and certainty of gravitation, is drawing the world's mind out of its old moorings, where there is comparative peace and rest, into that

> "dark
> Illimitable ocean, where eldest Night
> And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
> Eternal anarchy."

The Hidden Spring of Materialism is centred in, and derives its main energy from the Sect, the Church of the Revolution, the International Secret Society, which is weaving its network around the world. He (the speaker) used the generic term "the Sect," as this Materialism is made up of an hundred independent, yet at the same time, sympathetic centres; all, whatever their mutual

* Spectator, April 23, 1875.

relations, aiming steadily at one mark. Just as the Catholic Church forms the centre-heart of the Supernatural, so does the Sect form the centre-heart of Materialism. Were it destroyed, were that impalpable, wide-extending network raked away, were the Church of the Revolution abolished, and the secret Craft committed to the winds, the Supernatural would soon regain her own ; and, in fact, turn the tide of human energy once more in the direction of order in Society, truth in Religion, and morality in diplomacy and Politics. But this is easier said than done. The Sect already possesses a strong hold upon society ; it is skilfully manipulated ; and persistently, nay doggedly, toils, without discouragement, at carrying out its vast ambitions. Infidelity amongst leaders of thought and public thinkers, Atheism amongst skilled labourers and artizans, and frightful immorality from one end of the gamut to the other, compose the muddy waters in which this conspiracy can ply its trade with best advantage to itself. Let us point out a few of its salient characteristics, that it may be seen with what manner of an antagonist the Supernatural will have to deal.

" Friendship," we are told by its Ritual, " is the sacred bond which unites together all the Brethren of our Craft ; for, however much scattered they may be over the face of the earth, they all compose one only body, because one is their origin and one their aim ; one the mystery with which they are initiated : one the path by which they are led ; one the gauge and measure applied to each and all of them ; and one the spirit by which they are animated." *

At the present moment this Craft is said to number seventeen millions of men banded together for secret ends by secret oaths throughout the world. And out of these there are a chosen few who represent a Hidden Spring within the vast machine. The object proposed to themselves by those who compose this Central Cell of operation is as world-embracing as that aimed at by the Catholic Church. The intent of these sectaries is to do in the future what the Church has done in the past, to possess, break up, re-organize, and renew the world.

The object of the sect, say a leader of it, " is not to lay down certain principles which must be respected within the narrow enclosure of its assemblies : the whole of Society is its aim. The Lodges are Schools where men must be formed to certain conviction, so that they may be able to struggle with vigour in ' the profane ' world, and especially in the political arena." † The Altar, the Throne, Civil Society as at present constituted, are,

* Eckhert, Die Trage der Staatl, Anerk., p. 12, Leipsig, 1852.
† M. Neut, Tom. I., p, 267.

under the action of its breath, to melt down into an International Communism, when the (impossible) equality of all men shall be achieved, when the Almighty God, and, consequently, dogma and Christian morality shall be expunged; and when, out of the most unmitigated Materialism, the future perfection of humanity, like the Phœnix from its ashes, shall arise. Nor is all this in these days very carefully concealed. Such is the public teaching indeed of a foremost master. He says boldly, that the Brotherhood is in duty bound to place itself not only above different religions, but "above all belief in any God whatever."* "We are our own Priests, our own Gods," exclaims another, "and this unlimited, complete, universal liberty is a right."† This secret Craft, which, during the last two hundred years has been accumulating energy and widely extending, is organized with great cunning, and so adapted to the conditions of Society and the changing positions of human thought, that only those who have been "schooled," tested, and found worthy, are gradually and cautiously admitted to a full knowledge of its secret aims. This many-sided machine is made up of from thirty to ninety Hidden Springs, or circles one within the other, which represent the various grades of initiation. Those who are permitted to occupy the outer circle are so far practised with, are so far the tools or instruments of the prime-movers, that without being aware of it, they simply act the part of ornamental dummies, or show-figures; and are paraded before the world, that the world may feel reassured, that—a blind oath of secrecy notwithstanding—little harm could attach to a Craft, however secret, so long as Dukes and Lords, and men of large estate, and of high character were members of it. How could that Society be subversive of the Throne, which is patronized by Royalty itself? How can that be destructive of rule and social order to which so many Statesmen of eminence give their names? How can that be the instrument of a communistic levelling which counts amongst its members, men, whose whole *status* is intimately bound up with ancient lineage, and hereditary estate? So speaks the vulgar world of "the profane" as it looks on, and admires the gorgeous pageants and the painted masks. And so plausible and telling is this argument, that it would become cogent enough to be conclusive, were it not patent, from documentary evidence, first, that those who masquerade for us along the outer circle are kept in ignorance concerning the hidden aims of the ruling few; and secondly, that those aims are absolutely and radically subversive of those institutions on which the

* M. Neut, Tom. II., p. 233.
† Const. Maconnique, Art. I.

actors on the outer circle depend for their very life. They are dancing on a volcano which they are hiding from the world, and do not know it :—

> "In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
> Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm ;
> Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
> That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey."

To meet in large assemblies, to display a strange and gorgeous dress, to enact a number of mysterious rites, to practise occasional acts of general philanthrophy, and enjoy good fare, and drink to "Loyalty and Charity," not only appear to be harmless amusements in themselves, but will be regarded with favour by society at large as tokens of union and good-fellowship, and, therefore, also, of stability and order. Such is the superficial view of the busy world, and of the uninitiated on the outer circle who have not been sufficiently schooled in the principles of their own destruction to be trusted with more responsible offices than those which speak of convival gatherings and general benevolence. So smiles the outer mask as it displays itself to the profane in all the paraphernalia of authority, and all the luxurious pride of class. But were you to remove it and strip the figures of their stage effects, were you to penetrate from the outer to the inner mind, something else besides conviviality, grips, and grotesque costumes would be discovered. The Sect, let us do it the justice to say so, is no mere shallow plaything used simply for turning grave and thoughtful men back into boys. The smiling cheek, and the sunny eye, and the frank address, which front the outside world, here are no longer needed. They make way for something more profound and radical than surface polish and graceful manners. To the secret movers the ripple on the surface is simply something ludicrous, when proposed as an end in life : for they are ever directed towards an achievement which implies an altitude of audacity and ambition scarcely measurable by ordinary rule—an ambition which for ever sleeplessly, and with exhaustless patience, pushes towards its goal. And just as those who are set to play the outside game are kept ignorant of the secrets of the Sect, so "the profane" world is deprived of all knowledge of them whatever, by solemn oaths on the part of each member of the craft.

The impalpable wall which protects the Sect from the scrutiny, not to say the vengeance, of the general public is made up of the following fearful oath, or oaths to the same effect :—

"I swear in the name of the Supreme Architect of all worlds, never to reveal the secrets, the signs, the grips, the password, the doctrines, or the customs of the Sect ; and to preserve with respect

to them an eternal silence. I promise and swear to God never to betray any of them, either by writing, by word, or gesture ; never to cause them to be written, lithographed, or printed ; never to make public anything of that which has now been confided to me, or of that which shall be confided to me in future. I pledge myself to this, and submit myself to the following penalties if I fail in keeping my word : They may burn my lips with a red hot iron, they may cut off my hand, they may pluck out my tongue, they may cut my throat, they may hang up my dead body in a lodge till the admission of a new brother, as a scourge for my faithlessness, and as a terrible warning to others. Then they may burn it, and cast its ashes to the winds, to the end that there may not remain a single trace of the memory of my treason. So help me God, and His Holy Gospel. Amen."

Such is the abominable, and he would not hesitate to call it, criminal oath, which we are assured is administered to those who are to be initiated into the secret Brotherhood. The victim enters on his career by loading his soul with the fearful burden and responsibility of an oath, binding him before God to a secrecy, the bearings of which he could not possibly define. Designs of the most heinous wickedness might be unfolded to him whilst thus his mouth is locked. And he calls the King of Justice to witness that he will not bring the criminal to the bar, or move his tongue to expose, for the sake of general society, to which he owes it, the infernal machine which may be preparing for its destruction.

Well may those who stand on the outer edge, and who may be gentlemen of unsullied honour, be kept in ignorance, though they may have been entrapped in the cage with its iron bars of a secret oath to God. Well may they be allowed to rest until time, and the schooling of " modern thought," and the pressure of " advanced ideas," have prepared them for another, and then another revelation. Well may the number of circles have been multiplied from three to over ninety, each inner one with another veil removed, and another abyss revealed, according as the victim's mind has been seasoned to bear the shock.

But let M. Louis Blanc, who speaks with an authority given to few, explain in his own authoritative language the *disciplina arcani* of the Craft :—

" As the three grades," he says, (Apprentice, Companion, and Master) " included a great number of men who were entirely opposed by their station and principles to all social subversion, the innovators multiplied the degrees of the mystic ladder which each had to climb ; they created fresh Lodges reserved for edrant souls. They instituted the higher grades of ' Elect,' ' Knight of the Sun,' of ' Strict Observance, and of ' Kadosch,' (or regenerated

man)—dark sanctuaries, the doors of which were never opened to the adept, till after a long series of trials calculated to prove his progress in revolutionary education, to try the constancy of his faith and test the strength and metal of his character."* "It pleased certain Sovereigns, Frederick the Great amongst the rest, to join the Craft. Why not? The existence of the higher grades being carefully concealed from them, they only know about it what could be revealed to them without danger. They had no need to trouble their heads about it; kept down as they were in the lower grades, where they only saw an opportunity of amusement, joyous banquets, principles taken up and laid down at the threshold of the Lodges, formulas that had no reference to ordinary life; in a word, only a comedy of equality. But in these matters comedy borders closely on tragedy, and princes and nobles are brought to sanction with their names, and blindly to serve with their influence, the latent enterprises directed against themselves."

At times, however, the sappers and miners belonging to the Sect, in their anxiety to draw men of influence into the inner circle, forget the ordinary caution, and produce a recoil which becomes very inconvenient. Frederick, Prince of Orange, is a case in point. He was raised to a high position amongst the Brotherhood in 1816. He was thought sufficiently advanced to be admitted to some small portion of the hidden mysteries and aims. But, for once, the miners had mistaken their man. The Prince, horror-stricken at what he saw and heard, resigned his dignities, and boldily published his reasons for doing so to the world. "I am a Christian, and will ever remain one," he exclaims: and goes on to show how the Birth, Life, and Death of our Divine Redeemer is treated as a legend, and made a mere parable and plaything of: and how the very Ritual of the Craft is condemnatory of the Divine character, as well as of the Divine teaching of Christ, and of His holy Law. Thus, not only those who have been leaders and directors of the Craft teach us that "behind thick curtains of secrecy" there are prime movers ever sleeplessly at work, and that that work is one of radical revolution; but the great ones of the world also, corroborate their testimony to such an extent that, if they be permitted to get near and see too clearly into the Hidden Spring, they withdraw with horror as men who have stepped, thinking it to be a flower, upon a rattle-snake.

Let us penetrate now into an inner, though perhaps not an inmost, circle. Let us see how a "Knight Kadosch" is made,

* History of Ten Years.

who steps above the mere administrative order, and represents, according to a high authority, the "essential compliment" of this institution.

The victim, for that is the best and truest name for him, has to pass through four different apartments, and his profession and initiation are completed in the last.

The first room is hung with black, and is lit by a single triangular lamp hung from the ceiling. It is in communication with a cellar, a kind of cabinet of reflection, where are found mingled together the symbols of death, sorrow, and destruction.

The second apartment is draped in white. Two altars stand in the centre. On one is an urn full of spirits of wine, which fill the room with its glaring light; and on the other altar burns fire in a brazier, and incense by its side.

The third is lined with blue hangings. The ceiling is adorned with stars, and three yellow wax candles lend to it a sombre and melancholy light.

In the fourth and last room is held the Supreme Council of the Elders, the Great Knights-Kadosch. It is hung round with red drapery, and lit by twelve yellow candles.

When he has passed through the three rooms, with the usual ceremonial, the candidate is ushered into the fourth; and here he is made acquainted with the nature of the new obligations and engagements which he contracts. Then he is made to go up and down a mysterious ladder, and the emblem of his grade is placed in his hand. This emblem has its hidden meaning: It consists of a cross with a three-headed serpent. This emblem represents the evil which is said to have been introduced into the world by the three higher classes of society. On the head of one serpent a Royal Crown is fixed, which is representative of Kings, Emperors, and Civil Rulers; on the second, a Tiara and St. Peter's keys, which is representatives of the Supernatural, and especially of the Vicar of Christ on earth, and his authority to bind and loose; and the third wears a Sword, emblematic of military authority or executive power. It now becomes the duty of the candidate to use his influence to destroy those three so-called enemies of freedom and "modern thought." As a pledge that he will not shirk his newly-imposed obligation of subverting religion and society, the candidate takes a dagger in his hand, and sharply cuts the three heads of the Serpent; and then the Crown, Tiara, and Sword fall to the ground.*

Thus are men gradually conducted into the inner gloom. Thus are they gradually seasoned and exercised, so as to be fit to

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* Explanation of the Grade, by F. Ragan.

bear, without blinking, the rays of darkness proceeding from the lampblack sun of the Society. "Darkness, mystery, and an awful oath to pronounce," says M. Louis Blanc, "a secret to learn from each trial courageously borne, a secret to keep under pain of execration and death, peculiar signs whereby the brothers recognize one another at the uttermost end of the earth, ceremonies referring to a murder, and seeming to hatch and foster ideas of vengeance —what more fit to form conspirators?"

Standing, then, within the inner circle of Kadosch, let us apply the measure which we have already used upon Paganism and the Supernatural to this hidden Empire within an Empire, this ethereal Society within Society, to this almost spiritual entity, which, with its invisible sappers and miners fixing their blasts in the keystone of the world, like the dry rot in timber, leaves everything apparently untouched in its condition, whilst it is all the while turning its strength to dust and powder, and preparing for a great catastrophe unexpected in proportion as it is near.

First, the idea of God. As the cardinal principle of the Sect is "absolute toleration," the dogma of Divinity cannot be entertained. For, to insist on a Divine Personality, or even on a General Providence, would be, and is emphatically declared to be "intolerantly sectarian," and a direct uprooting of "liberty of conscience and freedom of opinion." "I affirm," exclaims a leader amongst the Brotherhood, "I affirm that the name of God is a word void of sense." "We must not only place ourselves," exclaims a second, "above different religions, but above all belief in any God whatever!" "It is only fools," cries out a third, "that speak and dream still of a God!" And, as if to crown the highest pinnacle of blasphemy and lunacy, a fourth, raving amongst his fellows, exclaims to them, "We will be our own priests, and our own Gods!"

Now, what is the teaching with regard to man? The Sect boldly and consciously inverts the Divine order of facts; or rather, God being blotted out, the Supernatural circle being swept clean away into space, the only material out of which a God can be made, is man. Hence "humanity" is set up, and deified and worshipped. "Our temples," exclaims one of these 'modern thinkers,' "our temples consecrated to the worship of humanity can as yet be open only to a few. We should indeed expose ourselves to a charge of idolatry were we to attempt to personify the moral idea of humanity in the way in which the Divinity is usually personified. . . . On this account, therefore, it is advisable not to reveal the *cultus* of humanity to the eyes of the uninitiated, until at length the time shall come when from east to west, from

north to south, this lofty conception of humanity shall find a place in every breast." Again: "We must live as Gods," exclaims another Apostle of the future. "The spirit which animates us," he continues, "is an eternal spirit; it knows no division of time or individual existence. A sacred unity pervades and governs the wide firmament of heaven; it is our one calling, our one duty, our one God! Yes, we are God! We ourselves are God! . . . Looking upon our spiritual nature, we men may be said to form part of the great whole, the great being of God. The myths, the legends, the beliefs of benighted nations will all one day disappear before the consciousness that man himself is God." *

Let Statesmen look one moment at the logical consequence of this wild teaching, which goes by the name of "Modern Thought," and the outcome of which goes by the name of "Civilization and Modern Progress."

God being destroyed, if Society exist at all, it must be governed without a God. Here there is no longer any use talking about a separation between Church and State; for if there is no God, there can be no Church to separate from. God, and therefore the Supernatural, will be regarded by such authorities as remain, both as usurpers and impostors, which, for this twofold reason, ought to be dethroned, and crushed out of existence without delay. The State thus becomes not merely separated from, but absolutely hostile to God and Christ, to all positive revelation by Book or otherwise; in a word, to the whole circle of the Supernatural. But since man's nature, however depraved and drugged, clamours for a God of some kind, true or false, man himself is set on the pedestal to be his own divinity; and that there should be no jealousy, that all without exception might have in this divine nature some sort of participation, humanity is deified; and being represented to the mind most forcibly by the State, the State becomes God, and hence, the Supreme Ruler—or rather demonical tyrant over the liberty of the subject, and the freedom of his conscience. Thus, despots weave the web in which the flies are caught: and the sapper and miner put down their tools, abandon their secret haunts, and fix themselves on, and suck the blood of the victims on which their eyes have been glaring from the first. Thus good and evil, right and wrong, the eternal principles of Justice, Truth, Holiness, Love—which have no meaning when cut off from God, their Origin—become simply reakings and vapourings which can neither reward nor punish, praise nor blame, which possess no authority whatever, for they are but the

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* Secret Warfare, p. 229.

fumings and exhalation of that bit of phospherous of which, it is said, man's brain is made. Does not the figure and outline presented to us by "modern thought" recal that Paganism which the Supernatural confronted and chased into the darkness?

Thus God being obliterated, and man being turned into God, what is the characteristic of the Sect's teaching? That of direct and fierce polemic against the Supernatural. Before erecting its fabric of socialism and communism combined, Materialism must cut away the Heart of the Supernatural, and the ingrained traditions of the human mind. The Sect fixes savagely on one dogma as its own, whilst gnashing its teeth at all dogmas, it is this, viz., that absolute liberty and unlimited freedom to do, say, or think anything he likes, is the natural, inalienable right of every man. Hence this other doctrine, taught with noisy violence, viz., that the Sect is above all dogma, that it is anterior and superior to all Religion; that it is to give a new pulse to the world, and that it, with its wonderful organization, may, and indeed will, eventually, replace the Christian Church. Being thus, as it were, kept out of its birth-right by the Supernatural, the Sect is ever launching its poison-tipped arrows at the Heart of it, and exerts all its ingenuity to blacken its character, and lower its prestige in the estimation of the world. Thus, it describes the Supernatural as "a bastard religion," and its Ministers, as a set of men who have "undertaken to enslave all progress, stifle light, and destroy all liberty, in order to reign quietly over a brutalized population of ignorant slaves." The Sect, exclaims one of its chief orators, should "carry the scapel into the very sanctuary of that blind faith which we have sucked from our mother's breast. . . . . No; the revealed God does not exist!" "We must raise Altar against Altar," says another of these Apostles, "teaching against teaching. . . . . We must fight; but fight with the certainty of victory." "Our final object and aim," shouts another, "is that of Voltaire in the French Revolution,—the total annihilation for ever of Catholicity, and all ideas of Christianity."

Such a design as this is absolutely being attempted at this hour by some of the more advanced confraternities. Looking round themselves from the centre of self, they can see neither hope before nor light behind them. They preach the eternal "unknown" before birth, which is simply to be followed by the "eternal nothingness" after it. So completely have they extinguished the deeper instincts of humanity which confess that

> "Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
> Even in our ashes live their wonted fires!"

To show how intensely they believe in their Materialistic creed, they enter into secret compacts one with the other to annihilate, so far as their influence is concerned, Religion, and all reference whatsoever to the Supernatural. They solemnly pledge one the other never to have a child baptized, never to celebrate a religious marriage, never to permit a clergyman to visit their homes in times of sickness, never to open their doors to him in times of death, never to suffer the remains to be brought within reach of his ministrations.

Thus the tenth Article of the Statutes says: "Lest the free-thinker should be prevented at the moment of death by foreign influence from fulfilling his obligations towards the Committee, he will remit to three of the brothers (to facilitate their mission in such case) a mandate, of which there shall be at least three official copies, giving full authority to their brothers to protest loudly, if for any reason whatever his formal will and resolution should be disregarded to be buried without any kind of religious rite*." "He died without the assistance of any minister of religion—" "He departed faithful to his principles, and was buried without a priest"—such are considered by their friends the highest form of panagyric that can be pronounced over the remains of the departed and in the ears of those they love. "Only fools," exclaims Zelle, who is an interpreter of this frame of mind, "only fools, ignorant and weak in understanding, dream still of God, and the immortality of the soul!"† Indeed, the Sect in its formal apology for its principles boldly declares that it "teaches men how to be virtuous without the stimulous of hope or fear, independently alike of heaven or hell." The sectary, it says, "looks to no future reward; he has received his recompense in the present and therewith he is content."‡ Thus it follows, as a necessary consequence, to use the expressions of another craftsman, that "as matters now stand the presence of the Bible on our altars is an empty form. From whatever point of view we regard the Bible, we do not hesitate to declare openly, that in our reunions it is out of place once and for ever; since the doctrines of humanity now occupy the most prominent position, and are taught as the best method of ameliorating the condition of mankind."§ "Superstition" (that is Christianity and the Mosaic Law) says another high authority, "has hitherto been the mainstay of tyranny and deception by means of which princes and priests have drawn mankind into their net. Fear of a future life, of an

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* Le Monde Maçonnique, Tom. ix.
† Le Monde Maçonnique, Tom. iv., p. 654
‡ The Attitude, &c. by E. Eckert, Leipsig, 1852.
§ See Almanack of the Sect, 1872.

eternity of punishment, has been a motive powerful enough to hold weak minds, bowed down with the load of prejudices sucked in with their mother's milk, and to enervate the holiest spirits, rendering them incapable of any great action. This is the evil of Christianity, that it enslaves minds to such a point that they are willing to endure any present suffering with the consoling hope of a life to come. On this account it becomes indispensable to undermine the pillar which bears up such a structure of superstition. But as the number of those who yet fondly cling to the pious fictions of their childhood is very large, and the roots of political and civil institutions strike deep in the national soul, it is necessary to go cautiously to work. Here philosophy may take a useful hint from nature. As man is chiefly worked on through his passions, these must be excited, and Christianity must be made ridiculous ere the dominion of faith can be overthrown in the heart. Belief in Revelation is a malady to which weak and pious minds are very subject; it is an infectious epidemic, employed ever since the world began to effect the destruction of human liberty; it is alike incompatible with sound reason and true freedom; it is the parent of fanaticism and superstition."* Thus the great Kadosch, as Burnel says, is the soul of the Sect, and the final object of its plots is "the re-introduction of absolute liberty and equality through the destruction of all Royalty, and the abrogation of all Religious worship.

But it is only where it can be done with comparative impunity that the Sect dares to creep up into the open daylight. Its universal method is that of the mole, silent burrowing and secret operations, whilst it patiently educates and trains the mind to receive step by step a fuller and fuller view of the entire Materialistic Creed; whilst it administers a fearful oath, under the most awful sanctions, to stop all mouths, if it cannot stop all consciences. Drop by drop the water falls, and the drop at length wears the stone away. And drop by drop the poison is set upon the brain and spreads, and society at length becomes familiarized with, and treats with playfulness, almost with levity, views of life which some time before would have sent a thrill of horror through its nerves. Thus, within the visible Society of man, there energizes another invisible one, mixed with it, and yet apart from it, following it as a shadow, and as the air encompassing it round about, and with the steady pressure of gravitation drawing it to itself, and infusing into it together with the *Zeit-geist*,or subtle spirit of the age, its own more corrosive and deadly poison. Thus it is that

* Waarschuwing, vol. xi.

those moral explosions are produced which have from time to time suddenly burst upon Society. "It is from the depth of your Lodges," exclaims De Lamartine speaking to the Sect, "that the ideas have emanated, first in the dark, then in the twilight, and now in the full light of day, which have laid the foundations of the revolutions of 1789, 1830, and 1848!" And he might have added, "Which have been for years preparing the World for that reign of Materialism which now stands so threatening in the future."

Already has this secret net-work spread itself over the world, and interwoven itself with the very meshes of Society. "The Sect," says Emile Grisar, "possesses by its affiliations enormous resources." He represents it as "a robust body, a colossus with a thousand heads, with an hundred thousand arms; the great instrument of all social reforms, the laboratory of all new ideas, and the precursor of that democratic spirit which is advancing with giant strides. The number of our holy militia," he exclaims, "extends day by day; our arms are multiplied, and very soon we shall be able to clasp the whole country in our embrace." *

So much for its strength; now as to its subtilty. "The greatest and wisest men," says one of the Brotherhood, "have bestowed on our Society a constitution which gives lasting proof of their sagacity. Shrouded in threefold night, we move among our adversaries, and unseen by them acquaint ourselves of their weak points, thus acquiring a mastery over their mind and heart. We use their passions as wires, whereby without their being aware of the fact, we set them in motion, compelling them to work in union with us, whilst they ignorantly imagine themselves to be gratifying their own wishes. It would be unwise to engage in open warfare; the spread of freedom of thought and independence of action is the surest means of undermining the gigantic monument erected by ambition. Under the very shadow of authority our members work the mighty tool committed to them." The Sect, "great and terrible, dogs your steps, spies out you proceedings, reads the thought of your inmost soul, watches you when you imagine yourself enveloped in impenetrable darkness. Its hidden and irresistible influence shatters your plans, its powerful arm wrests the dagger from your grasp. With your help, brethren," he continues, "we will strike the chains which still bind the peoples of the earth." †

Such are the character, methods, and aims of that elastic organization, of that laboratory of the Revolution, forming the centre-cell of the Materialistic cancer, which, from a hidden secret

* Neut, Tom. i., p. 290.

† See Wiener Journal fur Freimauer Mss. for the Brethren, 2nd year, No. 1., p. 66.

centre, pushes its horrid fangs and tentacles about the world. Its aim now stands out clear before us: it is nothing less than the utter destruction of the Supernatural in every shape and form; and of Civil Society as at present constituted upon the broad frame-work of Christian revelation. It aims at Deicide, for it would annihilate God; it aims at Suicide, and that of the most criminal kind, for it would annihilate man's immortality. It contracts the whole vision of the soul to earth. That eye which used to seem to see

> "The great world's altar stairs
> Slope thro' darkness up to God,"

now pierces through the obscurity in vain. Man, from being in freedom, finds himself in a cage, and in vain beats against its massive bars of matter. Materialism clips the wings of hope, opens the heart to hunger, and leaves it to despair, aud plucks out the eye of faith. Humanity being enthroned in the place of God, like a brutal tyrant, quenches at once the torch of Liberty and erases the word "Freedom," as an intelligible expression, from the vocabulary of Nations. Earth rocks back to Chaos, and the spirit is veiled in universal night,

> "Not pierceable by power of any star."

Both Church and State have shown themselves alive to the possibilities of the future. Over and over has the State put its foot upon the Sect as being a dangerous and revolutionary element of disorder and destruction. Over and over again has the Church exposed its character, and warned the world against it by her strong anathemas. The States-General of Holland proscribed it in 1735, and King Louis XVI., of France, in 1737. The great Council of Berne did likewise in 1748, and it was totally suppressed in Bavaria in 1848. At Milan and in Venice it was dealt roughly with by the Civil Power in 1814; whilst at Modena, in Spain, Portugal, Prussia, and in the Russian Empire, it has been looked upon by those entrusted with authority as one of the great and growing perils of the age. Still, it has been, and it must be confessed is, gaining ground: and it would be difficult to find a Ruler with sufficient boldness or personal courage at the present day, to bring his authority to bear for its destruction. Experience, and "what pays," implies a principle much used by diplomatists and statesmen, and they find it convenient to disregard, and at times to connive at, and occasionally to encourage, combinations and forces the strength and vindictiveness of which they cannot measure; and the overt actions of which have not as yet forced themselves into any ugly prominence. The world is principally ruled by waiting, and by meeting contingencies as they present

themselves, rather than by forecasting and preparing elaborate methods of aggression or defence against some possible enemy whose movements are still buried in the dark.

There is one power, however, whose especial vocation, whose very profession in life it is, to publish the Truth, cost what it may, to the world. The Catholic Church, the Heart of the Supernatural, has, from the first, though the mouths of her Sovereign Pontiffs, sent forth her light and warning—warning given with no uncertain voice—with regard to this Arch-enemy of the Supernatural. She, if no other, sees with eyes illuminated by her continual contact with what is beautiful and true, the deformity, the falsehood, the massive evil of that system which is doing all it can to bring her down, and introduce a reign of universal darkness. Pope Clement XII., so far back as the eighteenth century, denounced the Sect as "the open enemy of the Catholic Church." In the present century it has already been condemned by four Sovereign Pontiffs. Pius VII., Leo XII., Gregory XVI., and Pope Pius IX., have, severally, warned the world, and then openly and in its hearing, and for its benefit and guidance, anathematized and cursed this destructive principle of Chaos and of Death. Bishop Ketteler sums up the true attitude of the Church when he says: "There is then, on the one hand the Catholic Church, and on the other the Sect. Here the work of God, the work of Christ, and all those who believe in Him; there the work of men, who deny God and his Christ, or at any rate abandom Him. A Catholic who joins the Sect deserts the temple of the living God to work at the temple of an idol."

And such being the case what conclusion do we come to to-night? Is it to abandon Christ crucified, and adore instead one of two such malefactors as Paganism and Materialism? Are we to choose what is more brutal than Barabbas, in preference to the Saviour who redeemed us, and prefer a murderer of all high and holy things, a destroyer of God and man, to that glorious Revelation which, having been given in the Conscience, is perfected in the Gospel, and leads us straight through life to death, and from death to life again? There can be but one unanimous reply. To whom shall we go? Christ alone—and He has shown it in the contests of eighteen hundred years—has the words of eternal life. Christ shall reign. Christ shall rule. But how? Not by our remaining listless and supine, but by our rousing ourselves, and pushing back the advancing darkness, by meeting the foe with determined boldness, and confronting him at every point: and finally, by subjugating him through the sheer force of that Goodness, Beauty, and Truth which he altogether lacks. Let us, let the people rouse themselves; let none slink back; let the

whole circle of the Supernatural, that great army which still looks up to the Supreme King of Kings as its commander, under His flaming banner, led by His eye, directed by His intelligence, and armed with a courage that comes from the Heart of the Eternal —advance against the Colossus with its thousand heads and hundred thousand arms which, looming in the distance, threatens to take captive and enslave the future generations of mankind.

> "All in a moment through the gloom were seen,
> Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
> With Orient colours waving. With them rose
> A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
> Appear'd, and serried shields, in thick array,
> Of depth immeasurable."

True, the enemy is many and is powerful, still we need feel no craven fear, though it is right to feel anxiety. There is One, but only One, who is stronger than man, and can take him, with all his fierce passions, captive, can lay his banners low, and cause his shield to fall, and his spear to drop useless by his side. Though

> "The million with fierce song and maniac dance
> Did rage around."

He, who converted the haughty Roman, and softened the heart of the fierce barbarian, He, who has already shown, on an imperial scale, how He can subjugate pride and passion to Himself, would not shorten His arm, and leave us to be overcome, and then to perish. Society has it in its own hands whether it will be saved or not. He will not be wanting to it, if it is not wanting to itself. How, then, shall the enemy be encountered? First, what is the Hidden Spring of his success, of the future force of Materialism, taking it in its widest signification? and secondly, what is its main weapon of offence? and finally, what shall Society, and we, who belong to the very Heart of the Supernatural, do to meet its coming most effectually? If we can only discover the true answers to these questions, and do what they impose upon us, and that with all our might, then these words will not have been spoken in vain.

IV.

The Hidden Spring of Materialism is Pride of Reason, which, before man was made,

> "With ambitious aim
> Against the throne and monarchy of God,
> Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle proud,
> With vain attempt."

The Hidden Spring of all things and the measure of them is filched from God, the sole Origin of every created form and the archetype of their perfection, and is fixed in the logical faculty of man. This Hidden Spring finds its most congenial environment and exercises its fullest expansion in the unapproachable recesses of the Sect; and, being made Supreme Arbiter and Absolute Dictator in the Universe, its *fiats* become law, and its decision final. The whole Supernatural, tested by its arbitrary canons, melts into space, and the only *residuum* of existences is comprised in a repetition of molecules and cells, such as are detected or imagined by the scientific intellect, assisted by such appliances as modern ingenuity provides. Whilst Paganism, through the massive power of the passions, poisoned man's imagination, and humbled him to the dust, making him bow down before the counterparts of his own passions to worship them; Materialism, deliberately and in cold blood, proceeds to take the Almighty God off His Throne: and, through the force of human reason acting on arbitrary principles, raises up "humanity" to fill the vacant place. Having been enamoured with an empty idealization of himself, man declares that he himself is God, and that the other Gods or Saviours of humanity, all other essences of progress and perfectibility, are but so many figments of pious minds, or scare-crows set up by priests and princes to keep the world off its rightful heritage of universal liberty and unlimited equality. Man's unassisted reason and the products of it are to rule and direct the destinies of the race. His career is measured from end to end, from the Womb to the Tomb, by his earthly consciousness. As for him there was no past before he was born, so there will be no future after he is dead. This span comprising his whole career, man must make all he can out of it; strain from it the greatest quantity of pleasure for himself and others; and spend his days in developing such capabilities as may increase the happiness of those who will take his place after he has fallen back into that general humanity, that broad shadow, out of which he came. Man comes back to Paganism simply with an exchange of Gods, and with a deeper development of human pride. That Great Centre-Heart of the Supernatural which "came eighteen hundred years ago into the world, which is an earnest and harbinger of solution of moral problems; which has banished from the earth, or frightened into the darkness, many of the foulest monsters that laid waste humanity; which has restored woman to her place in the natural order; which has set up the law of right against the rule of force; which has proclaimed, and in many great particulars, enforced, the canon of mutual love; which has opened from

within the sources of strength for poverty and weakness, and put a bit in the mouth and a bridle on the neck of pride,"—the great Centre-Heart of the Supernatural which has done all this, is therefore simply scoffed at and trampled on; its leaders being declaimed against as tyrants and unsurpers; and its doctrines compared to so many metaphysical cobwebs spun in a dark and superstitious age for the entanglement and capture of man's reason. With an arrogance not without its thread of Satanic pride in it, Materialism undertakes, by the action of its Hidden Spring, to clear this way, and provide for us, not only something better, but something which will meet and satify, as has never been done before, the cravings of humanity, and the wants of the human soul. Such is Materialism's aim, such it steady purpose, and such its Hidden Spring.

Now what plan does it propose to itself in its campaign against the Supernatural? How does Materialism propose to effect this ambitious purpose? By driving the Supernatural and its principles out of all minds, and by replacing it with its own theories and philosophies of progression; by destroying its Hidden Spring and replacing it by another. How does it aim at effecting this? Its plan will come out more clearly by watching the action of its Heart. What is the action of the Sect? What are its instruments and methods? Its great struggle and patent aim is to educate the intellect of humanity and to take possession of its reason. The field of its operations is as wide as the human family itself. It adopts every instrument (it matters not how humble), to promote its ends, which promises in any way to act as a lever on the mind. Its ambition soares to the highest class and the foremost intellects, and embraces all ages and conditions, from the philosopher to the artizan, from the statesman and civil ruler to the roughs in a country town. The pen and the tongue are its two main engines. And it strives with sleepless energy to enlist in its service those who can work them with most powerful effect; thus by degrees, by bringing an equal universal pressure to bear upon the great brain of humanity, to mould it according to its will. It aims then at the Universal Education of all classes according to one distinct philosophy; and, by means of its network spread abroad with its invisible centres and attractions, it seems to be gradually influencing the human consciousness towards its own methods, and its impossible ambitions.

These tactics show themselves most unmistakably in the burning question of the Education of the rising generation. The large world of men can be practised on without creating much suspicion; but if Materialism is to get possession of the world's youth, it knows that it must fight for that possession, and hence,

whether it will or no, exhibit the cloven foot. Here, again, it comes in direct clash with the Supernatural, and especially with its Centre-Head, the Catholic Church. On this plain, openly, the battle must be, and is being, fought. It is such a battle-ground as opens out to the lookers on the battalions and squadrons of the opposing hosts: those who before were wavering, who hardly knew to which banner they belonged, now have to choose sides once for all; to determine by which of the two Hidden Springs they will be influenced; and in which direction, so far as they are concerned, the future courses of the world shall run. See for a moment the tactics of the Sect.

"The teaching of Catholicism," it says, "is the greatest obstacle to the development of a child's faculties. The intervention of a priest in education deprives the child of all moral, logical, and rational teaching."* Again: "Faith in God takes away the dignity of man, troubles his reason, and may lead to the abandonment of morality." Once more: "The principle of a Supernatural authority, that is to say, faith in God, takes away the dignity of man, and is even likely to lead him to the abandonment of all morality. . . . The respect we owe especially to the mind of a child forbids us to inculcate doctrines which might trouble his reason."† The Sect, exclaims one of its Apostles, speaking in reference to his own practice, "ought to be and is only a school of morality independent of all religious dogmas. . . . . I have myself," he continues, "brought up children, but I have never lied to them. Each time that they have asked me, 'What was meant by God?' I have answered, 'I know nothing about it.' It is thus I have acted with men."‡ Such are the logical consequences of the Materialistic principle, and of the action of its Hidden Spring operating from within the environment of the Sect.

Such being the principle, how can it be brought to bear with the most effect? By means of an organized activity which shall propose as its exclusive object the furtherance of such an aim. The influence of an organization like this has been appraised at true value by the Sect. Active, resolute, intelligent, daring, it has put to shame those whom it opposes by the energy, resource, and determination of its efforts after the realization of its dreams. It has all the spring and elasticity of a great ambition, and all the boldness and self-confidence of a newly-made idea. The enthusiasm of an Apostolate which looks to change the world into a Paradise of its own, seems to animate this energetic body;

* Journal de Bruxelles, Nov. 28, 1864.
† Le Monde-Magonnique, Aug. 167. p. 196-7.
‡ Ibid.

and the general supineness or numbness which it has already produced in the public mind, together with the want of dash in its antagonists, seems to it at least, to hold out prospects of future victory. Boldly, like some reckless buccaneer, it has run up the black flag in the presence of the whole fleet of the Supernatural, and whether we will it or will it not, the engagement must be fought. Thus the "Education League" established in Belgium, with the distinct object of driving the Supernatural out of Education and introducing Materialism into it, spread like a fire through Europe and beyond it when once its general aim become known amongst the Sect. The League in one nation shakes hands, fraternizes with, and encourages the League in another. From Belgium this organization spread to France, where it was taken up with enthusiasm by those who had been schooled in the principles of the "Knight-Kadosch"; and from France it has been extending itself to other portions of the world. Its watch-word or war-cry is "Universal Secular, Free, and Compulsory Education for all classes of Society." It receives its inspiration from, and is directed by the Sect, which lets slip no opportunity to forward its interests, and to identify itself with its operations, bearing ever steadily in view its one ultimate object, the univeral destruction of the Supernatural, and the universal reign of Materialism in its place. Filled with this spirit of mutual help, the convention of the Sect in France, in 1870, declared to the world, in its leading organ, that it would "Associate itself with the efforts made in other countries to compel the establishment of Free, Compulsory, and Secular Education."*

In proportion as Society has appeared ripe for the introduction of this machinery for the universal diffusion of Materialism and the blotting out of God and Christ, it has been pushed boldly upon the people: but where the Hidden Spring of the Supernatural has been too strong, the Sectaries have displayed the wisdom of biding their time, and have refrained from horrifying the public conscience, whilst gradually undermining it. The Sect is ever content to wait: as it is never sleeping. It is satisfied with inserting quietly, and with tenderest gentleness the thin end of the wedge; and is prepared if necessary to let it bide there for years, without giving it a single blow. Countries might at this hour be pointed out where, in their different gradations—as in the manufactory of firearms—different people are, some nearer some further off their final finish, their complete education in the Materialistic mode of life. And with all and each of these

* Le Monde Maçonnique, Apr., 1867.

the Sect and its hundred thousand arms are steadily at work, pushing all on in their various degrees towards the consummation of their so-called perfectibility. The ultimate effect produced by the Hidden Spring of Materialism is, necessarily, and of its essence, Voltairian and Anarchical. Where it can do so without fear of shocking prejudice, the Sect boldly steps forward, and, with a smile, fraternizes and shakes hands with, nay, indeed, embraces, first, that Infidel Voltaire, and, then, Rousseau, that father of Revolution. Its principal organ—established to teach the world that it is the source of religion and government, and the Supernatural the parent of tyranny and superstition—thus addresses its subscribers:—

"We are happy to announce," it says, "that the subscriptions for the Education League and the Statue of Brother Voltaire meet with the warmest sympathy in all our Lodges. It would be impossible to have two subscriptions more in harmony with each other: Voltaire, that is to say, the destruction of all prejudice and superstition, and the Education League, that is to say, the building up of a new Society, based on science and instruction alone."

Here then stands out in all its nakedness the ultimate aim of Materialism and of the Sect. They would substitute for the present educational machinery of the world, one radically subversive in its aim. They would have all education, from the highest to the lowest culture, embracing women as well as men, turned into an instrument to carry out one end. They would starve the Supernatural out of the mind of man; and expunge the very notion of a Lawgiver, Judge, or Rewarder, of the immortality of the soul, sin, penance, supernatural love, Christ, Heaven, Hell, from education. They would crib and cabin man in the narrow prison-house of this little earth; and contract his career, limit his hopes and fears to the clay out of which he is said to grow. Thus, man would begin to feel life to be a living death, and pass his time waiting as resignedly as he could for annihilation. Existence would be shorn of all its charms, and death, which had been robbed of half its fears, would return with all its terrors. Thus, to be born would become a greater calamity than to die; and the highest impulses of man so many arrows tipped with poison to penetrate his heart. All the deep tenderness of the affections would be bathed in a sea of bitterness; and the very yearnings of the spirit, all its up-strivings, would simply render man a type or pattern of collapse; an energy ever striving and ever failing, and unlike anything else in nature, the only being falling short of all its promise. Thus does the Hidden Spring of Materialism reduce man to that "slime" out of which

God took him, before He breathed in his face the breath of life. "Remember man that thou art Dust, and nothing but Dust," cries the High Priest of the new Religion without God or Christ, "and unto Dust thou shalt return, never to rise from Dust again!" Such is the outcome of "modern thought," such the fruit of "advanced ideas," such the ultimate analysis of that scheme of "progress" and "modern civilisation" which the Heart of the Supernatural, the Catholic Church, has anathematized with all the thunders of the Vatican.

It may serve a controversial purpose to confuse men's minds, and to make out that the Church condemns legitimate progress, true civilization, and modern ideas—though they be sound; but thoughtful men are not to be thus deceived; what she condemns, and will ever battle against, and that with all her intellectual might, is not the good but the evil, not the light but the darkness, which loves to mix up and identify itself with the true interests of humanity. It is evil of all kinds that she is ever combating and endeavouring to destroy. Her eye sees the line of demarcation; her hand knows where and when to strike; and being protected in her mission, she swoops down, as with a two-edged sword, upon the loathsome monster of Materialism, however skilfully disguised in the draperies of an angel. Is it not to the interest, the essential interest of the whole circle of the Supernatural that Supernaturalism should be victorious? Should not each Denomination, in its place, do its share in the battle, and bring out such artillery as it is possessed of to keep in check the advancing, common enemy of God and man?

What shall we, what shall Society do to meet most effectually the coming danger?

The way to meet it most effectually is, first, to realize the momentous interests that are at stake—the eternal interests of millions of immortal souls: and, secondly, to adopt means for pushing back the advancing tide, such as will be adequate to the task imposed upon them. To limit the contest to the narrow circle of the school question would be to show but a slight appreciation of the universal nature of the danger, and the ubiquitous presence of the enemy. The battle, if it is to be won by the Supernatural against Materialism, will have to be fought out, not merely in the Church and in the Schools, but on the broad platform of the world. The great secular world of men—men who in one way or other belong to one or other of the circles of which the Supernatural is composed—must be roused to a sense of their duty, their responsibility, and their danger. The Statesman, the Politician, the Magistrate, the Lawyer, the Physician, the Soldier, men in the Civil Service of their Country, all these,

have they not friends or families, those whom they love dearer than themselves? The journalist, the literary, the scientific man, men of the leisured reading class,—are they not living in thousands in the world, with their private circles and their social interests? Is this great army to remain idle, and to allow those who depend on them for life, peace, and happiness, to find themselves presently surrounded by a world of new ideas, where God, and Christ, and all those thoughts of the future which bring heaven into a household, are looked upon as so many old wives' tales? How is it that they are not prepared to exert themselves in defending the best interests of their hearths and homes? How is it that they do not see the cloud of locusts swarming in the distance, and threatening to devour every living and green thing—everything that has any spiritual life or beauty in it? Will their homes, their own hearts, be happier or brighter when "Humanity" takes the place of God, and heartless logic, which has to borrow all its principles, is set up in the place of Christ and the Supernatural? Will they weep the less when those who are falling into decay, assure them that death will separate them for ever, and that there is no place of future bliss, where friends meet again, and where sorrows and mourning cease? Cannot men see their own advantage? Men of the world who are so shrewd in other things, are they blinded here, where the sight of their eyes is most required? As the State is founded on the Family, so the lever which moves the one will move the other. If the man of the world sees, first, that it is to his own personal advantage, and then to the interest of his family, to preserve the Supernatural, he will carry the conviction with him wherever he goes; it will become a motive power in his life; and whatever his intellect touches, to which it can be referred, will be influenced by it. The Journalist will, instead of writing flippant articles against religion, use his best intellect to defend Supernatural truth as the noblest and highest influence in a difficult and sinful day; the Publicist will become serious and logical when matters of the other world have to be treated of; for he will feel that it is his paramount duty to add all he can to the strength and influence of the Supernatural. The Civil Ruler and the Statesman will use their high position and their many opportunities, for establishing the regulating and ruling principles of a Christian Government wherever they have a chance; and for repressing and ostracising those antagonistic influences which deprive order of its highest sanctions, and sow the seed of anarchy and confusion. They will be moulded by the double pressure of domestic interest on the one hand, and of public benefit on the other: being persuaded that they cannot serve

man, or the society in which he lives, more effectually, than by doing their very uttermost to consolidate by tongue and pen, by example and influence, the governing principles of the Supernatural. Then that which is found worthy of so much attention amongst Statesmen and the distributors of power and patronage, will speedily become a matter of interest also with philosophers, publicists and thinkers. Men of science would engage their attention with the problems of Christianity and learned works would issue from the press defending the fundamentals of Religion, and castigating with inexorable logic and overpowering analysis those plausible writers who, otherwise would first have tickled the public ear, and then have impressed the public intellect.

If thus those great forces which go in the aggregate to form the thinking or public opinion of the world, were to arouse themselves to secure their true interest, we should speedily be conscious of an influence pervading society like an atmosphere, forming the tone of thought, and moulding the public mind according to Christian principles and Christian models. The revolutionary ideas and theories of the Sect would fall upon barren or uncongenial ground, and would be unable to take root. The public ear would be tuned to a different harmony; and Materialism would be looked upon in its true colour, as the infatuation of a heated brain acted upon by a proud, ungodly spirit. When once the world's mind is fairly made up upon a point, everything else follows. If the perils of the future are to be met successfully, much of the world's thinking must be undone Truth, when it has once got hold of the intellect of humanity is with difficulty driven out; but, fortunately, not so with error. Error, of its nature, is transient, Therefore though the symptoms of Materialism were strongly developed, it would still be possible to apply an antidote. But to be effectual it should be administered by the Leaders of thought and action; and by those in whose power it is, on account of their position, to mould the opinions of the Society in which they live. Single men, ere now, have turned the whole current of thought in their own direction, and may be said to have given an impetus which continued energizing long after they were dead. What one man has done, many men may do, who combine to do it; and if the Sect, through organization, personal energy, and individual talent, is strong enough to move to their foundations, by means of rampant error, the very corner-stones of the Supernatural: surely, a combination of Christian gentlemen, were they only in earnest, could, by means of tongue and pen, of public and private influence, urge back the growing tendency towards Materialism,

and give a new and forward push to those principles which claim the Supernatural as their own. Men deeply in earnest, and personally possessed by a vivid Faith, by Love and Purity, would ever overmatch in any intellectual or moral contest, the advocates of Materialism in their canvass for the suffrages of the world.

Were such a turn given to the public opinion of the age, there would be little difficulty in perfecting the work begun.

Statesmen would then perceive that Religion, that is the Supernatural, is a far better instrument for the preservation of peace and order, than all the police, volunteers, and artillery in the world. They would look upon a religious training for youth as the best method of turning out honest, orderly, and useful citizens. Hence it would follow, that the State, deriving such evident advantage from the great circle of the Supernatural, would support, according to a given scale, every school in which the Supernatural should be taught. It would encourage the Church and the Denominations to do all in their power to ground the rising generation very profoundly in those truths of the Supernatural circle which they respectively hold. Each Denomination having its own school, and each Denomination receiving an equal and justly-divided assistance in its work:—two things would inevitably follow; first, that that great body of truth contained within the circles of the Supernatural, and which tends so much to mould men's minds to purity, honesty and courage, would be, more than ever before, brought into immediate contact with the intelligence of the rising generation; and thus would arise a more profoundly Supernatural people; and, secondly, that soreness and bitterness, which is the inevitable result of trying to make one shoe fit every kind of foot—of trying to force your own favourite system of education upon people who do not want it, as well as on those who do, would be wholly done away with; and each circle of the Supernatural would jealousy maintain that body of Christian and Godly doctrine which had been preserved to it amidst the rough conflict of human interest and opinion.

That the Church and all those systems which profess to impart religious truth would do their utmost to preserve the treasures of Revelation, and to wedge them deep in the minds of their respective peoples, stands to reason: for to do this is their very *raison d'être*. Still all could exert a larger share of energy, and do more than in the past to strengthen and consolidate those guiding beliefs, which are founded in the very constitution of human nature. The existence of God, His Attributes, His character as Judge and Rewarder; the Immortality of the Soul; Heaven, Hell, the Incarnation, Sin, Grace, and Providence,—there are innumerable Truths, besides those written in the Book and

witnessed to by Tradition, which serve as a sort of specific against the radical change that Materialism would bring about; and that lead of themselves, if not to higher, at least to more subtle truths, with which they are immediately connected.

If in this way the great lay world were to perceive the perils of the future, and were to mould into shape a more believing public opinion; if this public opinion were brought to bear on Parliaments and Legislatures; if Parliaments and Legislatures, seeing the power of the Supernatural as a peace-preserver and citizen-maker, were to give fair play to the Supernatural in every School, and to assist each circle according to some equitable scheme; if added to these influences, those whose profession it is to be Apostles and Evangelists of the Supernatural, stirred themselves up to do their duty:—if such a combination of forces and renewed energies were brought to bear upon society at large, then there would be a fair chance of beating back Materialism, of breaking its Hidden Spring which aims at the destruction of society; and of society itself tending day by day, more and more, towards the completion of its knowledge, towards such an appreciation of the beauty, symmetry, and harmony which exist between all parts of Supernatural Religion, as to induce it slowly, yet by degrees, to exchange the fragment for the whole; and, in place of being satisfied with an obscured ray, not to be content till it had possessed as its very own the full orb of heavenly truth, the entire Revelation of Jesus Christ as presented to view in the Theology of the Church, or as imparted to the world through the protected Voice of an infallible Interpreter. One thing is inevitable—men cannot bide on the slope, on the incline; they must and will, eventually, if they follow the laws of logic—a thing not always done as a matter of fact—either finished by becoming Materialists without God or Christ in the world; or by becoming Catholics with the full Revelation of our Saviour—on this principal that, if half a loaf is better than no bread, a whole loaf is better than half a loaf. If it is worth while holding fragments of religious truth, it is certainly worth while embracing all religious truth. The Hidden Spring of the Supernatural is as much the basis of the whole of Revelation, as of a portion of it; the Hidden Spring of Materialism is as much the principle of the denial of the whole of Revelation as of one isolated truth. If God is the Authority, we must be Catholics; if man, we must be Materialists. If there be any one doubting here to-night let him make his choice: and let that choice be, to cling to his last end, to God, to Christ, under the protecting influence of the Catholic Church.

> 'Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy name
> Shall be the copious matter of my Song
> Henceforth, and never shall my harp Thy praise
> Forget, nor from Thy Father's praise disjoin!'

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDENTS.

[*Address delivered at St. John's College, University, on occasion of the Annual Commemoration, 1882.*]

Mr. Rector and Gentlemen,

The fact of my having invariably, since I have been connected with this College, delivered some kind of Address on occasion of these annual reunions, appears to have placed me between the horns of a dilemma: for if, on the one hand, I now remain altogether silent, it might seem as if my interest were flagging in the higher education of our youth; and if, on the other hand, I still continue to talk, the monotony of my doing so is liable to weary you. Of these two horns, gentlemen, I select the second one; for I would rather that you should declare me wearisome, than that you should for one moment imagine that I am not as deeply concerned as ever in the higher culture of the rising generation. On what subject, then, can I address you, so as to say something that may be useful—or at all events, suggestive, and appropriate to an occasion like the present? When I look at this college and remember that it cost some forty thousand pounds; when I recall to mind the interest that has been manifested in this institution from the first; when I see around me—as I now do see—so many of our leading citizens, parents of students, and friends of my own, I cannot keep from asking myself—What is the object of all this outlay and all this interest? Unquestionably, it is in order fitly to educate the rising generation. I recognise in the students of this College, the sons of leading Catholics, who, when we have done our allotted task, will carry on what we have left undone. I say to them: Your parents have, at considerable expense, sent you here for a specific purpose; and you yourselves have come here to carry that purpose into effect. That purpose may be variously considered; and I am going to deal with that aspect of it which is common to you all, and in which every student, if he be intelligent and possess a legitimate ambition, must feel a lively personal interest. I am, therefore, not going to touch upon what the Germans call the "Brodwissenschaften," or, as Sir William Hamilton translates it, "The Bread and Butter Sciences." Some

of you, no doubt, will be independent of a profession, and live on your own lands and delight in the

"Divini gloria ruris,"

as Virgil so nobly expresses it in just three well-chosen words: but the majority of you, I take it, are looking forward to entering upon some career of usefulness which will imply especial studies in an especial line on especial subjects. Now let me remind you, gentlemen, that you have not come here simply to qualify for apprenticeship to the Bread and Butter Sciences: you have been sent here by your parents or guardians not alone to prepare to be attorneys, barristers, bankers, squatters, or civil servants; but to learn how to be men, I will not say worldly men—for worldly men are weak men and empty men, but strong men, men of the world, in the highest and best meaning of that word. Allow me to bring out my meaning more fully by means of a comparison.

I remember reading somewhere of three stout Dutchmen of Amsterdam, who, after their day's business was over, were sitting round a table as round as themselves, smoking their yards of clay —church-wardens we call them in our country—and drinking their pots of beer. After they had almost lost themselves in a cloud of smoke, one slowly drew the pipe out of his mouth, rolled his eyes towards his companion, and asked this question:—"What d'you tink?" Dutchman No. 2 continued pulling away, for a considerable time, as if he had not heard a sound; and then, putting down his pipe, took up his beer, and drank a steady draught, and then replied: "I tink like you!" All three then smoked together vigorously, then, at last, Dutchman No. 3 broke the profound silence by remarking in a gutteral tone, without removing his pipe from his mouth at all. "I tink so too!" Now, gentlemen, here are three respectable, well-to-do Dutchmen, who evidently had not studied the "Broadwissenshaften" in vain, and yet they, literally, had not one solitary idea to divide between them. They may have been very worldly men, they may have been able enough in their respective callings, but they certainly were not, according to my estimate, fit to be called men of the world. We desire that you should so be trained, and should so train yourselves, as not to have to choose between talking "shop" and talking nonsense, or not talking at all.

Now, allow me to exercise my privilege of imagination, and transport you for a moment to another era and another country. We are in a Roman suburb. See that spreading plane-tree, close to that lovely villa—that villa belongs to Lucius Crassus, the Roman orator; those four companions of his, under the pleasant shade, sitting on the grass or on cushions provided for the purpose,

are discussing with him the qualities and gifts necessary to make a first-class orator. There is Marcus Antonius, Crassus's friend and rival in eloquence; that other is Quintus Scœvola, famous for his grasp of civil law, and Cicero's tutor when a youth; and those two bright young men, Caius Cotta and Publius Rufus, are rising lawyers who, not long since, have entered on their career. Of course, I am aware, that the conversations reported to have passed between them touching the characteristics of an orator proceeded in reality, from the experienced and cultured brain of Cicero. Still, they represent the temper and mind of the leaders of thought in his day, and offer as fine a contrast to my three Dutchmen of Amsterdam as well could be imagined. Crassus, who is supposed to represent the mind of Cicero himself, lays down his view of what a man should aim at if he desire to become a perfect speaker. He says:—"In my opinion, indeed, no man can be an orator possessed of every praiseworthy accomplishment, unless he has attained the knowledge of everything important, and of all liberal arts, for his language must be ornate and copious from knowledge, since, unless there be beneath the surface matter understood and felt by the speaker, oratory becomes an empty and almost puerile flow of words. Yet I will not lay so great a burden upon orators, specially our own, amid so many occupations of public and private life, as to think it allowable for them to be ignorant of nothing; although the qualifications of an orator, and his very profession of speaking well, seem to undertake and promise that he can discourse gracefully and copiously on whatever subject is proposed to him." Whether Crassus, as Antonius maintained, was too exacting or not, has little to do with the case in point. There is no doubt at all that Cicero was of opinion that to be a perfect master in speaking a man should know all that could be known; and that every point of ignorance was so much in the balance against him. The Greeks held the same opinion. Gorgias made a name for himself for all time, because he was the first who, in a large assembly of Greeks, undertook to speak off-hand on any given subject. Not content with honouring him in the usual way, by erecting a gilded statue to him, his countrymen set up a figure in solid gold at Delphi as a lasting record of their admiration. Hippias of Elis boasted publicly at Olympia, at the vast concourse of nearly all Greece, on occasion of the games, that there was no subject of any art or science of which he was ignorant. He declared that he not only understood all polite learning, whatever is said on the nature of things, the moral duties of man, and the science of Government, but that he was his own shoemaker and tailor and jeweller, that he himself had made the ring on his finger, the shoes on his feet, and the cloak

on his back. I am aware that in both Greece and Rome there was much less to be learned in the days of Hippias and of Cicero than in the nineteenth century; but that does not invalidate my argument: I say that the ancients held that for a man to be a first-class orator he must be first-class in the range of his knowledge, as well as first-class in his capacity for conveying that knowledge to others: he must not be content with the "Brodwissenschaften," but must store his mind with more general information than that implies. How do I apply this teaching of the ancients to my thesis? I do it this way: I say that Cicero's orator and my man of the world, for all practical purposes, are convertible terms. I admit that you may establish a distinction between them, but not of such a kind as to do away with the resemblance in necessary essentials. Cicero's orator must be able to know many things and express himself aptly and ornately in many ways—so must a man of the world as distinguished from one confining the exercise of his faculties within the narrow groove of his professional duties. I say, then, gentlemen, that you have come to this College to prepare yourselves not only for your respective professions, but also for becoming able men all round. You may, each of you, select some especial avocation, one the law, another physic, a third commerce; but all of you will, I feel satisfied, desire, apart from the choice of a profession, to become, not worldly men, but men of the world, able not only to hold your own in its mixed society, but, if it be within the compass of your faculties, to rise above the average, and do your part towards making it better, more cultured and more enlightened than it is. If you all aim at this, there is no doubt you will raise your average of character and culture; and that is a great thing to do. If the captain of a man-of-war can raise the average efficiency of his ship's company, he will not only render his ship more formidable, but he will also multiply their chances of distinguishing themselves amongst his men. How can you most effectually realize this aim?

Gentlemen, if you will allow me, I will give you my views upon this point, which I simply offer you, however, as suggestions. I begin like this. I am aware, as you know, that you have been following the University course. Of this I confine myself to one branch, which we call classics. You have been spending—you know best yourselves how many years—in the study of the Greek and Latin languages. A large slice of your lives has been consumed in those studies since you first began to learn your grammar. I am not saying anything against this: but what I do emphatically say is, that that time will have been in a very great degree wasted, unless you turn your Greek and Latin to good

account. Of course, the study of language, as language, is a very interesting occupation, and a fine exercise for the mind. But, I suppose, unless you are going to become school-masters, that you have spent all these years with some other end in view besides that of mastering dead tongues, which, in the ordinary intercourses of life, will, as languages, be of very little use to you. I look upon Greek and Latin not as treasures so much as keys, by means of which we can get at treasures. Greek is the golden key, Latin the silver one: and the treasure-houses they open contain those valuables which alone justify you, it seems to me, in having spent, and still in spending so much time, money, and strength upon your classical education. By means of these keys you can unlock the golden and silver gates opening out into two worlds, the world of Hellas, and the world of Rome—the worlds of Greek and Roman Paganism, and Greek and Roman Christianity—worlds containing the history of most splendid epochs, and the biographies of the most cultured, most pure and heroic men. Now, gentlemen, I hold that by associating your intellects and imaginations, and, with reserve, I may say, your hearts, with these two worlds, you will be gradually forming yourselves into men of the world according to my acceptation of that term. I was particularly struck with a passage which I came across the other day in Cicero's speech in defence of the Poet Archias. Cicero displays, at all events, one of the ends of a classical education. He evidently looked beyond mere language; he deals with language as a key to a great storehouse of splendid examples of heroism, fortitude, generosity, and self-control—examples which he used as models on which to mould and form his own character and conduct. His Greek was of real practical use to him. He says:—"For except I had firmly convinced myself from a very early age, by the force of the many wise precepts and sayings preserved in works of literature, that nothing in life was so greatly to be sought for as esteem and an honourable name, and that, in the pursuit of these, all bodily torture and danger of either death or exile ought to be disregarded, I never should have exposed myself for your welfare to so many conflicts and daily encounters with profligate men. But this is the burden of which all literary works, all the words of the wise, and the examples of past ages are full: all of which would have been the same as if they had had no existence, except the light of letters had come to rescue them from being forgotten. How many eminent patterns of men distinguished for fortitude, intended not for study only but for imitation, have not the literary works of both the Greeks and the Latins bequeathed us? In my own administration of public

affairs, I ever studied to place these examples before me, and ever sought to form my own mind to the pattern of these most illustrious men." Whether the end in life Cicero proposed to himself is the highest end, I am not here inquiring. My point is this: he used language for a practical purpose, and, so far as his lights went, for a high and noble purpose too.

Well, gentlemen, you will now naturally ask me how, after you have left college, you are to set about appropriating those treasures which the Greek and Latin keys place within your reach. My ideas are these. In the first place, unless you form some distinct scheme for yourselves, you will end by reading very little, or, if you do read much, by reading in a perfunctory and desultory manner—in a manner that will do you comparatively little good; and the years you have spent in poring over the classics will have been, to a great degree, thrown away. You must form for yourselves some plan or scheme. What scheme? It appears to me that here we should take a lesson from the sportsman, whether he be Nimrod or Ramrod, or Fishing-rod. The sportsman has two guiding rules on which he always acts: First, to fix on the best place for sport, and secondly, to fix on the best time. Where is our best place and our best time? Take the map, take the Mediterranean as a centre, cast your eye round its shores, there you see Egypt, Syria, Greece, Italy, and Northern Africa. Those countries represent what may be called the *orbis terrarum* of classic times. I can pick out no richer, indeed, no place to be compared with this; or ever, I suppose, to be compared with it. Now, as to time. Bring me your chronology. I take a pair of compasses. I put one point on the day before the Nativity of our Lord. I stretch the other point up and fix it on the year 444 before Christ; and describing the circle, I find its rim intersects the year 444 after Christ below. Draw a line right across, cutting through the centre of the circle, and you have your circle halved—one half, from 444 before Christ to the Nativity, being the Pagan half, and the other, from the Nativity down to 444 after Christ, being the Christian half. The first half contains the *principium et origo*, the creative genius of Paganism, and the highest and most polished exponents of it; the other contains the *fons* and creative genius of Christianity, and the highest and best exponents of that wonderful gift of God to man. Put the two halves together, and the completed circle embraces the most splendid series of works of genius and the most perfect manifestations of character in its divinest form, that ever have been or ever can be found upon this earth. Such, then, is the place; such, then, the time. Let us go for a moment slightly into detail. The year 444 before Christ

was the age of Pericles; and around Pericles there is to be found a constellation of creative minds—a veritable portent in the intellectual heavens. You have Socrates, and Plato and Xenophon, three names still potent over us. Then there is Æschylus, with his stately pomp and towering diction; Sophocles, with his measured and balanced tragic style; Euripides, simple, natural, and comparatively unelaborate; and Aristophanes with his bursts of extravagant, ungovernable merriment. For sculpture you have Phidias, who laid forty Athenian marble quarries under requisition and started the Attic architectural glories. He may be called creative in his art also; for, like the tragic poets, he is the first of a series, and may be regarded as the father of sculpture amongst the Greeks. Pericles himself must have been a splendid man; he knew how to please, whilst he was thwarting, the democracy; and he earned for himself—a wonderful thing to do—the praise as well as the respect of the comic poets on account of his "graces of persuasion." Now come down one hundred years nearer to Christ. Another constellation rises in the intellectual heavens. There you have Alexander the Great—the greatest of all conquerors—for he, in place of destruction and famine, left beautiful cities and cultured happiness behind him. Shining steadily around him are stars of the first magnitude: there is Aristotle representing Philosophy, and Demosthenes Eloquence, and Lysippus Sculpture, and Appelles Painting, and many more whom I see, but have not time to mention. True, Homer and Hesiod and Pindar do not come within my circle. As to the two latter, I may dispense with them; as to the first, I embrace him as I do our own Shakspeare—as an exception to every rule—as the greatest Greek, as Shakspeare is the greatest Englishman to be found in the starry heavens of literature. Strange thing! I remark it by way of parenthesis, neither Homer nor Shakspeare seem to have had any idea of posthumous fame. Certainly, the latter was absolutely reckless as to what any one might say of him, or of his compositions. Homer does not seem to have thought of surviving much beyond the people of his day, who delighted in his song. He addresses the Delian women—in a set of verses that have been ascribed to him—thus: "Farewell to you all," he says, "and remember me in time to come, and when any one of men on earth, a stranger from far, shall enquire of you, O maidens, who is the sweetest minstrel here about, and in whom do you most delight? then make answer modestly, it is a blind man, and he lives in steep Chios." Here are the simplicity and the humility, the depth of tenderness, which belong to genius of the very first order. But to return. My pagan hemisphere, you will observe, not only

embraces the most splendid era of Hellas, but, also, the golden age of that Augustus who is said to have "found Rome brick and left it marble." Horace, the most exquisite writer of light lyric poetry, Virgil, unsurpassed in his fastidiousness in composition, and Cicero, the king of Roman prose, representing by "the long majestic march" of his periods the character of that vast Empire to which he belonged, are specimens of Latin culture. The geography of the *Orbis terrarum* round about the Mediterranean Sea, and the lives and writings of these masters—these two studies combined together, would give you a history of what is best in the pagan world, and produce a result which would at least in part repay you for the time and labour spent upon your study of the classics. If you add the Christian hemisphere, from Christ's coming to the death of St. Cyril of Alexandria, that is to the year of our Lord 444, and master what is contained within that semi-circle also, you will then be, I answer for it, not in part only, but entirely repaid. What do I find within this second half-circle? First and foremost, I find a Teacher of whom one thing is to be said which is also said of all the pagans, good and bad, who went before Him; and another thing which can be said of no creature that ever lived. The first is *Mortuus est*, He died; the second, *Resurrexit*, He rose again from the dead. Here is human weakness, and Divine power; here is man, but here, also, is God. Here we are lifted up into another range of thought, into a higher and more invigorating atmosphere. Here we are dealing not simply with most burnished and exquisite human genius, but with a Divine Presence, a Divine Character, and a Divine Truth. In place of Pericles, and Alexander, and Augustus, you will find One above and beyond these, belonging to a category apart — living by different laws, exercising a new influence, building up a new universal Empire, and exerting a sway, different not merely in degree, but in kind, from that growing out of Greek culture and Roman organization—a sway undreamed of by Alexander, and such as Augustus, could he have conceived the idea of struggling for it, would have struggled for in vain. Christ died as Alexander died, at the age of thirty-three. He had already associated with Himself twelve poor fishermen and labourers, in order to found His universal Empire. By the year 444, this Empire was established; and Christ's Religion and Philosophy had produced their fruit. Dry scholastic arguments as to the Divinity of our Saviour may solace some minds: I prefer the large comparison. When I compare my Pagan Hemisphere with my Christian one, the more carefully and minutely I compare them, so much the more persuaded am I of the Divinity of my Master, and of the

miraculous change effected in the heart, the mind, the interior, personal character of man by the Incarnation. Gentlemen, I have no desire to be controversial, nor am I seeking, ever so remotely, to "improve the occasion," as they call it. But I am bound in common honesty to point out this great historic fact, and to call your attention to it as unique. and as altogether *sui generis* in the history of mankind.

I said just now that the point of the compass which stretches to the year 444 before Christ, and fixes the age of Pericles, when brought down to the opposite point, gives us the year 444 after the Christian era, the date of the death of the great Patriarch, St. Cyril of Alexandria. Within that space of time is included what may well be called the great creative age of Christianity. Here you will find, following upon the founding of the Empire of Christ, a series of majestic figures which occupy, each of them, a position from which no rival has detroned them. Time, which dwarfs, and finally extinguishes small men, seems to throw out their figures into ever bolder relief. They represent the out-come of "the Philosophy of Christ," as Chrysostom loves to call it. They are intellectual and spiritual giants, splendid, masculine, ruling characters, whose private personal lives the more they are closely analysed and inspected, so much the more inimitable and beyond us do they seem to be. I do not refer so much to the Apostles and Evangelists, especially transformed, gifted and illuminated, unlike, as can be, to any class to be found amongst the Pagans; nor do I refer principally to the Apostolic Fathers who immediately succeeded them: I mean, to Clement or Polycarp, or Ignatius, and such like; but I refer to Athanasius, who has never had an equal in his own line, and whose life is more startling than any romance. He stands in the heavens a broad and steady shining light to this day; and you ought to know something about his times, his character, and works. Then there are Basil the Great, and Gregory "Theologus," and Jerome, and Chrysostom and Angustine, and I might have added, Origen and Tertullian, and a host of others, stars of the second magnitude, did time permit. But I have confined myself to the mere mention of one or two epoch-making men. They loom large in the distant past; and the study of their lives and labours fills the mind and imagination with a richness and knowledge, which no other kind of reading could possibly impart. These are men of original creative genius. They represent, and have preserved the great principles and maxims on which the higher life hinges. They are the exponents of it. They are regarded as authorities, whose words carry a weight attached to no others since their time. They are recognized as the universal Doctors of Christian

anitiquity; and are to Christian philosophy what Plato and Aristotle were to the ancient philosophic world, and a great deal and more. Gentlemen, I am not so unreasonable as to expect you to make a study of and master the voluminous writings of all the Fathers. What I say is, that you now know something about these masterful men of old, these great builders in the Christian past; perhaps not so much as you know of the leading pagans that preceded them; perhaps of some of them you may know little more than the name; be it so; what I say is, if you know a little, you can, in course of time, add to that little; and, eventually, attain a very respectable acquaintance with those great men, with their times, their characters, their deeds, their writings. Remember, gentlemen, I am sketching out a plan fit to fill the leisure of a life time: you can ever be gaining a more perfect and detailed knowledge of all that is worth knowing within the circumference of the circle described by my pair of compasses. Within that circle are contained the *principium et fons* of pagan culture and Christian character and greatness,—there, and not elsewhere, are to be found those great luminaries,

> "Whither as to their fountains, other stars
> Repairing, in their urns draw golden light."

Within this magic ring you will discover the initial and germinal principles of philosophy, culture, and religion; here alone you will find the solution of many difficulties which never could be explained without approaching to the very fountain head. To confine yourselves to modern science would be to give yourselves but half an education; and, possibly, to warp and cramp your minds and dry up your imaginations. If you would avoid being shallow as well as narrow you must drink at the spring-head, and draw your waters from the master-reservoir itself. You may ask me whether it would not be more useful to study modern literature in preference to this. I reply, if you neglect the great original springs from which genius, style, character, and the great creations take their rise, your grasp of modern literature will necessarily be a feeble one, and you will never thoroughly master it, or really understand it, or be able to take out your rule—for, then, you would have no rule—and measure it. You will find yourselves, as the saying is, continually "at sea:" and at sea, I may add, very often without chart or even soundings. Now, I can well imagine your saying to yourselves and, perhaps, to me: But how shall we ever find time to master the magic circle? I reply: I hope you will, and believe you will, on aving College, be very busy. And the busier you are, the more time, I do not say

you will have, but you will know how to make. Shall I tell you the sort of people who never have time for anything? Those who have nothing to do, or who, as Macaulay designates them, are "merely smoking, card-playing, punch-drinking loungers." If you seriously imagine, gentlemen, that you will have so much to engage your attention as not to find time to widen and enrich and fortify your minds, and ennoble your characters in the way I suggest, I would ask you: Do you think you will be more engrossed than Julius Cæsar was, who made a greater name for himself by his "Commentaries" than by his victories? or than Sir Thomas More, or than Bacon or Clarendon was? men who were from early manhood plunged in the excitement of affairs; or, to come to modern days, than the late Lord Derby was, who translated Homer, or than Mr. Gladstone, who wrote two learned volumes on the Gods and Men of the Heroic Age? Do you suppose that he who is to be the most successful lawyer amongst you, will be more oppressed with business in Sydney than Cicero was in Rome? And, yet, Cicero found time, in the midst of all his multifarious engagements, not only to write voluminously, but to write profoundly, and to manifest a width of reading and an accuracy and a minuteness of knowledge which are excessively remarkable. Candidly, gentlemen, I do not think I can satisfy myself that you will not be able to make time; though it is quite another thing whether or not you will have self-control and self-sacrifice enough to do so in point of fact. Cicero did what he did because he made up his mind that he would do it. He says: "What others give to their own affairs, to public shows and other entertainments, nay, even to mental and bodily rest, I give to study and philosophy." His secret is contained in these five words of his: *ne otium quidem unquam otiosum*—even when he was resting himself he was never idle. Gentlemen, it is extraordinary what a man can do when he has the will and tries. How many men have made themselves a lasting reputation before they had reached their fortieth year! True, they may have possessed genius; but they were laborious as well as gifted. Virgil had finished his "Eclogues" before he was 30. Newton had laid the foundation of his fame by the time he was 25, and had done his work by 40, though he lived to a good old age. To take at random other instances. Pascal died when he was only 39, Shelley at the same age, Raphael when he was 37, Mozart at 35, Burns at 37, Byron at 36, Keats at 25. No, gentlemen, the danger is not that you will not have time to master the magic circle; the fear is lest you may not possess the industry. Industry is next door to genius: I forget his name, but some great German thinker, perhaps Goethe, says—it struck

me when I read it—that industry *is* genius. Whether it be or not, and I do not believe myself it is—this I am persuaded of, that if you make up your minds to be industrious and methodical, and with perseverance work out a plan of study—something like that which I have suggested to you—you will find it a comparatively easy task to possess yourselves of what is best and wisest and most remarkable in the lives and teachings, in the styles and methods of the great masters of Pagan and Christian culture, character, and learning.

Now, supposing you really wish to excel, not only in your grasp of knowledge, but in your power of conveying it to others—What suggestion should I make to help you to attain this end of your ambition? As Cicero learnt by example, so should you. I will take a pattern, not from amongst great orators and students, but from amongst great Artists; for by doing so I can bring out my mind more vividly. Take a great painter—take Turner. Turner, the son of a struggling London barber, was born in 1775. He began as a toilsome student and ended as an inimitable master, and as the creator of a style. He started in his career working in skies and sketching foregrounds for architectural drawing; then he began to copy the masters, with intense care and patience; then he studied nature in all her phases, at home and in foreign parts, for many years; then he set himself to rival the great masters, and to reproduce nature in her most gorgeous, her softest, and her most impassioned forms. His mind at length was stored with the riches of art and nature, so that he was enabled to create—to throw off a splendid picture of his own—a Turner—unapproachable for its bold mastery over the sun and all the sun's effects on sea and land, on mist and torrent, and mountains and tarns, and solemn ruins, and gorgeous palaces. His mind became a treasure-house of endless varied pictures; he seems never to have forgotten an effect he had once seen, and could reproduce it, or introduce it, years after he had first perceived it. All this was arrived at by patient and incredible labour, by hours and hours of study, on land and water, when the world was draped in moving mists, and when the sea was lashed with storm. Occasionally, at the risk of his life, he had himself bound with ropes to the mast of some fishing boat, that he might learn his great lesson from the boiling ocean, the rolling thunder-clouds, and the slanting angry sun.

Now, how can I best prove to you that Turner had the capacity, through culture, of taking in and reproducing the glories spread upon earth sky and sea? I can do it this way. Take Turner's picture of Venice. Place it before a man capable of describing it, of a man who knows Venice. Let Mr. Ruskin

speak. Looking on this picture, after describing less happy ones, he exclaims, "Thank Heaven we are in sunshine again—and what sunshine! Not the lurid, gloomy, plague-like oppression of Canaletti, but white flushing fulness of dazzling light, which the waves drink and the clouds breathe, bounding and burning in intensity of joy. That sky—it is a very visible infinity—liquid, measureless, unfathomable, panting and melting through the chasms in long fields of snow-white flaked, slow-moving vapour, that guide the eye along the multitudinous waves down to the islanded rest of the Euganean Hills. Do we dream, or does the white forked sail drift nearer, and nearer yet, diminishing the blue sea between us with the fulness of its wings? It pauses now; but the quivering of its bright reflection troubles the shadows of the sea, those azure, fathomless depths of crystal mystery, on which the swiftness of the poised gondola floats double, its black beak lifted like the crest of a dark ocean bird, its scarlet draperies flashed back from the kindling surface, and its bent oar breaking the radiant water into a dust of gold. Dreamlike and dim, but glorious, the unnumbered palaces lift their shafts out of the hollow sea—pale ranks of motionless flame—their mighty towers sent up to heaven like tongues of more eager fire—their grey domes looming vast and dark, like eclipsed worlds—their sculptured arabesques and purple marble fading farther and fainter, league beyond league, lost in the light of distance. Detail after detail, thought beyond thought, you find and feel them through the radiant mystery, inexhaustible as indistinct, beautiful, but never all revealed; secret in fulness, confused in symmetry, as nature herself is to the bewildered and foiled glance, giving out of that indistinctness, and through that confusion, the perpetual newness of the infinite and the beautiful."

Such, gentlemen, is the picture that first painted itself upon the brain of Turner, and, then, was reproduced by him upon the canvas.

What Turner did in painting you can aim at doing in literature and oratory. He, by patient persistent toil, by beginning at the beginning, by studying the greatest masters, by aiming at rivalling them, by watching nature in all her changeful moods, arrived, at last, at the perfection of his art, and became, first, a master, and, then, the creator of a style more eloquent than any other before or since his day in its reproduction of the effects of sunlight, and in its portraying the softer as well as the more solemn manifestations and contrasts of shine and shade on land and sea. You, gentlemen, will find the first masters of eloquence and poetry in my magic circle together with the great kings of character; and you can study "nature" in those high

philosophic, moral, and religious principles out of which the sublimest pictures can be composed. By such study you will learn not merely to imitate others, however great, but, like Turner, you will, by degrees, create a style, individualised by your own special personality, and strengthened, enriched, and burnished to its utmost point.

Gentlemen, though you may not all win the highest prize, the very attempt to win will stimulate your faculties, and will not be without its salutary effect upon your lives. Ours is a new country with a great future before it: that future depends upon our leading men. Such Institutions as these are established in order to provide, by means of character and culture, of eloquence and learning, the best and most enlightened guides along the future path. You owe it to yourselves, to your parents, and to your country, to do your part manfully, and make the most of the faculties you possess. Many a glorious opportunity of doing great things has been lost, because men had not had the patience and industry to fit themselves for seizing it. Gentlemen, heaven is a place of rest and peace, the earth a place of toil and struggle. If, first and foremost, you should aim at becoming, above all things, men of God, it is your duty, also, to fit yourselves to be men of the world, in the sense I have described to you, for your faculties, opportunities, and talents were not bestowed on you in vain. Whether you are to be successful or the reverse, you cannot predict with any certainty; the issues of the battle of life are in other hands than yours or mine; if you succeed, you will enjoy the reward of victory; if otherwise, you will always be conscious of having improved your mind, sharpened and enlarged your vision, and strengthened your character by the very efforts you have made. Or, to conclude with the words of Euripides,

> Great is the cause, and great thine aim;
> Thrice happy, if success shall claim
> Its due reward; yet honoured still
> May be the labour and the will.

OLD ENGLISH FAIRS.

[*Address delivered at the opening of the "Fayre of Ye Olden Tyme," St. Mary's, Sydney, April 10, 1882.*]

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I have been requested to address a few words to our many friends assembled here this morning, and to open this Fancy Fair of the Olden Time. I feel great pleasure in acceding to this request, and am glad to have this early public opportunity of returning my heartfelt thanks to priests and people—to all those who have, with so much industry and intelligence, exerted themselves to render this great bazaar an unqualified success. A heavy debt still hangs, like a fog of "ye olden tyme," over this vast pile of building, and we hope, by means of the effort we are now making, to reduce that liability so considerably that by the time we are ready to dedicate these stone walls to the service of religion, the balance against us—the cloud that hangs over us—will have been nearly dissipated altogether. How different is the scene which presents itself to our eyes at the present moment from that which has been meeting them here during the last nine years since I arrived a stranger in this colony! During all those years this place has been in the possession of labourers, masons, and other artizans, their number averaging, I suppose, from fifty to sixty daily. Here they have been hammering and chiselling, and eating and drinking, and smoking and talking, and selling their labour to us at a very fair price indeed. Such is the noisy busy scene that has been presenting itself to my eyes ever since I have been in New South Wales.

Now look around you for a moment! How completely changed is all this now! Mr. Torning's magic wand has raised up streets of houses—houses and shops, with their picturesque lath-and-plaster fronts, and their overhanging gables, and shelving roofs, and antique windows, and pretty balconies, and their varied and telling signs. In place of labourers in their shirt sleeves, and dusty artizans, we have the clergymen of the city and suburban districts, and an army of courteous and generous ladies, who are giving us their labour instead of selling it to us, and whose very

presence in this place is a guarantee to me that only what is orderly and refined, what is truly becoming and in best taste in every way, will find admittance and toleration in this our Fair of the Olden Time. Looking round this building—looking down this brilliant street in front of us, with its bright maypole and tempting bun-house, and its gay shops and shopkeepers—all turned and moulded on the pattern of "ye olden time," one almost imagines oneself thrown back amongst one's ancestors with their ruffs and frills, and actually living in a world the fashion of which, we know full well, has passed away for ever. The illusion at first seems almost to be perfect, and we abandon ourselves to it for a moment, and are persuaded that the picture which appeals so strongly to the imagination creates a far more vivid impression than any that could be drawn by the most successful effort of the historian's pen.

Now, I can well imagine a critic in the crowd nudging his neighbour's elbow and saying, "That is all very well, but what have Archbishops to do with these fairs?"

As possibly a satisfactory reply would not be forthcoming, I propose to offer one myself, because in so doing I shall have an excuse for saying a few words upon the subject of those fairs of past ages which exerted so widespread an influence upon society before roads and railways did away with their necessity. In "the olden time" the practices of religion were inextricably interwoven with most of the trade festivals, businesses, and merry-makings of civil life. The word itself "fair" is derived from *feriæ*—a term adopted by the Church from the Romans—and signifying "holy days." These days were made the occasions of meetings for commerce and amusements as well as for honouring the memory of a saint. This was the case all over Christendom. The German word for fair is "messen" which points to our word "mass;" and, in Brittany—one of the most Catholic parts of France—the word used for fair is "kirmiss" or church-mass. Now, how came it that public fairs and religious holy days and feasts were so dovetailed into each other in the days of the olden time? I will give you one good reason. In those days centres of population were at great distances from each other, and the largest of them were, compared with our great towns of the present day, very poorly populated indeed. Roads were few and those few were far between and excessively bad. To give you an idea of the condition of things, even so late as the seventeenth century, I may remark that a large part of England, even at that date, was little better than heath and swamp and warren. Draper says that "in the rainy season the roads were all but impassable, justifying the epithet often applied to them

of being in a horrible state. Through such gullies, half filled with mud, carriages were dragged, often by oxen, or, when horses were used, it was as much a matter of necessity as in the city a matter of display to drive half-a-dozen of them. If the country was open, the track of the road was easily mistaken. It was no uncommon thing for persons to lose their way, and have to spend the night in the open air. Between places of considerable importance, the roads were sometimes little known, and such was the difficulty for wheeled carriages that a principal mode of transport was by pack-horses, of which passengers took advantage, stowing themselves away between the packs. We shall probably not dissent from their complaint that this method of travelling was hot in summer and cold in winter. The usual charge for freight was 15d. per ton per mile. Towards the close of the century what were termed 'flying coaches' were established; they could move at the rate of from thirty to fifty miles in a day. Many persons thought the risk so great that it was a tempting Providence to go into them. The mail bag was carried on horseback at about five miles an hour."

If such was the condition of the roads and the state of locomotion only 200 years ago, I leave you to imagine what it was when fairs and trystes were in their glory. However bad the roads were, men and women had to eat and drink and buy and sell in those days, just as we are obliged to do so in these. To move goods even in small quantities, and to travel even to short distances, was no joke in "ye olden tyme." People were only too glad to kill two birds with one stone. Now there were spread up and down Christendom certain centres of attraction where the people, on stated occasions during the year, were in the habit of assembling in very large numbers. These centres were the first great rallying points that existed in the olden time, and they were essentially religious centres. The records of them survive to this day in their solemn and stately ruins. I refer to the splendid abbey, with its regal hospitality; to the glorious cathedral, suggestive as an epic poem of heroism of the highest order; and to the sacred shrine, the receptacle of beaten gold and burnished silver, of the lapidary's most cunning work in precious stones and blazing jewellery—the accumulated wealth of many generations of our forefather of "ye olden tyme," who loved to beautify God's house, and to adorn, regardless of expense, the hallowed sanctuaries which had been erected to the memory of men who had followed most closely the footsteps of their Master. On the great red-letter day of high-saints' festival, the splendours of the Catholic ritual and the gorgeous display of Catholic worship attracted thousands from all parts to the abbey or cathedral, as

the case might be. Our forefathers took occasion of these vast gatherings to supply the demand for the necessaries, luxuries, and amusements of social life; thus making one trying journey serve a double purpose. The abbey or cathedral became the focus of a twofold interest. Here both soul and body, the spiritual and the temporal wants of our ancestors, were amply provided for. These centres were places for the principal popular assemblies. Here the representatives of foreign courts were to be found. To such fairs as these, under the protection of kings and pontiffs, the bankers of Lombardy and Florence came, and instructed Western and Northern Europe in the mysteries of banking and finance. To these reunions may be traced the first germs of international reciprocity; and when the principle of protection was rigidly enforced in every part of Christendom, the fairs of the olden time were the true and only representatives of that principle of free trade which has become so popular at the present day. In one word, the great business of secular life was carried on at fairs held under the protection of religion, and under the very shadow of some stately minster or some solemn abbey.

Now, it is but natural as these fairs were held within the precincts of the abbey or cathedral, that the abbot, or governor of the monastery, and the bishop, as highest authority in the cathedral, should exercise a large share of influence over these great commercial gatherings. And so indeed it was. It was the custom —I think I am not going too far in saying so—in the olden time for kings to give abbots and bishops a legal hold on such fairs as these. Such prelates and dignitaries received, by royal charter, absolute control over these fairs, and were often endowed with the tolls, revenues, and trade monopolies connected with them. The oldest charter of this description was that accorded to the monks of St. Denys, at Paris, by Dagobert, King of the Franks, in 642. It was granted to this monastic community "for the glory of God and in honour of St. Denys at his festival." The oldest English charter of the same sort was that granted by William the Conqueror to the Bishop of Winchester, by which leave was given him to hold an annual "free fair" at St. Giles's Hill. In 1248, King Henry III. granted a like privilege to a monk of the same order to which I belong, that is to say, to the Abbot of Westminster, of the English congregation of St. Benedict. And it was granted to him "in honour of the translation of Edward the Confessor." And you may be somewhat surprised when I inform you that the citizens of London were obliged to keep their shops closed on those days on which the Abbot of Westminster's Fair was open. So my imaginary critic will see that not only bishops, but Benedictines also had something to do

with the fairs of the olden time; indeed, that they were the chief promoters and ruling spirits in many of them.

Take as an example, the great Fair of St. Giles's, of which the Bishop of Winchester was Lord Paramount. King Henry III. allowed the Bishop to extend the time of keeping this fair open from three days to sixteen days. On the eve of St. Giles's Feast the magistrates of Winchester surrendered the keys of the city gates to the bishop. Thus the bishop became sovereign master and ruler. He appointed his own mayor, bailiff and coroner, and these officials held office so long as the fair remained open. In the centre of the fair the Bishop of Winchester had his "pavilion," where he held his court. Neighbouring towns, like Southampton, which carried on no mean trade, were forbidden to transact their ordinary commercial business during the fair. If they desired to trade at all, they had to trade in the Bishop's Fair, or obtain special leave from him to act otherwise. So thoroughly was the bishop of "ye olden tyme," master of the situation that he had his officers posted along the highways to see that no trade was carried on outside the fair. If these officials detected anyone infringing the bishop's privilege, they were empowered to seize the goods, and whatever had been bought or sold became the bishop's property if the transaction had taken place within a distance of seven miles of the fair. The pavilion of the bishop was a centre of great activity. He had his own especial officials deputed to see that all was carried on with decency and honesty and justice. He had his staff of notaries to keep people to their bargains, his court of justice, his police, his sergeants to enforce the decrees of the judges of the market, and his visitors. Amongst these was the *prud homme*, who had to examine the quality of the goods for sale, and to confiscate what was found unfit for consumption. So you see, ladies and gentlemen, that if we really are representing "ye fayre of ye olden tyme," far from it being more in keeping that I should be absent, it becomes absolutely indispensable that I should be present; but as to the privileges and monopolies which so delighted the heart of my dear Benedictine confrère the Abbot of Westminster, and so cheered the soul of my brother in the episcopacy the Bishop of Winchester, these, as being a freetrader myself, I must decline having anything to do with. In point of fact, I consider a little healthy rivalry a very bracing thing; and while wishing every success to "Ye Olde Englishe Fayre" in another place, I beg respectfully to inform the ladies interested in that "Fayre" that we shall shortly be selling off at "an enormous sacrifice," and that, even now, we shall be ready to offer them goods of the very best quality at really quite ridiculous prices.

Nor were the fairs of the olden time all business. There were plenty of amusements. I can see now round the pavilion of the Bishop of Winchester stout young fellows exercising themselves in the wrestling match, and others, at a distance on the green, shoulder to shoulder and foot to foot, urging the flying football to and fro about the goal. Here a wheelbarrow race is going on; there, races are being run in sacks; there a body of rough and tough youths are banging away with the cudgels; those, yonder, are throwing at cocks. On another part of the ground smoking matches are all the vogue, and yawning matches, and whistling matches, and wagers are being laid as to who will eat the largest amount of hot hasty-pudding in the shortest space of time; all of which things are evidently well appreciated by a laughing and joyous crowd, that is on the look-out to knock amusement out of anything. Here a couple of foolish fellows are grinning at each other through horse collars; there a score of youngsters are ineffectually endeavouring to secure a pig that has been well soaped all over; whilst nothing need be said of flying dragons, monstrous fishes, and mock giants, which are at once the amazement, amusement, and terror of all the children in the fair. Interspersed with these somewhat rough and noisy entertainments are some very pretty ones indeed. For instance there is the milkmaids' dance. When flowers were plentiful the girls who milked and tended the cows would assemble from all a country side and deck themselves out with bright ribbons, and garlands, and scarfs, and then present themselves at the doors of their customers. One girl was chosen from the rest to stand in the middle of the circle which they formed, supporting a pyramid brilliant with buds and blossoms, and decked out with burnished silver cups and polished tankards, which had been borrowed for the occasion. The rest would then join hands and sing and dance around her, and thus offer their grateful and graceful acknowledgments for the patronage they had received during the year.

But of all the innocent amusements, that connected with the May-pole was, I think, the prettiest. Sometimes these May-poles were of enormous height. There was a celebrated one at Cornhill, London, and it was so lofty that the church close to which it was set up was called St. Andrew's "undershaft," because the May-pole towered above the steeple. In May the woods at home are full of bloom and blossom, and green and tender leaves. Not only the country people, but kings and queens went out a-Maying with their courts. On the first day of May, says Chaucer, "forth goeth all the court, both most and least, to fetche the flouris fresh, and branch and blome." On May-day Eve the people would assemble,

and at midnight divide into companies, and swarm into the woods and groves and hills, and there spend the first hours of morning, bathing their faces with the early dew "against the sun sheen!" Then when the sun was well up, they set to in earnest to select a May-pole in the woods. Having chosen one and cut it down, they got together some twenty, or sometimes forty yoke of oxen, and dressed the top of each horn of each ox with bunches of woodland flowers. Then yoking the oxen to the May-pole, they would accompany it with song and dance, bearing buds and blossoms in their hands to the place it was to occupy in the fair. They then busied themselves decorating the pole with flowers and branches, and sweet-smelling herbs, sometimes painting it in variegated colours, and ornamenting it with streaming ribbons of brilliant hue, and bright handkerchiefs and garlands and flags fluttering in the sweet-scented air of spring. Nor was this all. Having fixed and furnished the May-pole, they then constructed round about it with branches from the woods, and all the buds and blossoms they could find, summer halls and bowers, and pleasant shady arbours, where, with their friends, they could enjoy themselves in the wholesome banquet and the happy feast. Here the stout archer, dressed in green, and the quaint morris-dancer, and warlike shows of divers kinds, would lend variety to the entertainment. The May-pole was especially popular in the olden time. Those who had had to do with setting it up and ornamenting it won for themselves especial gratitude and applause. As the old song has it—

The May-pole is up,
Now give me the cup,
I'll drink to the garlands around it;
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crowned it.

Of course, whilst admiring much in the old fairs of ancient days, I do not disguise from myself or you that there were occasional abuses; but these were met by condign punishment, and offenders were by no means let off scot free. There were the "stocks," in which were detained and punished "lazy leud leuterers" of both sexes. If anyone was found tipsy in the fair, he was straightway clothed with "the drunkard's cloak," which consisted of a big beer barrel, with a hole for the head at the top, two holes in the sides for the arms, and the end out for the legs to go through; and thus dressed, the drunkard was set adrift to get sober as he could. Ladies of uneven temper—and they tell me there were a few even in "ye olden tyme"—had to wear "the Brank," which was a sugar-loafed shaped cap, made of iron hooping, with a cross

at the top, and a piece of flat metal projecting inwards to rest upon the lady's tongue and keep it quiet. She was led about by a cord fastened to this cap of "ye olden tyme," till such time as she regained her normal amiability of temper. Then there was the "Whirligig" to punish minor offences. This was a wooden cage, revolving on a pivot. The offender was placed in the cage, and it was made to revolve with such velocity as to produce extreme sickness. Ladies and gentlemen,—our committee have declined to admit these instruments of punishment into this fair. We believe that they would be absolutely useless. We are not assembled here to work for ourselves. We are working and spending ourselves and are being spent, because we love the beauty of God's house and the place were His glory dwelleth; because we are anxiously desirous to turn this place from a work-shop—which it has been for many years—into a cathedral: that is to say, into a place in which the Archbishop of this Province may fix his *cathedra*, and within whose walls the solemn functions of religion may be carried out with becoming splendour and decorum. And I am convinced that the same good feeling, courtesy, and gentleness, which has so far characterised the action of all concerned, will be displayed to the very end; and that when this bazaar is over, and the whole thing has been wound up, it will be carried by clamorous acclamation that our "Fancy Fair of the Olden Time" was a complete, nay, in every way, an unparalleled success. I feel great pleasure in declaring this fair open.

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

[*Address delivered on occasion of laying the foundation-stone of the Catholic Bible Hall, Sydney, April 23, 1882.*]

I HAVE been looking forward with exceptional pleasure to this afternoon's ceremony, to laying the corner-stone not indeed of a convent or a church—though convents and churches are very necessary things—but of a school for the Sacred Scriptures. It is to the enlightened generosity of a Catholic Irishman, the late Mr. O'Beirne, that we are indebted for this foundation. This gentleman bequeathed certain funds to be applied for the establishment and the endowment of a Roman Catholic Bible Hall in the city of Sydney; and, now, those funds have grown to such proportions that the trustees feel themselves in a position to invite me to lay the first stone of the building, and to offer to the lecturer on Sacred Scripture, who, according to the deed, has to be appointed by myself, a very fair honorarium for his pleasant labours. The hall is to be used exclusively for teaching and elucidating the Sacred Page, and the lecturer, to satisfy his obligation, will have to deliver two lectures each week to such persons as may think proper to attend them.

Now, knowing, as of course I must know, how the teaching of the Catholic Church, with regard to the written Word of God, is misunderstood by many most excellent persons, I propose to take this opportunity to explain, as well as I know how, what that teaching really is upon this interesting subject. But, before all things, I do not wish to be, or even to seem to be, in any way controversial. I am not going to aim, on the present occasion, at proving anything whatever. What I want to do is, to explain to the public what we really do teach upon this subject, to give them some few reasons to justify this teaching, and then to leave them, at all events at present, to make their own remarks, and to draw their own conclusions. If nothing else comes of it, by the time I have come to an end, I believe they will be convinced that the O'Beirne Bible Hall is founded on a Catholic principle, and is, in its idea, a thoroughly Catholic institution.

Now, before I set myself to explain our method of viewing, and of dealing with the Sacred Scriptures, you must allow me to state a few historical, and, I suppose I may call them, incontrovertible propositions. I put on one side for the present, for clearness sake, all consideration of the Old Testament, since we are dealing with Christianity, which has, in so especial a manner, to do with the New Testament, which Testament we may look upon as and call "The Book" *par excellence*. Now, in the first place, there are two great facts which are staring us in the face in the present, and run back with their history into the distant past. I refer to the Church and to the Book, to the Living Voice and the written or printed letter. What are the incontrovertible facts touching the former which, under present circumstances, I should like to dwell upon? First, the Christian Church was founded by Christ, and received its teaching through His Living Voice. Secondly, He commanded His followers to do in like manner, "to preach to all nations," whilst all nations were bound to give interior assent to what was taught. Thirdly, all Christ's followers, without exception, followed the method indicated by their Master, whilst a large portion of society was actually converted to Christianity by that method before the Book had been put together.

Turn now to a few incontrovertible facts regarding the Book itself. First, then, our Saviour is not recorded to have written a single word of this book, or of any other. Nor did He command His followers to commit anything to paper. He taught, exclusively, by the Living Voice. Secondly, of His twelve apostles, so far as we know, only five, out of the dozen, took the trouble to write anything at all. Only two, out of the twelve, thought it advisable to write a Gospel, for St. Mark and St. Luke were not even counted amongst the diciples of our Saviour. Thirdly, St. Matthew continued preaching for five years after the ascension without putting pen to paper. St. Mark wrote his Gospel five years after the ascension. St. Luke wrote his 24 years after. St. John 60 years after. The earliest Epistle was not written till 15 years after the ascension, and the latest not till more than 30 years after. The New Testament did not exist till 100 years after the ascension, and then its portions were scattered here and there, and were not collectively known to any of the Churches. It cannot be denied, it is an historical fact outside all controversy, that a large portion of society had become Christian before the Book, as such, had been even heard of. "We are a people of yesterday," says Tertullian, in his "Apologia," at the close of the second century, "and yet we fill every place belonging to you—cities, islands, castles, towns, assemblies, your very camp, your

tribes, companies, palaces, senate, forum. We leave you your temples only. We can count your armies, and our numbers in a single province will be greater." Justin Martyr, in the middle of the same age, says:—"There is not any one race of men, barbarian or Greek—nay, of those who live in waggons, or who are nomads, or shepherds in tents—among whom prayers and Eucharists are not offered to the Father and Maker of the Universe, through the name of the crucified Jesus."

Thus it is beyond controversy, I take it, that the Church came into existence before the Book; nay, more, that the Church had grown to goodly proportions, had indeed had her history, her virgins, her confessors, and her army of martyrs before the Book had been put between its cover. Now, one of you may possibly be tempted to ask me, what has this got to do with the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church regarding the Sacred Scriptures? I reply it has everything to do with it. It indicates the relation in which, according to our teaching, the Church and the Book stand to one another. That Living Voice which founded a Church before the Book had been put together, taught with the same authority as before, after it had been put together, and in fact became its interpreter as well as its guarantee. Were the Book, by some impossible catastrophe, destroyed to-morrow, Catholics of to-morrow would be no worse off than were those Christians who had been converted, and had lived and died, before the Book had had a local habitation and a name, or had been declared canonical by legitimate authority.

Now, what follows from this? This follows from it, namely, that the Catholic Church's relations to the Book are, compared with those of non-Catholic Christianity, of an especial character. She teaches that the Living Voice which preceded the book in point of time, and which guided the Church's moral and dogmatic teaching bofore the Book existed, still teaches as it did before, and still interprets, as it always has professed to do, the divine meaning embedded in the Sacred Page; which Sacred Page, in point of fact, is but the written record of the once oral teaching of that self-same Living Voice. Nor could it well have been otherwise. Remember that the art of printing was not invented till the fifteenth century—till hundreds of years after the Church had filled the earth; and that cheap paper—a matter of very great importance, and a fact not emphasised sufficiently — was not invented till long after that; so that, had the Church wished it, if I may so express myself, she could not have declared, without making a fool of herself, that every man, or that a great portion of mankind, was under an obligation to make out their religion, from the Book, seeing that only a mere handful, comparatively

could get at the Book to do it with, not to mention those who had been born, and had been Christianized, and had died before the various portions of it scattered here and there had been collected into one volume. In place, therefore, of the Book which, from the necessities of the case, had she ever so much wished it, the Church could not have placed in her children's hands, she taught and guided them with the Living Voice—the Voice of Christ and His Apostles re-echoing down the ages till to-day, speaking with divine authority, and witnessing to, and interpreting that Sacred Page, which the prophet or the evangelist, as the case might be, had penned.

Here, then, I put my finger down on the spot where the Catholic Church and the various forms of Protestantism part company. Whilst the latter prayerfully and humbly pour over the Book to gather a religion from it as well as moral lessons, we, on the contrary, approach it with our religion, our church, our creed, cut and dried, and ready made for us. We read the Book, not to discover a religion in it, but to illustrate, to strengthen, and to make deeper the religion which we already hold. We employ it to confirm and witness to that distinct faith which has been handed down by that Living Voice, which spoke and taught with the self-same authority before the Book existed, as it has done since the Book has become the common property of all Christian Churches. Now, I hope and trust that I have not appeared to be aiming at any form of controversy, I simply desire to state our position as clearly and as unmistakably as I know how, without making any effort to support that position by argument, for argument's sake alone. So long as you admit that what I have said is, on the whole, reasonable and intelligible, I feel that I have gained all that I want at present. Now, the fact that we take a different view of the relation of the Church to the Book from what Protestants do does not even tend ever so remotely to indicate that we hold the Sacred Scriptures in less veneration than they.

I can here imagine one of my fellow-countrymen in this crowd saying, " Why, then, does the Roman Catholic Church shut up the Bible from the people ? "

I reply by remarking that that question holds in solution an infinitestimal quantity of truth with a very large quantity of error. If the Church finds here or there, or in this age or that, or with this individual or that, that the Book is doing harm instead of good, she exercises her anthority to forbid the Book. If she is reasonably convinced that a man will apostatize through reading the Book, she will beseech him not to read it, and it would be criminal on her part were she, through her

silence, to permit any of her children to jeopardize that faith which is dearer to true Catholics than life itself. What is one man's food is another man's poison; and what is nourishment to one man at one time may become just the reverse to that very same man at another time. The consequences of unguarded and indiscriminate Scripture-reading are so notorious that I will not detain you by dwelling on them. Shakespeare simply expresses the experience of life when he says:—

> "In religion,
> What damned error, but some sober brow
> Will bless it, and approve it with a text."

Well, I say, whenever and wherever the authorities of the Catholic Church have forbidden the reading of the Bible they have done so as a matter of discipline and prudence, and according to the circumstances of times and the exigencies of particular individuals and cases. But, apart from this, speaking in general—outside exceptional legislation—the Church not only loves, cherishes, and reveres the sacred page herself, but she incessantly encourages her children to study and ponder over it as the inspired teaching of the spirit of divine wisdom and everlasting truth. I could bring before you countless examples of this all down the ages, did time permit, and were it necessary to do so. When books were very scarce indeed, in what are called the "dark ages" by some people, and in the centre stronghold of "gross darkness" itself, as they would say, the spirit of the Catholic Church is manifested as unmistakably as in any other age or place regarding her feeling towards the Sacred Scriptures.

The monks of old lived upon the Word of God. It was their food by day and their thought by night. Abbot John of Gorse knew by heart all the lessons of the divine office. St. Wilfrid knew all the Psalms and the Four Gospels. Peter the Venerable was a perfect master of the whole Bible. Anselm, Bishop of Lucca, could quote off-hand from all parts of Scripture texts to support the doctrine of the Church. St. Wolstan, Bishop of Worcester, while on his journeys, always recited the Psalms of David till he reached his destination. Wolston, Abbot of St. Hubert, was so ready with the Scriptures at his fingers' ends that he could always clench his argument with a text: whilst Wolphelan Abbot of Brunwillers, is said never to have forgotten anything he had read in the inspired page. Now listen to the loving tender words of such men as in these "dark ages" had been steeped in the spirit of the Catholic Church. Adhelm thus addresses one of his former pupils:—"My beloved, devote your time to the reading of the Scriptures and to holy prayer, and if, in addition to this,

you wish to acquire some knowledge of secular learning do so, but only with this view—that since the meaning of every or almost every part of the divine law depends on the rules of grammar, you may be the better able to dive into the deep and sacred signification of the text by your more perfect acquaintance with the forms in which it is expressed." Geoffrey, of St. Barbara, says that the Bible contains "the right rule of life and manners, and is the armoury of man's defence in battling through the world." "Write the Gospels," exclaims Alcuin, "on your heart, be studious in reading the sacred Scriptures, and make Christ the Ruler of your life." "I have passed nights without sleep," says Trithemius, "studying the Scriptures, and have omitted to take my meals that I might not be interrupted in meditating on them." And to finish with my own St. Bede, the light of the beautiful Anglo-Saxon Church :—"When I was seven years old," he says of himself, "I was sent to be educated by the most holy Abbot Benedict, then by Ceolfrid, and from that date my whole time was occupied in meditating on the Scriptures, in observing regular discipline, and teaching in the Church; and I find it a sweet thing to be always at work, either learning, or teaching, or writing."

Now these men represent the spirit of the Church in her relation to Holy Scripture all down the ages. The sacred Scriptures were the solace and stay of millions during all those long years before printing was invented, and very often the book, which had been so loved in life, was placed on the knees of the departed Christian to be lowered with him in his coffin to the grave. The Psalms of David, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Four Gospels, are, in an especial manner, full of meat, full of sweetness, sweet as honey in the honeycomb.

Nor was the Church behindhand after printing had been invented in circulating the Word of God. Before even Luther's Bible had been dreamed of, 199 editions of the Scriptures had been published for the people in the common tongue. There were 104 editions of the whole Bible. Of these, 20 were in Italian, 26 in French, 19 in Flemish, 30 in German, 6 in Bohemian, 2 in Spanish, and 1 in Sclavonic. Altogether, if we include the Polyglot, 626 editions of the Bible and portions of the Bible—in which 198 were in the language of the laity—had issued from the press with the sanction and at the instance of the Church—in countries where she ruled supreme—before the first version of the Protestant Bible had been sent forth into the world.

As to our own times, the Church has not changed her spirit. "If you open the English Catholic Bible," says Bishop Gibbons," "you will find in the preface a letter of Pope Pius VI., in which he strongly recommends the pious reading of the Holy Scriptures.

A Pope's letter is the most weighty authority in the Church You will also find in Haydock's Bible the letters of the bishops of the United States, in which they express the hope that this splendid edition will have a wide circulation amongst their flock." In fact, it seems to be quite in the spirit of the Church at the present day, as it has ever been where exceptional reasons did not prevent it, to encourage the people at large to read and draw spiritual sustenance from the the Written Word. And the very fact of bishops giving so much encouragement to this practice, and recommending it so strongly, is so far a sign that Catholics might perhaps be more earnest in the matter than they are.

No doubt the frightful way in which the Scriptures have been abused has, to a certain extent, created a reaction in the Catholic mind, without Catholics being altogether perhaps aware of it. And it was well indeed that they should have been put carefully on their guard. Now those dangers seem to have passed away. No intelligent Catholic would dream, in these days, of extemporizing a religion for himself out of the fragmentary writings of the New Testament, as being an improvement on the spiritual mother that gave him birth ; and hence, the Book may be and should be studied, and pondered on, and read, and learned by heart, if possible, by those who may draw light, consolation, and benefit from it.

Apart from the abuses and contradictions of which promiscuous Scripture reading has been the prolific parent, there is not the slightest doubt that the reverence and love of the English people for the Bible, and their deep and constant study of it, have tended, more than anything else that they have done, to perpetuate the principles of supernatural religion and the cardinal truths of Christianity amongst them. Their very language is tesselated with Scriptural phrases and proverbial sayings drawn from the Sacred Record, and incorporated into our common tongue ; and it will take a long time for Agnosticism and Atheism to melt out of the public mind that abiding sense of Christianity which has been perpetuated in the main by the profound impression made upon popular English thought by the study of the sacred Scriptures. Or, to repeat the words of a Prince of Holy Church who has an especial right to speak with authority on this subject,—Cardinal Newman says, alluding to my countrymen's love of the sacred Scriptures, that " at least in England it has to a certain point made up for great and grievous losses in its Christianity. The reiteration again and again in fixed course in the public service of the words of inspired teachers under both covenants, and that in grave, majestic English, has in matter of fact been to our people a vast benefit. It has

attuned their minds to religious thoughts; it has given them a high moral standard; it has served them in associating religion with compositions which, even humanly considered, are among the most sublime and beautiful ever written; especially, it has impressed upon them the series of Divine Providences in behalf of man from his creation to his end, and, above all, the words, deeds, and sacred sufferings of Him in whom all the Providences of God centre."

Now this Bible Hall, the corner-stone of which I am about to lay, will be an encouragement to our Catholic people to follow the exhortations of their pastors to meditate on and to draw spiritual nourishment from the written word of God. I have always thought that much more might be done in this direction than is actually done amongst us. I am but following the example of the golden-mouthed St. Chrysostom when I earnestly exhort you, my dear Catholic people, to deepen your acquaintance with the Word of God, especially with the Psalms of David, the Acts of the Apostles, and above all with the four Gospels which teach us all about our Master's life and doctrine. Here, in this hall, these sacred writings will be explained by an able lecturer, who will commence his course so soon as this hall is ready to receive him.

And let not our non Catholic friends imagine that we are going to do anything here which is new to the Catholic Church. This hall is essentially a Catholic institution. All through the middle ages such schools as this one flourished in every part of Christendom. There was scarcely an abbey or cathedral which had not its public class of Holy Scripture. St. Bertilla attracted men and women to the convent school at Celle, near Paris, in hundreds, who came to listen to the masterful explanations of the Sacred Page. In the Franciscan convent, 200 youths were instructed in the Sacred Scriptures in two lectures delivered every afternoon. Frequently as many as 700 students, besides those who boarded in the convent, attended the learned expositions of the fathers in the Written Word. As to mediæval Ireland, it is notorious that her Scripture schools acquired the highest reputation throughout all Christendom, both for their numbers and for the profound yet brilliant way in which the keen Celtic doctors of the "Isle of Saints" elucidated the sacred Text, and drove home by its means the wedge of Christian argument. I have no doubt it was the old tradition of these bygone times that so far influenced Mr. O'Beirne as to induce him, in this great city, and in this new country, to establish—as if to link this Australia of ours with Ireland's purest triumphs—a home for the sacred Scripture, and a chair from which, in emulation of those ancient schools, an Irish scholar of acknowledged eminence—why may I not

say it out ?—the Rev. William Kelly—may associate the present with the past, and expound as his fathers did before him, the golden truths embedded in the Sacred Page. Ladies and gentlemen, need I use more words to show you that this Bible Hall is a thoroughly Roman Catholic institution, founded on an old Catholic principle, and carrying out an old Catholic idea. Need I further urge you, in the beautiful words of Alcuin, to write the Gospels on your hearts, to be studious in reading the Sacred Scriptures, and to make Christ the Ruler of your lives ? Indeed, I am sure, I need not. Let us, then, proceed to lay this foundation-stone ; and I venture to predict that much good, that very much good indeed, will be effected amongst a thoughtful public by the instructive lectures that will be delivered in the O'Beirne Roman Catholic Bible Hall.

MODERN "FAYRES" AND BAZAARS.

[*Address of thanks to the Ladies and others who had so generously assisted in making the "Fayre" a success, Sydney, May 28, 1882.*]

My Lord, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—

Ever since the ladies of another "Fair," who worked so generously for their Church, were repaid in such an extraordinary manner for their services, I have felt an especial desire to express publicly—as publicly as I am able—what my sentiments are towards those other ladies who, with so much self-sacrifice and womanly grace, have not only made our effort a great financial success, but have proved that they know how to add dignity and honour to their sex and name, whilst assisting in advancing the interests of the Cathedral, the interests of art, and the pleasantness and beautifulness of social life and social gatherings. When I first addressed you, before we set ourselves to work in earnest to get up our "Fair of the Olden Time," I said I believed that the very presence of Catholic ladies would be a sufficient guarantee for the propriety and good behaviour of all concerned in advancing its interests. That prophecy of mine has been more than verified by the result; and I have to thank you, Catholic ladies of Sydney and the suburbs, for having placed it in my power publicly to declare that financially and artistically, and also socially, the "Fair of the Olden Time" has proved itself to be—as I foretold it would be—an unparalleled success.

I need not tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that my own personal tastes do not tend very strongly in the direction of public amusements of any kind: they do not belong to my profession. When I do appear in public, it is generally to advocate some cause of charity, or to advance the interests of the religion to which I have the privilege to belong. But though taste and personal action may tend in one direction, a keen appreciation of public interests opens one's eyes to see the advantages to be derived for others by such ventures as that in which you have recently been engaged. And the fact of my not belonging to what is called "the world" does not prevent me from trying to do my share towards making the world better, and towards

refining its tastes and elevating its aspirations. You need not imagine either, that I threw myself into this effort, which has, through your kindness, been carried to so happy a termination, without anxious forethought and careful counsel with those in whom I have confidence. Bazaars have been, and are occasionally abused. There is not an undertaking, not even a virtue, which is not followed, as by its shadow, by its contrary vice. That is a truism. But it is no argument against any thing, for this very reason, that it is an argument against every thing; and proves nothing, because it proves too much. I was guided by clear and decided tradition, and by the voices of the good and wise. I did not think it would be a very rash thing to follow the lead of the great Irish cardinal of New York, Cardinal M'Closky, descended, as I found when studying Irish history, from Con of the hundred battles—I did not think I should be far out, I say, in walking in that prudent and pious man's footsteps, and, in his imitation, in sanctioning and patronizing a "Fancy Fair" in our new building, just as he sanctioned and patronized one in his —in the splendid cathedral of St. Patrick's, New York, before it was solemnly dedicated to the sacred services of religion. But I did more than this. I was not content with this. Before moving a single step, I summoned a meeting of some of the leading clergy of the city, and we carefully discussed the whole matter. Then a larger meeting of the city and suburban priests was called by me and addressed by me; and the whole question, in all its bearings, was thoroughly ventilated and freely and carefully talked over by men of shrewd, calm, and calculating intelligence. I put strongly before them my principal difficulty. I know now, and knew then, that it was merely one of sentiment, but of sentiment that I honour and appreciate when it is genuine, and is not used as a scanty drapery to hide a carping, an avaricious, or a disappointed spirit. Knowing and appreciating that sentiment, I caused the objection based upon it to be thoroughly discussed. The result was that all were of opinion that though the feeling was not to be despised, it was possible to pay too dearly for such pleasant luxuries, and that it would be a far honester thing to pay our debts—to pay Mr. Young his bill, than to shirk our honest obligations, and fancy ourselves very fine and transcendental people. Having once settled on having the "Fair" in the new Cathedral, the next thing was to organize it so as to make it a success financially, artistically, and socially; and I venture to say that in all three of those respects we have realized success beyond our most sanguine anticipations. We have had very little opposition; only just sufficient indeed, scarcely sufficient to brace us up to do our duty with zest and energetic pleasure.

As to the financial part of the business, the balance-sheet, just read to you by F. Mahony, our indefatigable secretary, is more eloquent than any phrases I know how to summon to my assistance. When we consider that the other "Fair" was conducted on a very large scale at the Garden Palace, and was patronized by the wealthiest people in the community, and that ours was much smaller, and on our own comparatively private grounds, and in a Roman Catholic Cathedral; when we look on the comparative advantages of both, and then compare the financial results together, we have no reason to be dissatisfied with our business management, and have every reason to offer our cordial thanks to those who, by their scrupulous care and economy, have been able to hand over to the fund a sum close upon £6000.

Ladies and gentleman, when I had the honour of addressing you for the first time in this place with respect to the "Fancy Fair," I said that it was well worth making the experiment as to whether social gatherings of these descriptions could be utilized with the object of teaching the world to behave itself, and guiding the people so to live in social intercourse as to elevate, refine, and beautify human nature, rather than degrade, brutalise, and make it hideous. I said, from what I knew of our people, I was of opinion that we could turn, if we took the trouble to do so, such innocent gatherings to good account. I said, or implied, that I was anxious to make the experiment. I know it is maintained by some that it is much more perfectly Christian to give your guinea, for a church, for instance, and give it absolutely, than to give it indirectly through a bazaar or a concert; that the spirit exhibited in the former course of action is a sign of Christian vitality, whilst the spirit displayed in the latter points to a decay of faith, and to a rottenness in the heart of a Christian Church. I do not agree to so sweeping a censure as that. It may or may not be so, according to circumstances and motives; it may be just the opposite. I believed in the instance, at all events, of our "Fancy Fair," that the "Fair" and the success of it are a sign, not only of Christian, but of artistic and of social progress and vitality. For instance, you meet a banker or a business man, and ask him for a pound for St. Mary's. He gives it, and gets rid of you, and of St. Mary's too. That is the end of that transaction. Take the other case. A clergyman goes to a certain house. He begs the lady of the house and her daughters to assist in the "Fancy Fair." They consent. That is the temper of mind of a truly Catholic family. I say and I say emphatically, that if they act in a Catholic spirit, they do more than the banker with his pound: they not only help to

build Cathedral, but they do their share, more than ever otherwise they would dream of doing, to encourage art. As a great modern writer says ;—" Art made by the people and for the people is a joy to the maker and the user." One of the great objects of life—speaking in a secular sense of course—is to make labour—for all of us must labour this way or that—happy for all, and to diminish, as far as possible, the drudgery and slavery so often attached to labour. Take the daughters of such a family as I have alluded to. Here we are a democratic people. If we are to advance, art must be democratic, it must be achieved by the people and for the people, and it becomes a joy to buyer and seller alike. I say the daughters of that house are making art ; they all take up the work of the " Fair " with young enthusiasm. They want to help to build St. Mary's, and to assist in doing a glorious work for God. That is the spring of their happiness. It illuminates their thoughts and sharpens their ingenuities. One determines to work some splendid piece of embroidery with those glowing colours, with those flashing stones, and milky pearls which, fashioned by a cunning hand—directed by an artistic taste—make up a whole, when finished, beautiful and dazzling to look at. The very thought directing the artistic faculty—the silent knowledge that this is all being done for God and his Church—absolutely lends an inspiration to the inventive and artistic powers, and exercises a direct influence in advancing art in its highest form. So she labours day by day, week by week, working something lovely, and growing in that high sentiment which tends to embellish social intercourse, and to make life beautiful. So, with her sister, who takes up painting for instance ; the effort and struggle after beauty stimulated by religion and by a consciousness that the work, when done, will come under the eyes of many critics, is an education in itself, which I, for one, do not pretend to despise or to think lightly of. I saw myself in our " Fair " some really lovely things, done by the hands of Catholic girls, and the very work itself spoke to me with eloquent impressiveness of their artistic genius, of their painstaking, of their minute attention to little things, and of the genuine love which must have accompanied them in their work all through. All this is the outcome of true Christian teaching. The Church has ever been the champion and patron of art, and ever instructs her children to the effect that art made by the people and for the people is a happiness to the maker and to the user also. Well, I say, this family undertakes to furnish a " house " or stall in the " Fair." What do they do ? They aim at admitting nothing that is not either beautiful or useful. The one main purpose of helping the cathedral guides them as a master to do their very best to make their home look beautiful.

I saw it myself, though I did not stay long in the "Fair." I saw, I say, that not only was much taste manifested in the character of the objects displayed, but also in the way in which they were disposed. Art is not only exhibited in the simple beauty of individual objects, but in the way they are relatively placed. Each stall or house in our St. Mary's Cathedral was a school, as far as it went, of art; and I firmly believe that our "Fancy Fair of the Olden Time" has done more to promote taste and art amongst our own people, and other people as well, than anything that has been got up since I have been here, by private enterprise for charitable purposes. And not only has art been a joy to the maker in our case, but a joy to the user also.

The very effort the ladies made to make the "Fair" artistically successful was not without its influence on the public, which they were labouring to attract. The ear and the eye were pleased and educated, the taste refined, and I do not believe that anyone came to St. Mary's "Fancy Fair" and went away from it without learned something he did not know before—without having learned how tastefully our Catholic ladies know how to display what is beautiful in the beautifullest way, and how gracefully and modestly and naturally they can present themselves to the public, gaining respect and esteem in proportion to their genius for true art, which, before all things, first exhibits itself in the individual herself, whether maid or matron, and speaks through the pure intelligence of the eye, the gracefulness of the manner, and that quality which has no name to it, but which is as a guard of angels round the person of a woman. And not only financially and artistically, but also socially, our "Fancy Fair" is a success. On this point I was a little anxious. I felt that the building of a cathedral such as ours was a very exceptional undertaking, and that we were justified in resorting to exceptional means—not questionable means—in order to make that undertaking a success. I look upon the "Fair" as an exceptional effort on behalf of an exceptional and gigantic work, and I was anxious to put it to the test whether or not we could set on foot such a social gathering as the "Fair" implied, and so manage it from beginning to end that the general voice of the public should proclaim that it was not only a social gathering, but a social gathering thoroughly well conducted, and such as the most delicate and fastidious might be admitted to. No doubt we took great precautions on this point. Each house or stall was protected by and under the eye of a clergyman, who had an intimate knowledge of all belonging to it, and who made it a point of honour to protect their interests and minister to their pleasure and advantage in every way he could. Besides

that, the whole thing was under the vigilant control of persons in whom I placed, and still do place, the utmost confidence. No bazaar was ever so scrupulously or carefully watched as was the "Fair of the Olden Time." Well, what was the result? I can tell you; for I have been at some considerable pains to ascertain it. I have spoken to persons, or heard the opinions of persons, of all classes and creeds, and they have recorded their opinions, so far as I can gather, in a most flattering manner regarding the "Fancy Fair." A gentleman, a pressman too, who had his doubts at first, told me, spontaneously, that those abuses which he had had reason to lament in some bazaars, were wholly absent from the "Fancy Fair." Another, a very intelligent and leading member of Parliament, said to me, "I can assure your Grace that there was nothing said or done in that great bazaar which might not have been said or done in the private drawing-room of the first person in the land." Another gentleman, not a Catholic, one who dislikes the Catholic religion, a representative man amongst us, told a friend of mine that he was greatly struck by the grace, the naturalness, by the true ladylikeness, in one word, of the ladies engaged in the great act of charity, of advancing the interests of the "Fancy Fair." I have heard this, or, at least, words meaning the same thing, from all sides.

I believe the ladies have not only done good to the cathedral, and assisted art, but that they have, unknowingly to themselves, by their simple, graceful, and gentle presence, taught a lesson to those who require teaching by an instrument far more powerful than words. People of gross and brutal mind are gross and brutal wherever they are, or whatever they see. If there is anything in this world that is at all capable of making them abashed, and causing them to blush for shame, it is the radiance of purity encircling the brow of a truly Christian woman, and that divine quality of simple modesty which is, without the utterance of any word, the most forcible expression, in the concrete, of Catholic morality. An old architect, in the reign of Edward III. of England, the founder of New College, Oxford, took as his motto the words, "Manners make the man"—that is to say, good behaviour based upon religion. In this wide sense manners have made our "Fancy Fair" a success. The Catholic ladies of Sydney and the suburbs have had an opportunity of showing that they know how to deal not merely with their own domestic obligations, but with the big world to which they belong, and to which they owe the duty of making it better, happier, and more contented, if they can, whenever the opportunity fairly presents itself to them for doing so. Art is, I said,

made by the people, and for the people—renders the maker and the user all the happier; and the arts of life are, in a sense, amongst the highest and most useful of all the arts. These, ladies, you have been exercising with most praiseworthy success; and, I believe, you have done a good work, in many ways, for the Catholic body. Had you not succeeded in making the "Fancy Fair" look beautiful, the social success you have achieved would have been impossible. People are invariably attracted by what is useful and what is beautiful; and the very presence of society, of persons looking at your work, is a stimulus to you to do your very best. Society acts on art, and art reacts on society; and by skilfully working this combination you have succeeeded in making the "Fair" a financial success, and in removing from my shoulders a very heavy burden.

Now I cannot allow myself to conclude without thanking, in my own name and in the name of the Catholic public, those gentlemen who, from the very first until this moment, have given themselves to the work with great intelligence and energy—I allude to the clergy of the city and the suburbs. The way the Vicar-General and Father Mahony have laboured in this great effort is beyond all praise, and we owe them especially a lasting debt of gratitude. Ladies, I also tender to you my profound and heartfelt recognitions of your zeal and charity; my deepest thankfulness for the graceful and truly Christian spirit in which you have worked for the house of God. You have, by your bearing, during those weeks in which you laboured for St. Mary's, gained the goodwill, indeed, I may say the admiration of all true hearted people in the community. You did not refuse the drudgery, or shrink from the monotony of an arduous undertaking. Some of you, I am afraid, worked so hard as to strain your strength beyond what I should have approved of. But you were all so kind so willing, and so generous, that you forgot self in your eagerness to help in the glorious work of building the great St. Mary's, in your love of Christian art, as it has been explained by me, and in your anxiety to add what you could to the sweetness and beauty and Christian charm of social life. It is my intention to record on a permanent tablet, to be placed in the new Cathedral, the names of all those ladies who held or assisted in holding stalls in the "Fancy Fair." I do not intend their loyalty to me, when under the pressure of a great debt, to be easily forgotten. And I think that that would be one of the most becoming and pleasing ways in which I could express to them my gratitude and perpetuate my thanks.

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